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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1982 \$2.95*



**THE BEATLES
DOWN UNDER**

**PIRACY:
THE NEW WAVE**

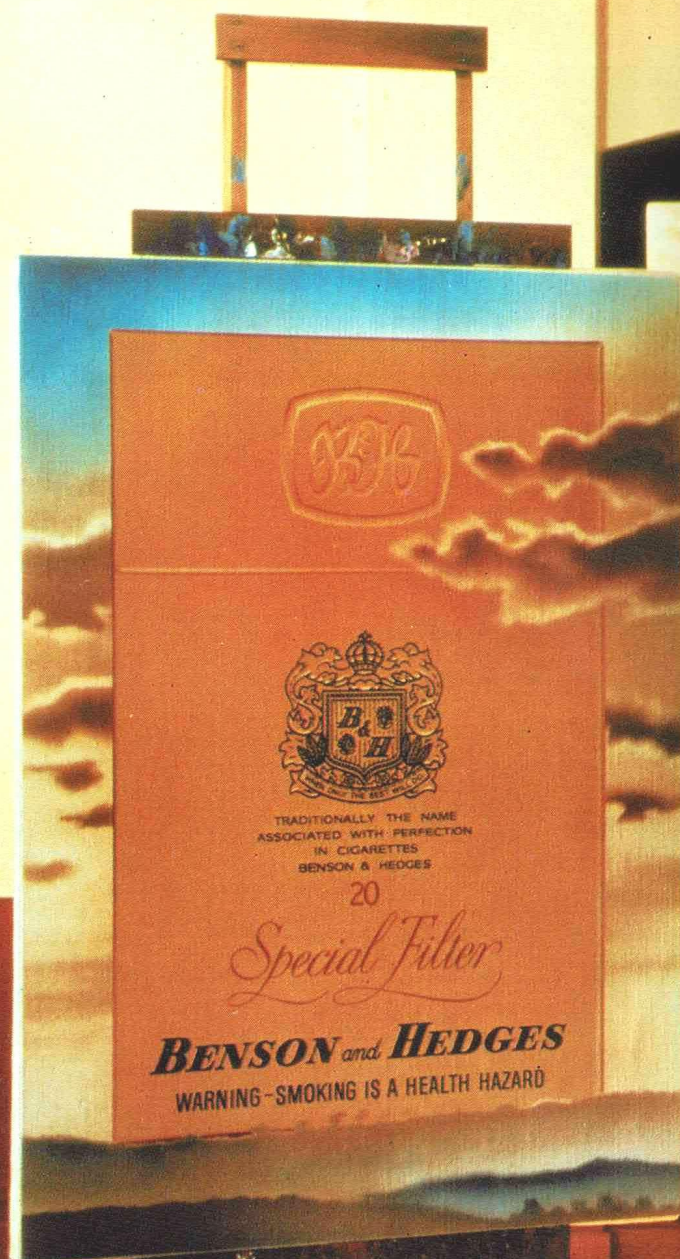
**POLICE
CORRUPTION**

**IRA:
THE PROVO PROFILE**

**BOOBS:
A TOUCHING TALE**

**OUR NEW BREED
OF CHAMPS**

**MAN OF THE 80s
WIN AN ADVENTURE
HOLIDAY**

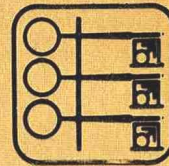


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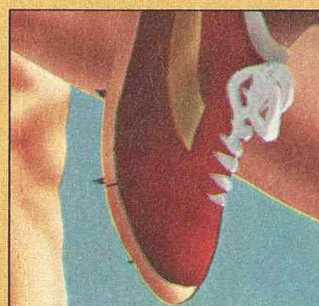
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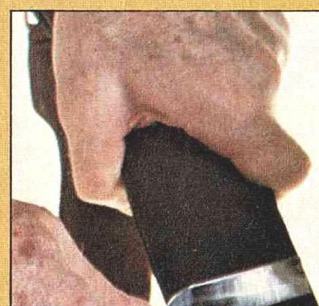
The Beatles Down Under



Pet of the Month



The Champions

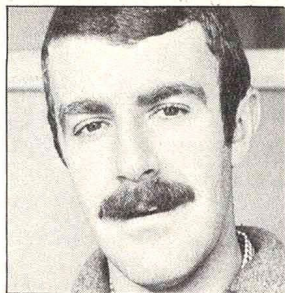


The Return of Sweeney Todd

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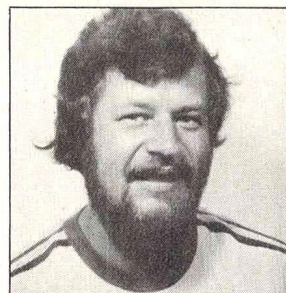
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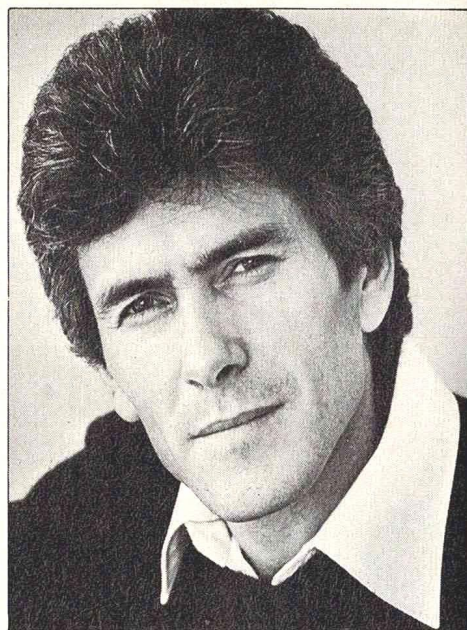
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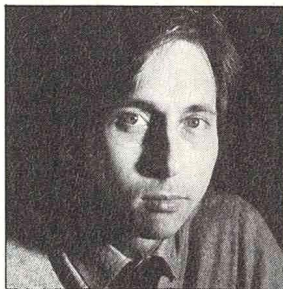
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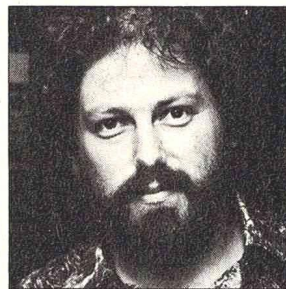
PETER MCKAY



GEOFFREY E. SMITH



MARK SALWOWSKI



GLENN A. BAKER

HOUSECALL

The crime of piracy is undergoing an unprecedented revival as drug smugglers, fishermen and desk-bound buccaneers get in on the lucrative practice of sea-going pillage. This month's *Penthouse* looks behind the romantic image of piracy popularised by a swaggering Errol Flynn, and uncovers a terrifying tale of death, torture, rape, drugs and the millions of dollars culled each year from marine fraud. Allan Moulton teams with Barry McDonald to present *Piracy: The New Wave* — documenting case histories in the alarming upsurge of marine crime. The story is accompanied by an illustration from Ross Waters. And Geoffrey Bewley relates his bloody and horrific encounter with sea bandits in *The Captain's Blood*, which begins on page 39.

On page 54, writer Nick Tosches dives into a sea of women's breasts and lives to tell a side-splitting story called *Down Mammary Lane*. Pert persimmons, swinging melons, love apples P from his seat at a smorgasbord of bounteous bosoms our intrepid reporter examines the ability of the female bust to inspire myths, mystery and adoration in men of all nations and hat sizes. Illustrated by Robert Pearce, this hilarious odyssey through the ages of tit-worship will strike a chord with anyone who has ever fantasised, fondled or fumbled around these glorious soft protuberances.

From the search for the perfect pair, we swing to the visit of the Fab Four in 1964. Back then Australians let their hair down in a frenzied, wild salute to four mop-topped boys from the other side of the globe, The Beatles. No single instance of Beatlemania anywhere on earth ever eclipsed the total hysteria which accompanied The Beatles' antipodean tour. This month *Penthouse* presents the "best bits" from the soon-to-be-released book *The Beatles Down Under* by Glenn A. Baker (with Roger Dileria). Beginning on page 60, *Penthouse* traces the cyclonic tour from the Beatles' arrival in a bleak, rain-soaked Sydney amid the roar of battalions of fans, and reveals their constant and energetic escapades between the covers with the pride of young Australian womanhood, who apparently sacrificed anything to bed a Beatle.

As *Australian Penthouse* moves further into the Eighties we face new challenges: threats of more severe censorship legislation, rising printing and distribution costs, and changing values and influences in society at large. To ascertain the precise nature of our readership, and to give you just what you want to see in our magazine, we have commissioned a special survey from the Market Research Workshop. Starting on page 105, the in-depth questionnaire explores you and your lifestyle, and when you send us the cut-out answer sheet on page 109 you'll be helping us to

tailor the magazine to suit your tastes. There's also a dazzling \$2000 holiday for two, donated by Adventure Travel Centre and TAA, for the survey respondent whose entry is drawn from our lucky barrel.

In *What's It All About, Sean?* starting page 82, writer Geoffrey E. Smith has created a fascinating and informative look at the fiery history of Irish rebellion against the British, and the strength and activities of the IRA today. His work, accompanied by a thoughtful illustration by Frants Kantor, does a good deal to clarify the motives and fighting ideals so often misunderstood or ignored world-wide.

Our top fiction this month includes *Autograph*, by Peter S. McGlone, a tale of the feverish ramblings of an author's mind as he endlessly scribbles his monicker in a crowded bookstore. How he ends up lunching on a knuckle sandwich is revealed on page 67. And on page 98, George Beare's story *The Fixers* takes us through the murky underworld in an action-packed thriller involving kidnap, drugs and murder. Introduced by a Bernd Heinrich illustration, you'll find the only thing limp about this piece is the gait of its one-legged hero.

In *The Champions*, beginning page 90, Laurie Schwab investigates Australia's little-recognised sporting achievers and reaches the conclusion that despite the put-downs of the armchair sportsmen we can still boast a wealth of sporting heroes. The story is cleverly illustrated by artist Mark Salwowski.

Elsewhere this month our motoring expert Peter McKay presents the hassles and rewards of building a kit car, and closely details makes available in Australia, in *Meccano For Men*, on page 140. The gut-wrenching power of bikes on the speedway circuit and the special breed of men who participate in the gruelling sport are described in *Crud Brothers* by Noel Christensen, beginning page 120. And sexpert Bettina Arndt tells of her years as editor of *Forum Magazine* in a lucid interview with Allan Moulton, starting page 128.

Then there's top fashion and grooming from our high priestess of style Sue Smith, and an *Advise and Dissent* you won't forget in a hurry from former prostitute and drug addict Sallie-Anne Huckstepp, who candidly reveals her experiences of rife police corruption. Huckstepp blows the whistle on the boys in blue on page 156.

And, of course, *Penthouse* is the place for girls. The three delightful young ladies we've gathered for April prove that when it comes to presenting female pulchritude, we ain't just whistlin' Dixie. Action Girl Caroline Reynald is our enticing Pet of the Month; then there's divine DiVina and the scrumptious Lala Dean, who struts a good deal more of her stuff for us than she did in her knock-out role in the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*. Now it's over to you. Enjoy yourselves. ☺

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Space adventure

My congratulations on an excellent article by Gary Hanauer on *The Exploitation of Space* (January '82). It brought out in great style that the movement of man into space is not just for the big powers, but is very much an everyman adventure. Not only adventure, of course; there's money to be made out there, and a lot of it if you have the smarts and take the right risks. Up to now, this idea has been the province of the science-fiction writer, but the general public is getting on to it also.

The Southern Cross L5 Society, which is the Australian chapter of the powerful US L5 Society, is a group which holds precisely the view of Hanauer, that Space is where the action will be in the next 20 years. — Rowan Partridge, Queensland.

World class

Where do you find those long-legged, tawny beauties? Month after month you astound my workmates and I with your outstanding array of beauties but Lea Turner, your March centrefold and cover girl has to be the *piece de resistance* so far. When March *Penthouse* lobbed into our workshop the other day a bunch of the boys got together in some serious discussions. After much pointed argument and a ballot we decided to remove our poster of Cheryl Rixon (bless her memory) from its place of honor over the urn in the tea room and replace her with your glorious Lea. In the light of her diverse racial background (Canadian, Spanish, Maltese and aboriginal grandparents) we also considered submitting a copy of your magazine to the United Nations to give them a few ideas for a new flag. We reckon any banner bearing a likeness of the honey-skinned Miss Turner would be a boon to maintaining world peace.

Seriously, Lea is world class and we are hoping she is just a taste of what's to come in the rest of '82. — The backroom boys, Sydney.

Thanks for the support boys. Here's another peek at Lea to keep you going between tea breaks. — Ed.

Black clouds

Your story about the dangerous state of racial tensions in Australia was absolutely riveting (February *Penthouse*). I only hope that Mr Halpin's prediction — that the matter will really come to the boil during



the Brisbane Commonwealth Games protests — becomes a reality. Nothing would please me more than to see a situation where Brisbane's Draconian police force commits within camera range the atrocities they have been perpetrating without restraint for years, not only against blacks but against every other civilised, intelligent and concerned element in the community. Better still if Queensland's aboriginals can actually cause such chaos as to terminate the Games entirely. Black Dreamtime, White Nightmare was what I believe you call a "scoop" — Charles Perkins' warnings will shock those people who need to be shocked. I was particularly impressed with the comment that "aborigines and islanders could only relate to white commercial society with shame and embarrassment." This is the most difficult area for whites to come to terms with, and it's most important that we do.

Having taught aborigines in northern NSW for some years, I know that statement is true, yet I have never seen a comprehensive statement about why blacks are culturally estranged in commercial society, and I would like to see an article which deals specifically with the basic

cultural differences, particularly in terms of philosophy and outlook, which cause black people to be so passionately angry with the deal they've received. It seems to me that we skirt the issue by granting material concessions, however large, to aborigines. We must understand the people themselves; we must realise that their aspirations are in no way congruent with those of white men, and then we must work to give them the conditions which will allow them to achieve those aspirations. Only then can we rest in good conscience. — Paul Ryan, Newcastle, NSW.

Clear case

Congratulations to Phil Ackman and *Australian Penthouse* for the in-depth, explanatory and highly readable piece concerning the Roger Wilson Case (March '82). Ackman's straightforward attack on the issue of the sensational trial which dominated our headlines for well over a year was a godsend to anyone who, like myself, has followed the complex case but has been hampered in its understanding by grey, patchy judicial coverage in the media. By presenting the facts and relating the alarming chain of events involving allegations of contract killing in the world of high finance, and taking us to backdrops as exotic as the Greek Isles, Ackman's story did indeed read like sensational fiction but in truth it is a very worthwhile document of a slice of Australian legal history. — J. Alexander, Melbourne.

Not for the faint hearted

Are my eyes deceiving me or is Pet of the Year Runner-Up Amanda Mactaggart looking better all the time? When I first encountered the little lady with the cheeky smile back in October '81 I have to admit she was a charmer but, how can I say it, she was just a little robust for my taste. Then when I met her again between the covers of your February issue did I ever eat my words. How can anyone undergo such a delightful change? Has she really changed and become more delicate and seemingly more vulnerable or is it just the craftsmanship of your photographer Rico Mettback? If it's the latter, the man is a genius, a lucky one at that. You had better tell Amanda to calm down, if she keeps on improving at the rate she has over the last few months, she'll have blokes fainting in the street. — J.K., Tasmania. ☺



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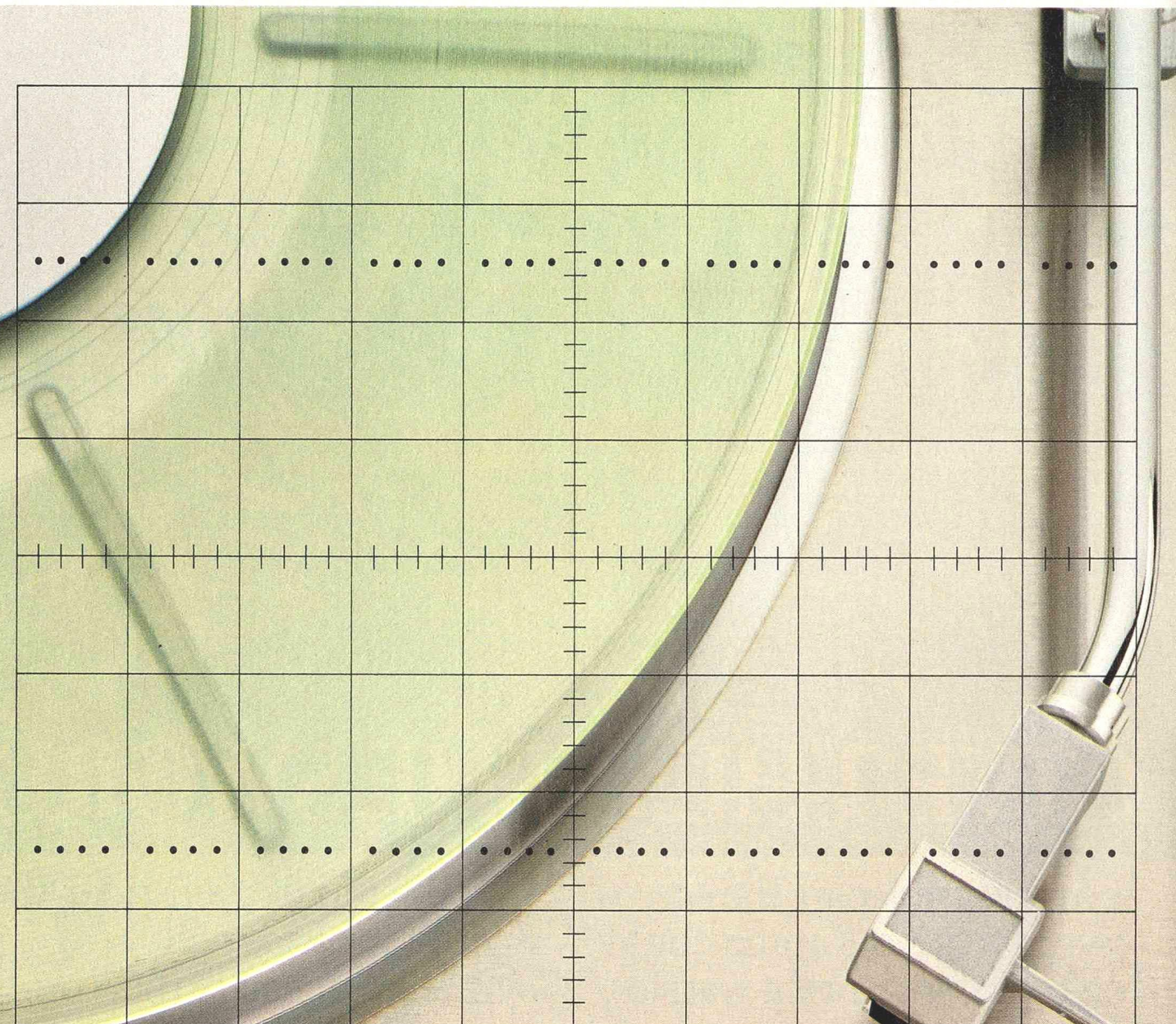
Fisher made the first dynamic range expander back in 1939.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Pregnant questions

I am 26 years old and five months pregnant. This is my first child and I'm going through the pregnancy alone. I have two very important questions which I hope you can help me with.

My first question concerns the use of vibrators during pregnancy. I have been using one on and off for the past five months; the small, plug-in type which has various attachments. I have never used it inside my vagina or anus — only on the outside on my clitoris. Is it possible to disturb the foetus by using the vibrator in this way? My baby's safety is much more important to me than reaching a climax.

The other question has to do with herpes simplex. My boyfriend has had this disease on and off for some time. I read an article in a college journal which stated that if a woman has herpes simplex during her pregnancy, great harm can be caused to the foetus. They said that it could cause brain damage and in certain cases even death.

I went to my gynaecologist in a panic. He explained the disease to me in very confusing medical terms and then proceeded to examine me. He found no trace of the disease anywhere in or on my vaginal area, but said that if my boyfriend and I continue to have sex, we should use prophylactics.

I'm still very concerned about the health of my unborn child. I hope you can shed some light on my questions. It would put me at ease to have some good, comprehensible medical advice. — Miss S.Q., Victoria.

You can approach the use of vibrators during pregnancy just as you can approach any sexual experience at that time. And that is, in general, vibrators can be used with safety and comfort, especially since you seem to be taking the precaution that I would have advised, namely avoiding intravaginal use.

Herpes simplex (HS) has come to the forefront these past few years; its endemic level within the population seems to be rising, and there has been recently published information linking the genital type (HS II) to cancer.

One aspect of the natural History of HS is its role in pregnancy, and its dangers are very real. There are several well-documented cases of newborn deaths due to the contracting of the viral disease

by delivery through the infected birth canal. The herpes is a very traumatic shock to a baby, and it cannot always withstand it.

HS is a viral infection, and in the female it has been labelled in two parts, HS I, or lip HS, most commonly known as fever blisters, and HS II, or genital herpes. The lips of the vulva are infected with one or more ulcerated blisters which are quite tender. Treatment is varied and controversial.

If a pregnant woman has HS, it would be very important for the doctor to be assured that all available laboratory methods were used to assure her that her birth canal was unaffected. It might even be necessary to perform a caesarian delivery rather than allow the baby to be born through an infected canal.

As for prevention, pregnant or otherwise, it would be extremely unwise for a woman to participate in coital activity with a partner who has the potential for transferring infection. A physician should be consulted, but during the most infectious period, even prophylactics would not be adequate protection.

Amazon fantasy

I'm a tall male, 77 kgs, and 20 years old. I have a fantasy of being picked up (literally) by some big, tall woman. I think of her constantly — hugging, kissing, and eventually making love.

I have normal sexual relations with my girlfriend, but I don't have a proper orgasm unless I'm fantasising about an oversized woman dominating me. I know that it's healthy to share these desires with your partner, but this one just seems too ridiculous, especially since she's very short. Can you please tell me what's wrong and what I can do to overcome this problem. — A.R., Queensland.

First off, your fantasy is a perfectly normal one. Rather than being worried or concerned about it, you should accept it and cherish it as your unique image which brings you pleasure and should be enjoyed to the fullest.

Many men fantasise that they are being dominated by large, buxom women. Such fantasies have been reinforced largely through stories about the fictitious Amazons, a society of large, dominant women who conquer and enslave all men. A number of men I have worked with in

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APRIL

FORUM

therapy who have had similar fantasies often have experienced some mild guilt feelings about their own sexual activities. Their fantasies tend to help them to relinquish a sense of control and responsibility for their actions. If you're being dominated by an overpowering woman you can easily rationalise letting yourself do just about anything.

As for sharing your fantasies with your partner, of course you should do so if you honestly believe that she will not feel that your fantasies are a way of saying that you don't desire her. If she is an open, undefensive person, she might even find your fantasies exciting.

The big-breast man

My boyfriend and I have been going out for a year and we have a wonderful and loving relationship. I knew from the beginning that he had a thing for breasts, but this was fine with me. I have really nice, large, firm breasts.

To get to my present problem. It started like this. One day my boyfriend surprised me by showing me a false set of breasts made of soft plastic that could be worn over my own breasts just like a bra. Naturally these falsies were extremely large, but they looked and felt very natural. At first I laughed and said I wouldn't wear

them, but I saw that my boyfriend really wanted me to, so I did. And did he go crazy! His being turned on turned me on and we experienced some really great sex. Now I wear them as often as possible in the privacy of our apartment.

However, now my boyfriend has asked me to wear the falsies out in public (under my clothes, of course). I would love to do it for him, but the fact is I would look perfectly ridiculous, much too heavy, and I don't know how I would handle the situation if I should meet anyone I know.

I know that my boyfriend would love this, but I feel too embarrassed. Do you think this is asking for too much? Please help me, as my boyfriend is becoming impatient. — Miss K.E., NSW.

Of course he's asking for too much. An important rule of thumb to follow is that if requests or desires made by your partner embarrass you or make you uncomfortable, that is sufficient reason to resent them. You certainly should feel no guilt about turning him down.

In addition, sexual props and fantasies are perfectly fine when utilised in the privacy of your own home; they are not anybody else's business. However, it is possible that when such fantasies are made public, they tend to lose a lot of their original arousal potential.

Also, there is a good likelihood that your boyfriend will keep on making demands of

you to become more and more exhibitionistic if you don't set up clear-cut limits now. You seem to have a pretty solid, caring relationship; you must ask yourself whether you are letting yourself be pushed into behavior that is personally uncomfortable for fear that if you don't comply, you'll lose your boyfriend. If this is so, confront him with your fears and concerns. Ultimately, he may respect you a great deal for your honesty.

No communication

I am 30 years old and I'm married to a beautiful Spanish girl of 24. I can proudly say that I'm well hung. I started my sex life at the age of 14 and, from then on, it was all uphill. I've made love to all types and races of women, with ages ranging from teens to 35.

I shouldn't be complaining about my sex life, but I am, because, if I do say so myself, I am over-sexed. The more women I make love to, the more I want to make love. I love looking at beautiful women and sometimes I can't help staring at them until they catch me looking. Then I look away. The body of a nude woman arouses me enormously. Sometimes I think of myself as a sex maniac because every time I see a nice-looking female, the first thing I do is picture myself making love to her.

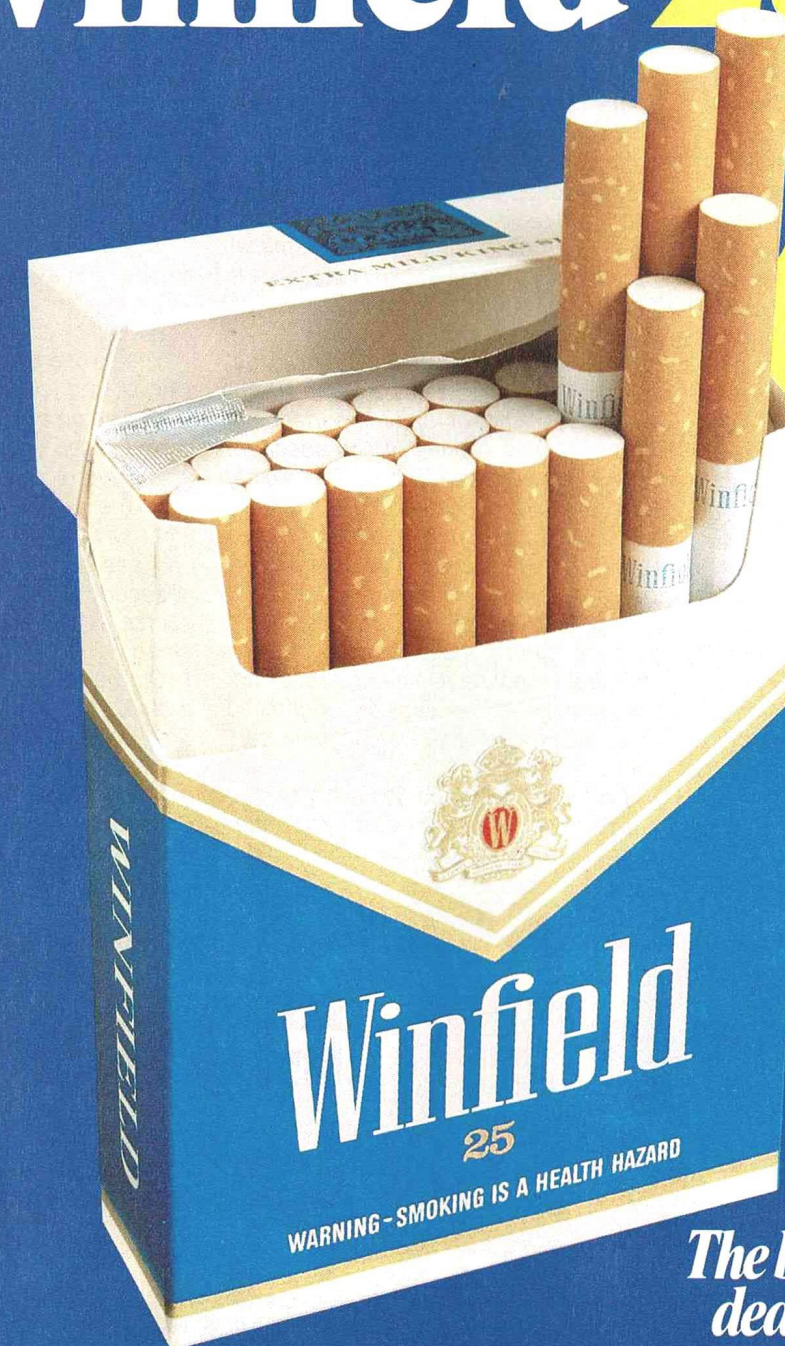
I don't consider myself a great lover, however; as a matter of fact, I don't consider myself a lover at all. After I've gotten there, I always want to try someone new. It's beautiful to know that you have conquered, even if it is for just a short while. The feeling of conquest always thrills me, as I guess it would thrill any man. How sensational it feels after you rap to a woman and you finally succeed in getting her to bed, and how rotten you feel if she keeps turning you down. I know; I've been on both sides of the fence.

I have been married for six years and we, my wife and I, have a communication gap. We can't seem to agree on anything, and we don't seem to be able to carry on a mature and in-depth conversation. I love my wife very much, but we just can't seem to get through to each other. I usually can't find anything to talk about that I think would interest her.

Our love life is diminishing quite a bit, too. We have slowed our lovemaking down to just about once a month, which is outrageous for my sexual appetite. I have decided to seek outside sex from other women; it seems that I have no choice but to resort to this method of satisfying my sexual desires.

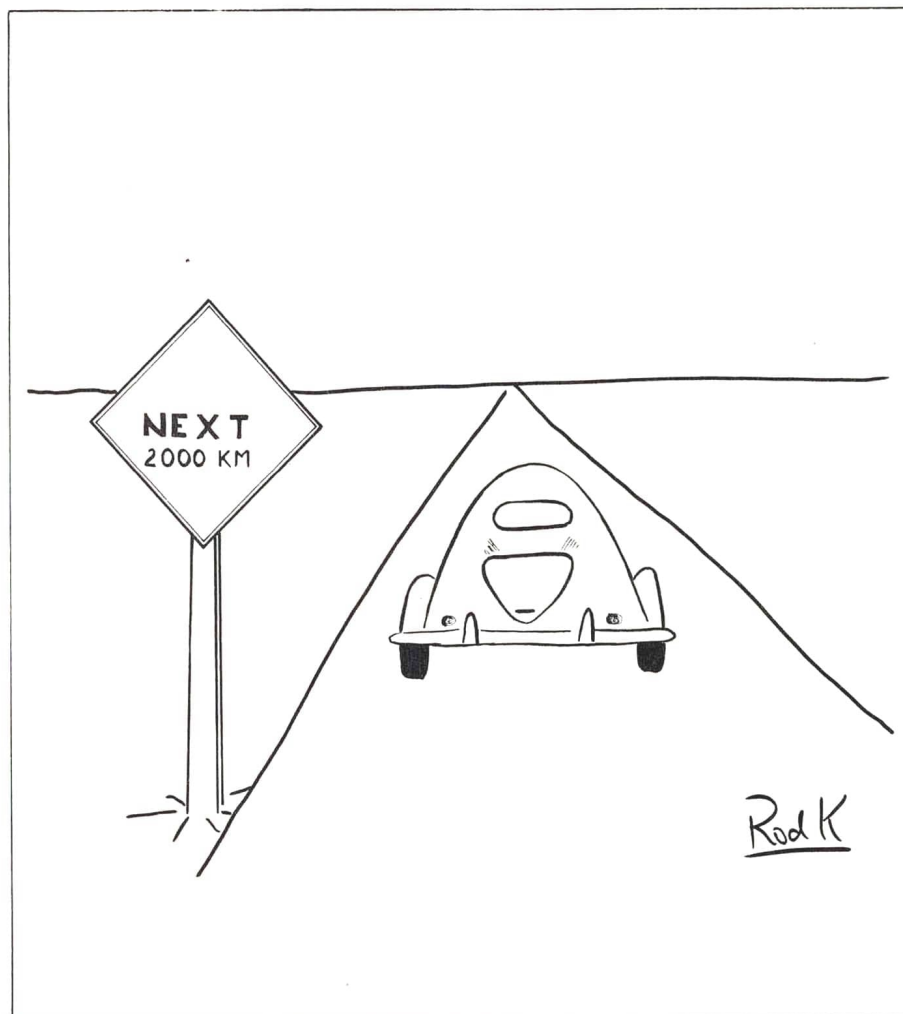
For the time being, I have been masturbating. I do this about twice a week, but I don't want to keep doing it forever, because it doesn't really satisfy me. I want to be loved and caressed, but my wife fails to realise this. I have spoken to her about it, but it seems to go in one ear and out the other. I don't want my marriage to fall apart, because I love her and I would like

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FORUM

us to spend the rest of our lives together.

I am a very jealous man. I guess the majority of Spanish-speaking people are, and every time someone calls the house, I demand to know who it is. When my wife is a little late from work, I get all upset.

I want so much to satisfy my wife, but I don't want to overdo it. You know the saying: Give them an inch and they'll take a mile.

My questions are: Am I truly a sex maniac? How can my wife and I close our communication gap? How can I curb my jealousy? — Name and address withheld.

Let me answer each of your questions in turn. First, no, you are not a sex maniac. Your sexual needs, however, do seem to be several notches above the average. Implicitly, there is nothing wrong with that, except if a person's obsession with sex and sexual conquest begins to interfere with other aspects of living, or if sexual conquest becomes an end in itself and not a means to establish a loving, sharing relationship.

It seems that you have placed so much emphasis on your own prowess as a lover (either because of socio-cultural background or because of feelings of inadequacy in other areas) that it has interfered with your relationship with your wife. As with most marriages, sexual interest often declines with the years. But because of your inordinate emphasis on sex as a communication skill, you have undermined communication by other means, such as developing mutual interests, sharing feelings, etc. I'm certain that your wife realises that you want to be loved and caressed, but she is probably reluctant to feed your need without some assurance that you'll take care of her non-sexual needs. Have you considered setting aside a time each day for catching up on your feelings and try to find areas of commonality with your wife? You may need professional marriage counsellor to help you with this.

Finally, don't cop out and blame your

jealousy on your Spanish heritage. The person who feels insecure depends on others, especially his spouse, to define his value. Irrational jealousy comes about when you tell yourself that if your wife is intimate with someone else, it might mean that you would be compared unfavorably with someone else, and you couldn't stand that. And also, you feel that it would mean that she doesn't love you any more. Neither of these assumptions is necessarily true.

Penile problem

I am a 20-year-old male and my problem is that my genitals never grew or developed. My penis is about one inch long when flaccid, with a circumference of about two inches. When erect, it is about four inches long and about three inches around. Also, my testicles don't seem to be the proper size. My balls are about the size of small marbles. As you might expect, I am still a virgin because I am afraid to let a girl see my puny genitals. — D.D.S., Queensland.

The fact that your penis will expand from one inch in length and two inches in circumference to about three inches in circumference and four inches in length clearly indicates that your penis is normal in function. The fact that the size is smaller than that which you would like to have is not as important a factor in its use as you would believe.

Experience in the field of human sexual behavior clearly indicates that the size of one's penis is not of major importance in developing and maintaining an adequate and happy sexual relationship. The vagina, because it is a muscular organ, actually contracts in size during sexual intercourse so that it has the capacity to tighten about the penis during relations. The degree of this tightening depends upon the woman's ability to control these muscles, though often the response is a natural reflex action, and when the vagina is tightened about the penis, the size of the penis cannot be determined.

It is interesting to conjecture that men with relatively small penises may be better

sexual partners than are men with larger penises, since those with smaller penises might be more interested in understanding the various factors best suited to making the partner sexually happy with the relationship. For many women, extended foreplay is often as satisfying as the climax.

The size of one's testicles is not of any consequence in a sexual relationship. The fact that your penis is capable of an erection indicates that the testicles have served one of their important functions, namely, the production of male hormone necessary to develop the penis to the extent of having erections and maintaining them.

Fondle first

My wife and I wonder why she has to fondle my genitals before I can get a hard-on as a prelude to intercourse. When I got married at 22, just the sight of her nude would give me an erection. I am now 29, in good health, and love my wife more than ever. She still turns me on like crazy, but she says it takes away from the spontaneity of making love when she has to help me get it up.

I have tried variations on our love-making, but she likes the old ways, especially with me on top. I want to please her.

Is she too impatient or am I too insecure? What do you think we can do about this? — A.P., Tasmania.

You've been married seven years. Let's say you and your wife have had sexual intercourse on an average of twice a week during seven years. That adds up to 728 acts of intercourse. If you had sex prior to marriage and if there were many times when you had sex more than twice a week, chances are that you have actually experienced closer to 1000 acts of intercourse since you two have known each other.

Our bodies and our minds greatly need a variety of stimuli in order to function well. So one reason it takes you longer to erect is undoubtedly the physiological fact that repetition deadens stimulation. The most delicious and ecstatic of experiences

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becomes dull when it is repeated too often the same way. You cannot "demand" that your penis become erect. Surely, your wife should realise this and should not resent helping stimulate your penis.

Certainly, one way to restimulate sexual excitement is for your wife to become open to variations. Try flirting with her and seducing her. What stimulated her during your courtship? Do you ever make love on the floor? On the living room sofa while watching TV? Do you fondle her breasts and vagina while you are both clothed?

Another contributing factor to your slower erection time is the male sex drive often peaks in the late teens and during the twenties, and never again reaches the same height after that. Since you are in good health and there would be no physical debilitation causing any decline, that would suggest that the longer time it takes you to erect is a normal condition.

The amount of time between your sex acts may be a factor. The production of sperm and semen gradually takes longer as the male gets older. If sex is engaged in frequently, with a short time between the acts, and the amount of sperm and semen has not yet built up, that, too, could contribute to your longer erectile time.

Another factor may be the accumulation of unresolved, untalked-out little tensions, resentments, hostilities between you and your wife. Being in love is beautiful but it is not enough to sustain sex at a high peak all the time. You can be in love and still have many small unresolved angers. Talking through and dissipating such little angers can be a great aphrodisiac.

Finally, I suggest that you and your wife stop "scoreboarding" your sex, adding up how long it takes you to become erect. Give up your "performance anxiety" by not having any goal. Think of yourselves as two loving people who are pleasuring each other and not adding up the minutes between flaccid penis and erect penis. If you become erect, fine. If you don't, then you two can still have a lovely, pleasuring experience. An unreasonable goal in our heads is often the cause of sexual problems. Turn off that "driver" in your heads and enjoy your closeness.

Sensitive breasts

On several occasions I have made love to a certain man and found that his breasts have the same sensitivity as a woman's. He can easily reach orgasm if I just caress, suck, and bite his breasts. Knowing that he can feel the same kind of sensations that I can is very exciting. The man in question is very rugged and masculine and so is his sexuality, with the exception of his extra-sensitive breasts. Have any other of your readers come across this phenomenon? Also, he is left-handed and I have noticed that his left breast is much

more sensitive than his right breast. Is there a correlation between the two? — Miss B.C., NSW.

The entire skin surface of the body — whether male or female — is an erogenous zone, and the breasts are pleasure points in both the male and the female body. However, most men are out of touch with the pleasure that exists in their own bodies except for the limited area of their genitals. Women know that their bodies are total sources of pleasure; they also have more permission in our society to explore their own bodies and to experience the pleasure of their bodies. Men on the other hand are discouraged from exploring the pleasure points in their bodies, and encouraged to find their source of pleasure in other bodies, especially in female bodies.

Apparently, you have been lucky enough to find a man who is in touch with his own body and in particular can respond to the pleasure of being touched on and around his breasts. Some men make this discovery by connecting the pleasure in their genitals with pleasant sensations in other parts of their bodies, like their nipples. By moving back and forth from stimulating the penis, for example, to stimulating the breasts (or any other part of their bodies for that matter), men can experience sexual pleasure extended and connected to other parts of their anatomy. Eventually, if they continue this practice, the whole body becomes a source of pleasure and they will have more total orgasms.

Some people experience more pleasure on one side of their bodies than the other; this is not unusual. Everyone can experience pleasure in different parts of the body if they allow themselves to turn on to that part as they are touched or stimulated by their partner.

An unusual game

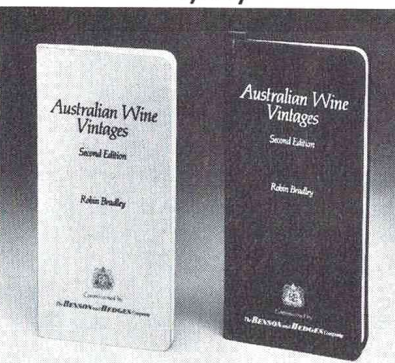
My wife and I are both 24 and happily married. We enjoy a varied and imaginative sex life. However, my wife recently told me about an unusual "game" she plays with me. I wonder if you could comment on this?

She tells me that on numerous occasions she has applied mineral oil to my penis while I was asleep and brought me to a climax via prolonged manipulation and teasing. She says she enjoys fondling me when I don't know about it, and it excites her enormously to see me ejaculate this way. I didn't believe this was possible, but I'm a heavy sleeper. I do recall waking up a few mornings with a mess all around me, but I always attributed this to wet dreams.

As far as I'm concerned, this seems harmless and amusing, but I wonder if it might indicate that my wife has some psychological problem which merits attention.

I am not sure whether I should ignore

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the matter or discuss it further with her. — Name and address withheld.

I think you may be more disturbed by your wife's activities in terms of yourself than by how this activity affects your wife. I am sure it must be disconcerting to think that sexual stimulation takes place while you are sleeping and oblivious to her ministrations. Unless you find your unconscious orgasms enormously upsetting, however, I see no reason to limit her activities to your waking hours! Whether asleep or awake, having your wife masturbate you can only serve as relaxing, pleasurable satisfaction. This is better than a wet dream any day.

As far as your wife is concerned, I think she simply has a healthy and aggressive sex drive, and there is nothing wrong with that. She seems like a bold and adventurous lover who must be interesting in your waking hours as well. Even though she enjoys making love with you, she obviously finds it very erotic and desirable to stimulate you when you are sleeping.

I don't really think you have anything to worry about. If it bothers you to be stimulated in this manner, you can simply ask her to stop.

Recurring problem

I am a 21-year-old uncircumcised male.

Six months ago I experienced severe itching and irritation of the glans.

Last week the problem recurred, and I am now wondering if I should get circumcised and eliminate the entire problem.

Lately I have also noticed that there are some little white pimples around the rim of the glans.

I know that they produce smegma, but are there normally so many of them? — G.L., Victoria.

Itching and irritation under the foreskin of the uncircumcised male is a common problem. This can be prevented by careful, daily cleansing under the foreskin and application of a simple powder after carefully washing and drying the area. At times, despite this care, the irritation and itching will occur anyway. This may be due to the development of an infection in the area. The environment of a moist, dark area is ideal for the growth of certain bacteria, as well as many fungi. These latter are similar to the "athletes foot" so commonly encountered. One possibility is that the fungus is transmitted from one's own feet by way of the bed linen to the penis, where it grows under the foreskin. Another possibility is that a sexual partner may be carrying the fungus or bacteria so that its spread is actually by sexual contact.

No matter what the cause may be, circumcision usually cures the problem. The removal of the foreskin exposes the area

to the drying effects of the air and, when the area is dry and exposed to the light, the infections and irritations do not occur.

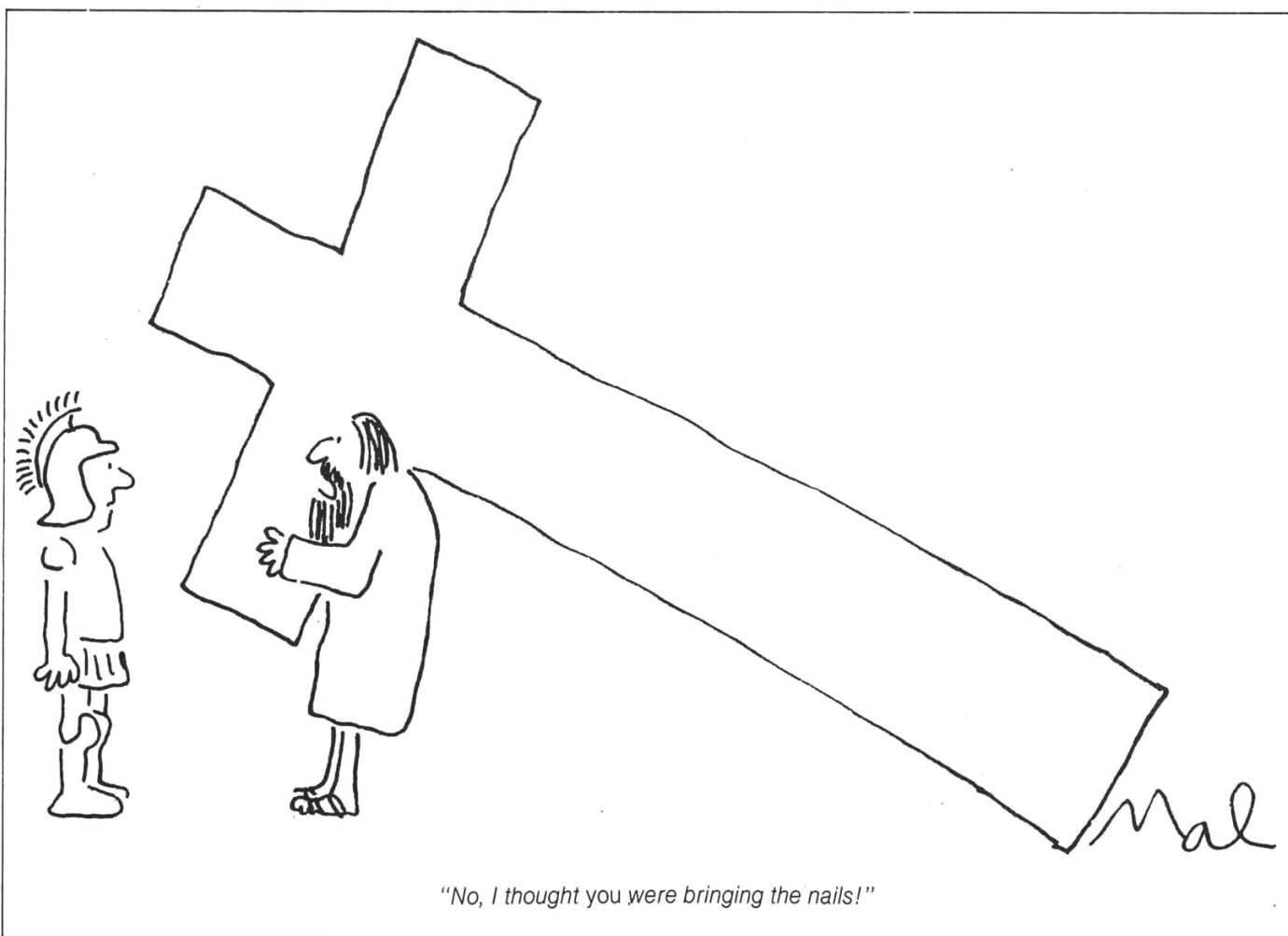
The white pimples around the rim of the glans have no unusual significance. They are often found there, especially when the area is irritated.

Although everything you ask about is essentially non-venereal in disease concept, still it would be wise to remember that you should be checked for venereal disease whenever you have complaints referable to the genitals. A blood test for syphilis is easy to obtain, as well as safe and cheap. There is no reason for not having one on a regular basis if you are having multiple sexual contacts. A test for gonorrhea is less necessary, since you do not have an actual penile discharge.

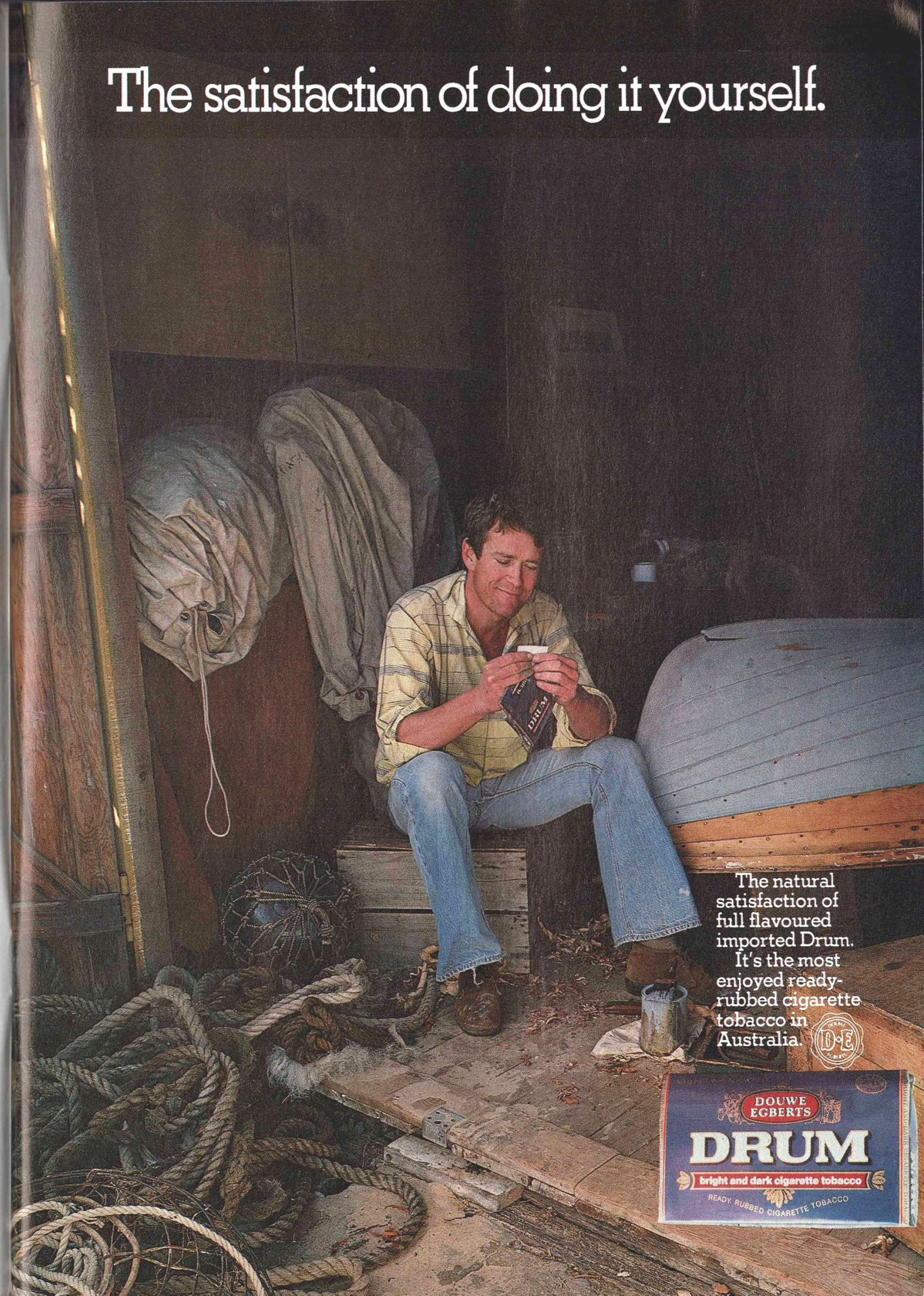
Protecting partners

I was going with and then engaged to the same girl for three years. Recently we broke up. I have had genital herpes for over two years, but since my girlfriend had it also, I didn't have to worry about infecting her. Now that I am unattached, what should I do. — S.J., Victoria.

Your concern about spreading herpes is appropriate. If, as is so often the case, you break out again with a rash, you will definitely be contagious as long as the rash persists. You can prevent the spread of the disease by abstaining during the active phase or by using condoms. ○✚



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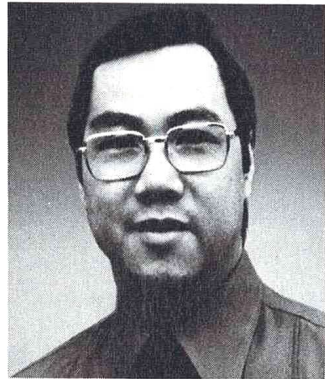
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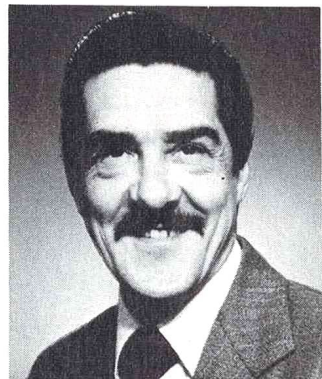


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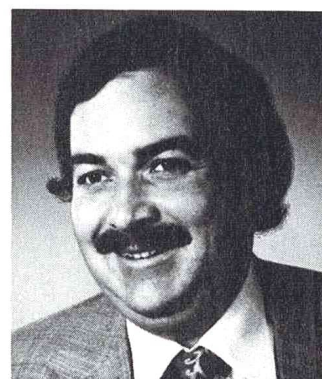


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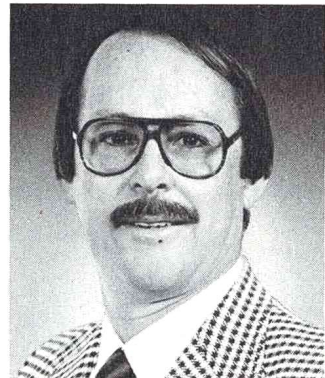


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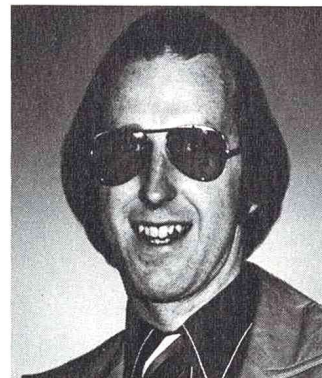


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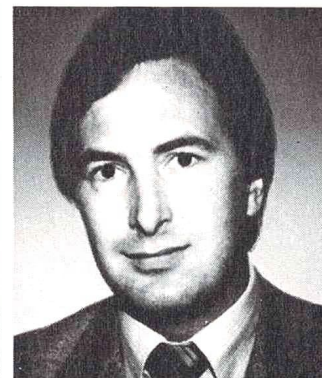


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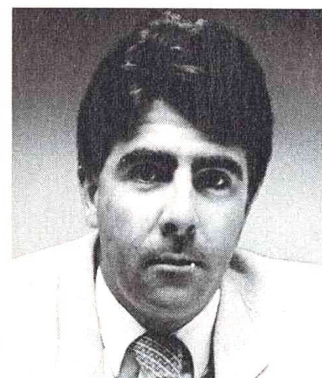


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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I haven't missed a copy of Penthouse and I must say I was delighted when your column reappeared several months back. I have always admired your candor about your experiences and support the decriminalisation of prostitution. However your preoccupation with the size of male members seriously diminishes your credibility. In one case it reached a point where I wondered why I paid good money to read the stuff you put out.

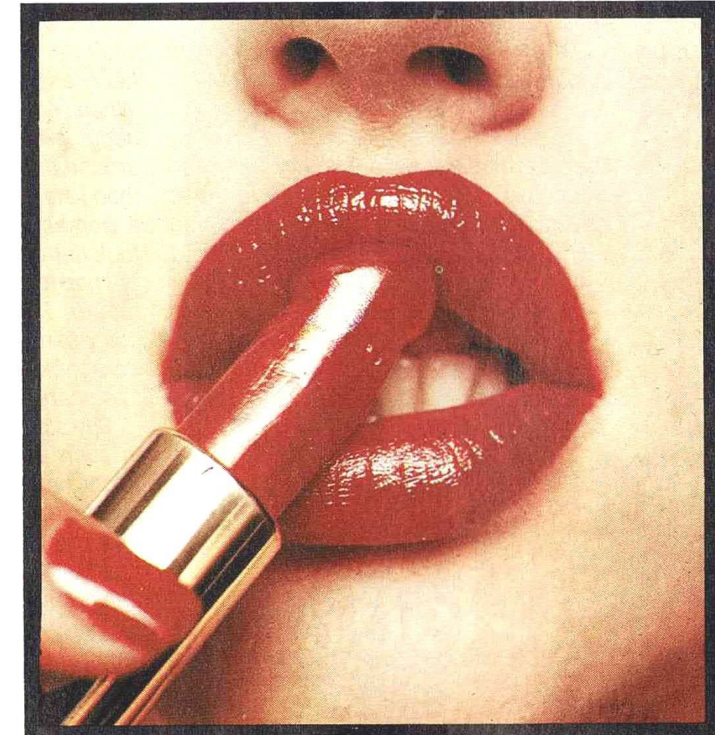
I am referring in particular to one reference you made to the largest phallus you had ever encountered in your long and varied experience. Do correct me if I'm wrong but you said this gross appendage was 28 cm long (11 inches in old measurement) and 10 cm wide. No doubt there are men with dicks 28 cm long — but 10 cm wide. Pull the other one, Xaviera. Assuming that width refers to diameter, or an approximation thereof, I can state categorically that no human being has a pecker that measures 10 cm in diameter.

Since the human penis is not symmetrical, a width of 10 cm would make it no smaller than a two-by-four piece of wood or, more likely, a three-by-four piece of wood rounded off. Check that for size!

I would like to add that if you can accommodate a penis that size, I can readily understand why you got out of the business and started writing books and magazine columns. — D.L.

HUNG JURY

We are members of an office car pool group and have read about and discussed your predilection for out-sized dongers. In particular, we discussed at great length the great length you said you had encountered during the ins and outs of your career. The



monster you mentioned was 28 cm long and 10 cm wide.

We decided that if such a penis was actually lurking between someone's legs our sympathies go out to its unfortunate owner. The inside of his legs must be black and blue from the constant slapping back and forth. He probably does not do too much running around for fear of becoming unbalanced as this whopper shifts from side to side. Above all he probably doesn't get much action with this giant. Most women whom we surveyed would rather reach up and grab it than have to lie down and be cloven by it. Xaviera, just think of the many other disadvantages that must befall him! Ruined clothing, the discomfort when sitting with it between his legs, ruptured fly openings from sudden erections

when pretty girls press close to him to get a quick feel. We are sure that a doctor would have to be present at all times during intercourse for fear of the woman's reaction to so large a member, such as hysteria, convulsions or loss of consciousness during the act.

We estimate that this member would have to weigh at least 3.5kg. Our comparisons likened this penis to a bloated salami, the organ of a stud horse, or a large piece of liverwurst. If he is any kind of swimmer, he must need a lifeguard on hand to prevent drowning due to the weight dangling between his legs.

In closing we have begun to seriously doubt the validity of your column. — The office staff and car pool group.

Steady on chaps, get a hold of yourselves! My mention of this not-so-wee willie seems to have flushed out the more sceptical among my readership. I refuse to back down on what I said (in fact, I refused to back down on it when I first encountered it.) The pecker in

question was everything I said it was and more. At the time I saw it I strongly considered contacting the *Guinness Book of Records* or Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*, but felt this may have been a betrayal of my professional ethics. I'm tempted to attribute your disbelief to jealousy or perhaps shame at the size of your own endowments. In reference to my ability to accommodate the said penis — never underestimate this amazing and versatile box of tricks. You've heard the saying: if it fits, wear it. No matter what the size, I always wear it with style.

AIRING A PROBLEM

My friend and I have a bet and only your printed professional and unbiased answer will decide the matter. Does a woman's pussy fart? — M.H.

While you are making it, air sometimes gets sucked into a woman's vagina, and when it is expelled, it sounds like a fart. Similarly air trapped between a woman's breasts can also give a good rousing noise. Don't try blow air into your girlfriend to get this effect, as this can be dangerous.

STUCK ON LIPSTICK

Lipstick knocks me out. Any color is ap-

pealing, especially if it is something wet, bright, and shiny. Watching a beautiful woman looking in her little mirror and carefully spreading gooeey, shocking-pink on her lips gives me a thrill. Does a woman know what she's doing to me, and possibly other men in the room, when she stains the end of a cigarette with a bright orange shade or leaves a glossy crimson smear on the rim of a glass?

If I kiss a woman wearing lipstick, the feeling of it smearing all over my lips and tongue can actually make me tremble in my boots. A smooch on the cheek that leaves a lipstick print is one of the most erotic things I can think of.

Women do many things to turn men on. If they know how sexy lipstick is, why do most women wipe it off before making love? Also, is that your mouth in the picture illustrating your Penthouse column? If you go to bed looking like that, I like your style.

I have never read anything in *Call Me Madam* or in any other magazine about lipstick fetishism. High spiked heels, silk stockings, red fingernails — yes, but no lipstick! Why? Is this a very unusual fetish? Please tell me what you think of me, keeping in mind that I love everything about women. — D.M.

It is believed that lipstick was first used by the fast ladies of ancient Egypt and Phoenicia. They colored their mouths to publicise their special talents. Cleopatra

supposedly had a well-established reputation in this field, which may have been useful in captivating Caesar and Mark Antony.

Today lipstick may enhance a woman's appearance, making her more desirable, but it does not indicate a particular erotic talent. Unfortunately, practicality often comes before sensuality: women usually wipe off their lipstick as well as other make-up to avoid soiling sheets and pillowcases.

SIX CAN BEAT NINE

A friend of mine that I used to work with invited me over one night to watch the football games. When I got there, a girl and her boyfriend were there. We had a very pleasant evening. The only thing was, she was so beautiful I couldn't keep my eyes off her. When they left, she surprised me by slipping me a note. All the note said was "Call me any time after 10 o'clock." I had heard of the size of her boyfriend, and to be honest I didn't know if I could please her or not.

Well, one night I plucked up the courage and called her. I told her I was alone and invited her over. She was there in about an hour, and we were making it in no time. When I got her clothes off she went crazy, begging me to make love. Well, I played around until I thought she was ready, and then I started intercourse. I've never seen a woman that loved it so much, but it still took her quite some time to come.

I had to stop at least four times and wait for her. This was our first date, and I was going to make sure she enjoyed it if I had to hold back all night. Well she finally did, and she scared the hell out of me!

She started screaming and clawing me in such a violent manner I thought she might have a heart attack. It took her at least 10 good minutes to settle down. She told me later that she had not come in months, that the man she lives with only thinks of himself and achieving his own pleasure. He tells her that she takes too long, that most women would come as many as three or four times before she comes the first time.

Well, I'm glad he feels that way, because she is great and certainly worth waiting for. The only thing is, her orgasms are all just as violent as the first one. Can this be dangerous, and can it harm her in any way? — P.F.

Other women should live so dangerously. No, I wouldn't worry about people having violent orgasms. Your girl friend sounds like she could give lessons. But then maybe you're the one who should be giving lessons.

I'm happy to run this letter because it exemplifies my theory that organ size is not all. I only wish you had been a bit more explicit in telling us what it is you did in bed. Write to me again. I'll pass it on to other men who have average penises. ☐



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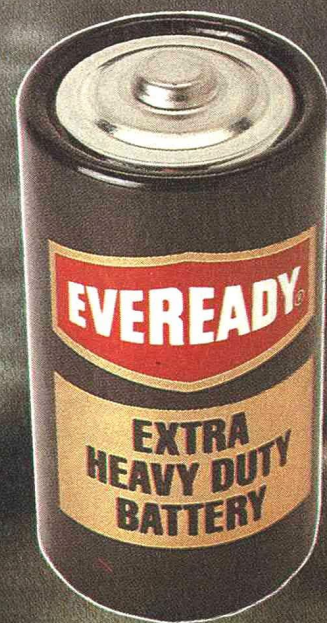
So we'll probably never change our label, and we never tinker with the price of our award-winning Cabernet Sauvignon.

After all, you can't drink a label any more than you can taste a price.

McWILLIAM'S



Drinking labels can be very expensive.

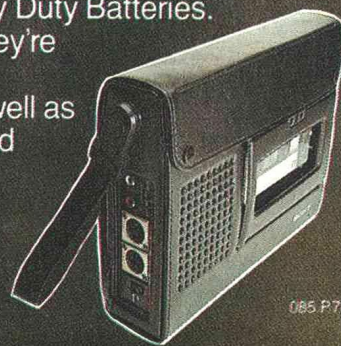


DICK SMITH RELIES ON EXTRA HIGH PERFORMANCE.

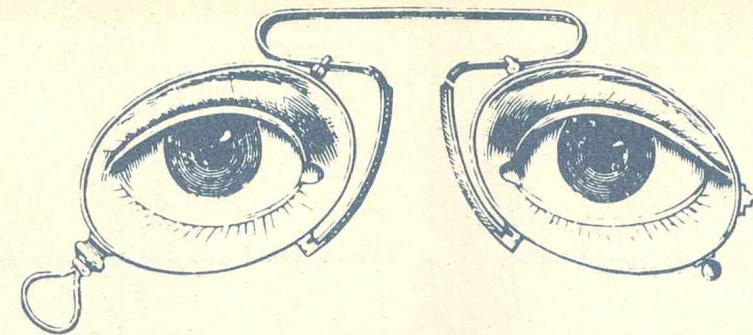
"Five hours on the sheer face of Ball's Pyramid and you start feeling the pressure. Your equipment has to be able to take it too. The gear I used in filming and recording the expedition just had to be super reliable. That's why I go with 'Eveready' Black Extra Heavy Duty Batteries. Tailor-made for high drain appliances — means they're perfect for everyday high performance in radio/cassettes, calculators and electronic games. As well as perfect for when you're halfway up a mountain and can't afford to fail."

'EVEREADY' BLACK — THE EXTRA HEAVY DUTY BATTERY.

Eveready is a registered trade mark.



085 P785



VIEW FROM THE TOP

KINGS OF THE ROAD

BY JANE AND MICHAEL STERN

Los Angeles, California: An angry motorist forces a station wagon on to the median strip, throws its driver on to the highway, commandeers the station wagon, then rams 39 vehicles before smashing into the back of a utility truck.

Carbondale, Illinois: After being cut off by another car, an irate driver pulls up at a red light next to the offender. He commands his attack-trained German shepherd to leap into the other car and maul the driver.

Penrith, NSW: An overloaded Franklin caravan is going too slow in the fast lane of the F4. A teenager careens past and gives the driver of the bloated camper the finger. Another car honks at the caravan and pretends to swerve into it. Soon dozens of rampaging cars follow in hot pursuit, harassing the terrified family of tourists.

These are not scenes from the next Burt Reynolds car opera. They are all true, reported by the press or, in the case of the besieged caravan, witnessed by us. And yes, we will admit when it was our turn to pass that limping water buffalo of a Franklin, we joined the marauding pack of fleet-footed hyenas and tossed it a decidedly rude gesture too.

We recite these tales of four-wheel terror to point out to those of you who may not have had the opportunity to drive recently that the world's roads are jammed with an assortment of no-neck monsters, bulge-eyed psychos in souped-up V8s, and otherwise average Joes who froth rabid when the light turns green.

Fact: A University of Utah study found that 12 percent of men motorists and 18 percent of women say they "could gladly kill another driver." Think of that! They're the ones who *admit it!* What about the rest of us repressed souls, who only relish the idea deep in our black little hearts?

Make no mistake, Road-rage knows no cultural or ethnic bounds. The most frightening example of coiled hostility we know is that of a highly respected New York

book publisher, who 10 years ago was cut off by a car on the main highway over there. To this day he remembers the license plate of the evildoer and repeatedly vows, with fists clenched and neck veins throbbing, that he will one day reap a terrible revenge.

So, wake up and smell the coffee — there is but one rule of the road, and it's called survival of the fittest. Once that principle is digested, driving a car can be great sport. Once you know it is every man for himself, you develop a healthy attitude about highway terrorism. You learn to savor the adrenaline rush of danger. You thrill to life-and-death confrontations at every stoplight. You become an animal, and instead of setting off each morning in a stupor, you drive tough and park proud. You know that the jungle is filled with other animals who, given half a chance, will devour you for a snack. So you learn vigilance. The softest tyre squeal sets your hackles rigid. You forget everything you learned in driver's education and study *Wild Kingdom* instead.

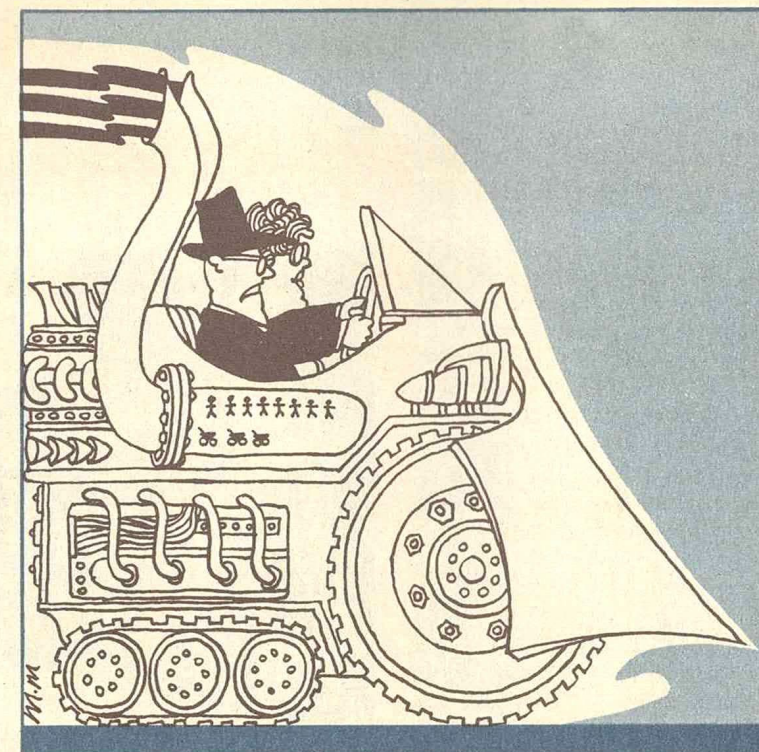
But what if you are at the bottom of the highway food chain? Chances are you will be a victim if you set off behind the wheel of a wimpmobile. Say the name of your car out loud and see if it sounds like a predator or predatee. A Beetle? You are asking to be crushed.

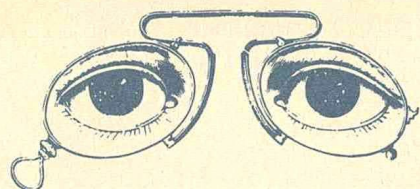
Toyota? It belongs in a nursery. Prelude? Sounds like a major tranquiliser for guys who can't cope. Civic, Accord, Statesman? They're for rightminded citizens who actually believe in speed limits. Rabbit, Fox, Bluebird? Cute, fuzzy, feathery.

To see if you have potential, we've constructed a test.

1. The purpose of a car is to: (a) transport children and other living things while conserving energy; (b) impress my neighbors and pick up girls; (c) symbolise my enormously powerful penis; (d) kill everyone now.

2. When I want to pass a car, first I _____, then if they still don't let me by, I: (a) blink my lights, then shrug my shoulders (b) honk my horn and tail-gate; (c) blind them with my brights and pass (d) ram the rear bumper,





then lob a grenade in their sunroof.

3. If GMH asked me to name a car for them, I'd call it the (a) Gadabout; (b) Herpes simplex; (c) Humpmaster; (d) Lobotomobile.

4. You have reached an intersection where you have a green light, but a pedestrian has started to cross in front of you. What do you do? (a) Let him cross, but inform him of the dangers of disobeying traffic signals; (b) Give him the finger and make a comment about his mother's sexual attraction to large hairy animals; (c) Ram him over; (d) Run him over, throw the car in reverse, and back over him again to flatten him out completely.

If your answers to the above questions were mostly (a), other drivers see you as: a sniveling pantywaist who drinks Perrier, jogs, and likes fey French bicycles better than American and Italian cars with big engines. Every moment you spend on the highway is agony for all thrill-seeking roadrunners.

If your answers were mostly (b), other drivers see you as: a bright-eyed junior exec in a polyester power suit. To you a car is a hi-fi set on wheels, in which you strive to alleviate the tedium of your life by seducing your secretary and playing Neil Diamond tapes real loud.

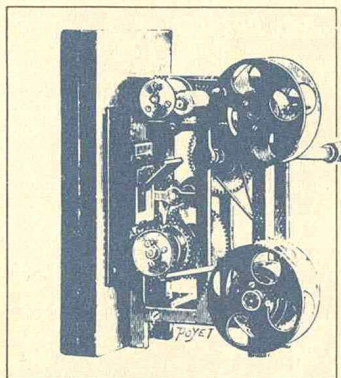
If your answers were mostly (c), other drivers see you as: a beast. Like the formidable dinosaur, you are ugly, vicious, and intimidating. Moreover, your brains are situated in your tail. You like big cars with jacked-up rear ends and big blondes with jacked-up front ends.

If your answers were mostly (d), other drivers see you as: King of the Road.

Your car is sharp as a whip, and you are handsomer than 10 movie stars.

You will never get us to tell you what we really think of you, because, frankly, we're scared to death.

FILMS



UNHOLY COMMUNION

T rue confessions has a title reminiscent of classic pulp fiction, an ambience in tune with *The Godfather* and the emotional kick of a mule; a stubborn one at that. Adapted from the novel by John Gregory Dunne with able assistance of Joan Didion, the film exists as an overlay to Coppola's paean to the immigrant hierarchical underpinning of "the American Dream". Where Coppola and author Mario Puzo concerned themselves with the code of honor binding the Mafia family, Dunne and director, Ulu Grosbard, look with equal relish to the Irish-Roman Catholic power broking that can make or break a man with a conspiratorial whisper, a tap of the rosary beads or deafening silence.

Using the classic form of a police investigation — the corpse of a young woman found out in two on a vacant block in Los Angeles, 1948 — the film travels an assured route through the myriad intersections where Church and business (here represented by construction contracts in the millions for Church related property developments) unite in unholy communion.

Charged with investigating the grisly murder, detective Tom Spellacy (Robert Duvall), a deft hand at covering the discrepancies of those who serve the

Church (he has, during the film's opening, shifted to another site a pastor who has had the bad grace to die in a whorehouse in the arms of a black prostitute) and finds himself drawn irretrievably from his own "patch" on to that of his brother, Monsignor Desmond Spellacy (Robert De Niro). As the young clergyman assistant to His Eminence High Cardinal Danaher (Cyril Cusack, who shows no shame in stealing every scene he participates in), Spellacy is being groomed for his own eminent exultation. On his shoulders falls the task of "cutting loose" a building contractor, Jack Amsterdam (Charles Durning) from the strong political ties that bind his company to the cream of the Church's construction contracts. In earlier times, on another precinct, Tom Spellacy, acted as Amsterdam's "bagman" when running a string of whorehouses. He takes delight in reminding Amsterdam of this to the embarrassment of his brother.

Time has strained and hardened the bonds between the two brothers with each failing to understand the other's chosen course. To Tom, his brother is being used as much by Amsterdam as he has been in the past. To exorcise his own misde-

meanors, Tom uses a form of verbal vigilantism to help pillory Amsterdam.

In the same way, the fate of an aging Church "executive", Monsignor Seamus Fargo (Burgess Meredith) is sealed, not with a kiss, but from an irrevocable, quiet decision from His Eminence. Part of Fargo's sin has been to criticise Des Spellacy. In his view, Spellacy is running the archdiocese like an accountant. An irretractable believer in not allowing the Cardinal's hand to be dirtied, His Eminence orders Des Spellacy to "find a place" for Fargo, adding that Des can have someone do his dirtywork when he becomes a Bishop. The hypocrisy at the root of brotherly love — in family or Church — casts an unsettling gloom across the sun drenched Los Angeles landscape. Ably assisted by director of photography Owen Roizman's eye that gives the film the look of an aged Kodachrome slide. This hypocrisy stretches to the "quiet assassination" of Amsterdam, once Spellacy has convinced His Eminence of the man's talent for manipulation, as a user of the Church construction contracts, with the "victim" being hailed Catholic Layman of the Year in what amounts to a prestigious golden handshake.

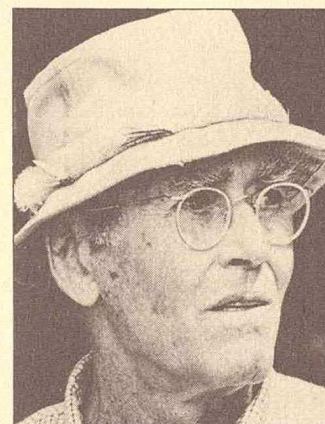
Duvall and De Niro . . . aces in True Confessions.



Director Grosbard (former works include the much under-rated *Straight Time* with Dustin Hoffman), plays each hand with the assuredness of a slick poker player. Blessed with six aces in the pack — Duvall, De Niro, Cusack, Meredith, Durning and Ken McMillan who etches a gritty performance as Duvall's on-the-make partner prone to large Chinese meals after particularly grisly murders — and a literate screenplay that has the rhythm of truth and documentary in its fiction, *True Confessions* satisfies the conspiratorial belief we use as some kind of security blanket against forces we have no control over. Forces born out of distant place and time, transplanted and allowed to bloom and integrate so the facade of Christian righteousness on which we depend for our own order and social form can exist unheeded, unquestioned. — Denis Whitburn

The end-of-life movie, a fairly new type directly descended from the end-of-life Broadway play, enjoys at least one unfair advantage. It's that in the face of death, everything about life seems precious. You need only assume death's presence in order to validate the most simpleminded affirmations. Who could ignore even the weather report — "Looks like a good day tomorrow" — from the lips of a dying man?

By "death's presence" I mean nothing so traditional as "last moments." They have been haunting the movies forever. When I was a kid, I hated them almost as much as I hated love scenes, though I know now that like love scenes, you must accept a few last moments if the good stuff — the jokes, the terror, the suspense is to make sense. But in the end-of-life movie the jokes, the terror, the suspense have only to do with dying. Usually you won't even see the last moments. But you will be made to understand that



Fonda . . . field day.

life's terminal and that somebody's term is just about up.

Thus Norman Thayer, former college teacher, central character of Mark Rydell's new film *On Golden Pond*, celebrates his eightieth birthday in the bitter knowledge that he may not live to see his eighty-first. With his loving and long-suffering wife, Ethel, he has come to his comfortable summer house on a tranquil New England lake. There he awaits the arrival of his semi-estranged, fortyish daughter, her latest lover, a dentist, and the man's pubescent son. The middle-aged folks leave — a romantic trip to Europe. The boy remains. And through a summer of trout fishing and Parcheesi, old Norman and young Billy Ray, despite a mutual mistrust and almost mutual irascibility, forge a friendship that matures the kid and humanises the old man to the point where something beside the contemplation of his own decay can interest him. Only then, I suppose, is he ripe for the fall.

It is a heartwarming story. That means, it is the most outrageously contrived, sentimental treacle — saved, so far as it is saved, by the great old actor whose vehicle it has become. It makes everyone else fail. The kid, in an annoyingly slick performance by Doug McKeon, has, beneath his smart-arsed man-

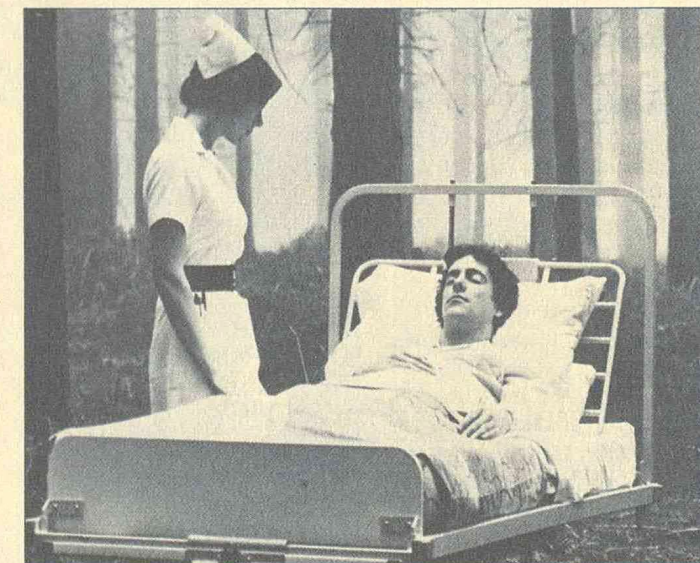
ner, a golden heart just waiting to be burnished. The daughter, 43-year-old Jane Fonda, breathtaking in a bikini, carries a psychological burden ("Mother, I have been answering to Norman all my life . . .") of a sort born chiefly by middle-aged children in Broadway plays. And her mother, Katherine Hepburn, must express such unflagging zest for living ("Norman, the loons are teaching their baby to fly. Isn't that exciting . . .") that even the gentlest among us may have to suppress an urge to kill.

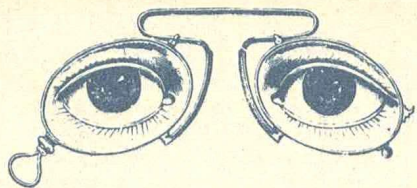
Playing straight man to Norman's geriatric petulance must be a thankless task. I suppose that Hepburn does it valiantly. But doing it valiantly and doing it well are not the same thing. The late career of Katherine Hepburn is, of course, full of marvellous resonance. It is not, however, so full of marvellous achievement. So much of her energy must go into the mere protecting of a performance that very little is left for art. The actress who can still move me to tears with her last reading of the calla lily speech

in *Stage Door* (1937) now moves me to little beyond good wishes in material not much more transparently theatrical.

What moments she has as Ethel are mainly the moments Norman brings to her. And as Norman, Henry Fonda has the field day he deserves. In a way, it is too easy a role, this octogenarian played rather as a precocious, pampered young person confounded at discovering the indignity of his own old age. But of course it is only as easy as Fonda makes it, and his wonderful bad manners (blaming everyone around him for each near-disaster his feebleness causes) never descend to mannerism. He is frightened, overbearing, charming, sly, cruel, grudgingly kind by turns. Behind his steel-rimmed glasses, his old-man's bushy eyebrows, the slight protrusion of his mouth, he has fashioned a closed cell of feeling, and nothing, not even reconciliation with all the generations of his family, will make him wholly open out. — Roger Greenspun

Hitchhiking through Europe will never be the same again after viewing An American Werewolf in London. You'll either be terrified to hell or laugh your way to a hernia. In a nightmare sequence, below, David (David Naughton) sees himself in a bed in a woodland clearing being attended by Nurse Price (Jenny Agutter). It is bizarre, macabre, funny . . . but it's not a thriller in this classic horror genre. — Alan James





WORDS



TRUTH ON TERRORISM

The underground processes are surfacing. One by one, they're flouncing out with lurid tales of high explosives, nasty safehouses, and going to the mattresses with sadistic, revolutionary Sven-galis. Major fugitive bummers include caring for contact lenses, a dearth of hot baths, and leftist, macho pigs who pay only lip service to female equality. Going underground is not more fun than having a deb party, no matter what people said in the 1960s. That much Patty Hearst and Jane Alpert have proven. So if you think you missed out by failing to become involved in radical politics, to overthrow the government, or to at least torch one savings-and-loan company, the following will surely make you think again.

As an historical document, *Every Secret Thing* (Doubleday) by Patricia Campbell Hearst with Alvin Moscow, is fascinating and, I think, thoroughly believable. It is a blow-by-blow account of the events preceding the Hearst kidnapping, the abduction itself, and the period leading up to and including her arrest, trial, and incarceration. *Every Secret Thing* is a monument to the twisted power of American journalistic hype, to the milk-fed insanity of the American revolutionary, and of

course, to the maniacal stupidity of the FBI.

What does bother me, where the book really fails both the reader and Hearst, is its neglect of the need to re-create the climate of the time (1974) in which the kidnapping took place. The historical moment is crucial to understanding both America's and Hearst's reactions to the event. Watergate, the shameful denouement of the Vietnam War, this aura of white-collar crime are what gave revolutionaries credence and power. This loss of respect for high-class authority is what made America nasty and unforgiving to the daughter of one of her wealthiest and most important men. If there is to be no pat psychological answer, there must at least be historical context. Without it the book seems solidly truncated, and, in view of Hearst's sardonic description of the SLA, almost unbelievable today.

We are left with questions: Why didn't Hearst call her

parents? Why was it so easy for her to fire a machine gun? Did she really join the SLA? Did she prefer being Tania to being Patty Hearst? The answers, although complex, are, I think, sadly clear.

The Hostage Crisis in Iran taught us something we didn't know when Hearst was kidnapped: the American press is easily manipulated and more easily duped. It doesn't take much. Cinque's brilliant strokes — the tapes, using Hearst in the bank robbery right before the cameras, giving her a new militant name — these Maoist tactics offered the American press a piece of candy they couldn't refuse, even though it was obvious a child molester was doing the offering.

Hearst paints herself as a sheltered cipher who, upon being kidnapped, went into the submissive position and never came out of it. She just kept doing what her captors told her to do, even after they were no longer there to tell her to do it. I don't see why everyone finds

this so hard to believe. I once did an article on prostitution in which I asked many women, who had been put on the streets at very young ages by pimps, how long it took them to adjust to what I found a terrifying day-to-day life: walking the back streets of New York and having sex with strange men in truly ugly and frightening massage parlors and fleabag hotels. Incredibly enough, many of them answered identically, and I quote: "Ten days." Ten days to learn to screw for a living, and this without the full fury of the American press and the FBI to help them get used to it. If you can teach a woman to be a prostitute, you can teach her to be a soldier in the SLA. It's just a different turn of the screw.

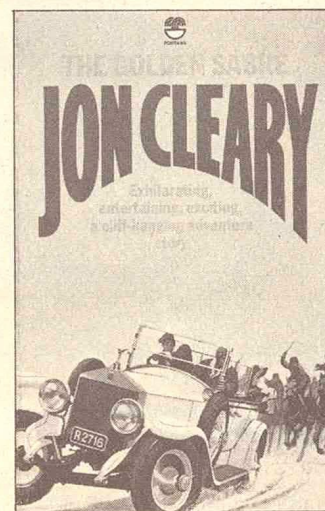
I think Patty enjoyed being Tania. She certainly wasn't Patty Hearst anymore, and there was some glory, at least, in being Tania. As to why she didn't call her parents, well, I think the answer is simple. In a situation as complex and dangerous and emotionally confounding as Patty's, the sad truth seems to be that there was no one — not her parents, her sisters, or her friends — with whom she had a strong enough relationship to put it to the test.

There is nothing moving, illuminating or even provocative about Jane Alpert's *Growing Up Underground* (Morrow). It merely confirms what Hearst alleged about the peculiarly American type of revolutionary: their fervor comes out of a neurotic twist in the Wonder Bread years and from no life-and-death need for political change. Certainly the Vietnam War was a worthy cause, and the bombing of the Whitehall Induction Centre gave my male friends some peace for a time. So I give her that. But really, anal sex with Sam Melville and the revelation (to her) that Mark Rudd was a chauvinist pig seem embarrassing in the light of the present Polish situation. I'm glad she embraced feminism,

but I don't care much. Going underground and the attendant squabbling between hidden revolutionaries reminds me of est. It's something to do without doing anything. Commitment to commitment.

Isn't it super that Alpert was able to do her time, write a book, appear on talk shows, and drop right back in where she dropped out? If only Lech Walensa could do the same. — Emily Prager

John Cleary has written numerous popular adventure stories; so many that he's now one of a small group of Australians whose name appears in much larger print than the title on his covers. These novels are put together in order to help people through life's more boring experiences, so it seemed appropriate to look at the Australian contribution to the genre during a recent hospital stay. I took Cleary's latest, *The Golden Sabre* (Fontana) to bed with me and quickly found myself preferring the garbled mutterings of an 85-year-old retired buying clerk from the adjacent bed. The book fails utterly; it is unadulterated rubbish. Cleary traces the fortunes of Matthew Cabell, an American oil prospector who befriends a couple of pubescent Russian aristocrats and their governess during the revolution. They drive the family Rolls Royce through 1500 kilometres of inhospitable country, pursued relentlessly by a vengeful dwarf, and finally become involved in a climactic battle with marauding tribesmen, in a story-line that admittedly has some potential. The author, unfortunately, has none. His only remarkable gift is the ability to produce a continuous stream of platitudes. The editorial voice intrudes upon the dialogue so heavily that he often goes almost as far as inserting: "By this he meant to convey the idea that..." This habit becomes truly appalling as soon as one realises that all of Cleary's observations are trite to



Revolutionary rubbish.

the point of absurdity. He seldom even attempts to convey anything of the character of revolutionary Russia; the result is that the reader is forced to wander through a verbal wasteland. I suspect it would be easier to glean some worthwhile understanding of the contemporary Russian environment from one of those Scoutline history exam cribs.

More damning than this, though, is Cleary's failure to evoke any sympathy for the central characters: the little prince and princess are simply snobs; Cabell himself is no more than a personified author-as-hero; and the token romantic insertion, described on the back cover blurb as "a delightful English governess", distinguishes herself only by thumping everyone within reach other the head with her handbag and screaming "Watch it!" every time Cabell tries to put the hard word on her. She is in fact no more delightful than my maiden aunt from Wagga Wagga, and a good deal less interesting. — Greg Hunter

The *Australian Music Directory's* recent appearance was inspired by the increasing maturity of the local industry. Four pages of its 520 were devoted to "new music". Clinton Walker has, in his *Inner City Sound* (Wild

& Woolley), attempted to give much more detailed coverage to Australia's punk/post-punk music — the period 1976-81. He claims the Australian scene, through the 50s and 60s, produced only a handful of artists who weren't carbon copies of contemporaries in England or America. Originals included the Easybeats, the Loved Ones and the Lobby Lloyd bands. "In the mid-70s the Skyhooks were momentary, if flawed, relief." He describes the emerging tradition of early 70s Oz-rock as "repulsive... Billy Thorpe, massively loud mindless boogie and gallons of beer". But, hallelujah! "In 1976/7 punk reared its saviour's head. In England, in America, and in Australia. But Australia of course was unaware of this". He rails against the major record companies whose conservative ap-

mal, spasmodic coverage of much of this music by the media provides us with large amounts on the more prominent bands such as the Saints, Radio Birdman, the Models and the Birthday Party. Others' stories are often relegated to mere captions for photos.

Indicative of the relatively small audience turned on to much of this music is the fact that many of the bands have burned out very quickly due to lack of work and sufficient backing to develop their act. "Who really wants to be on the dole? *The Inner City Sound* is not elite; it wants success. But it's without compromise."

Walker gives us a glimpse of an extensive, diverse and vital part of the Australian music scene.

It is a very opinionated work and he makes fairly biting

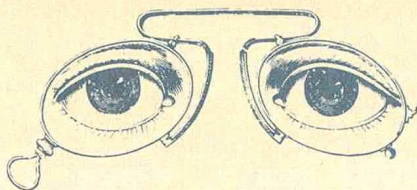
Inner City Sound — comprehensive, opinionated, bitter.



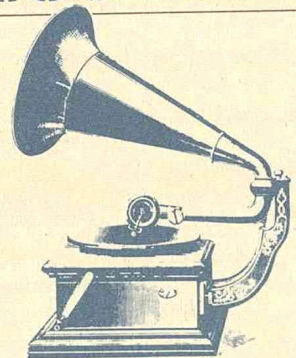
proach force feeds the market a diet of "bland pop and putrid boogie".

The book is in the nature of a compilation of press clippings culled initially from Walker's own short-lived *Pulp* magazine (1977/8). Subsequent coverage of the Australian scene by Adelaide's *Roadrunner* and then *Ram* and *Rolling Stone* provide the bulk of the rest of the material. The discography is fairly comprehensive. The mini-

comments on those both inside and outside this scene. It is, nonetheless, a necessary document. If your vision of local rock extends not far past Air Supply, LRB or AC/DC you would do well to at least expose yourself to the energy and immediacy of the *Inner City Sound*. Read the book, get the mood of some of the artists from the large number of photographs, and then go and hear some of the scene's current survivors. — Jeremy Cook



SOUNDS



CLARSE PRODUCTS

Fronting this month's selection are a couple of bands that ooze smart young style with a big C for clarse. Gobbing on stage would be unthinkable for the **Human League** or **Japan**.

The latter bang their *Tin Drum* (Virgin/CBS) with sophisticated aplomb despite some obvious pentatonics that could have been stolen from an oriental door chime.

Still, Rob E. Gee (*55 Days in Peking*) and The Vapors (*Turning Japanese*) got away with such devices, which here swirl around beguiling, lopey rhythms and counter-melodies.

Lead singer David Sylvian's delivery owes much to Bryan

Ferry but the general mood is a wistful evocation of eastern austerity.

The League just *Dare* (CBS) us to raise an innocent, dewy moistness in our pits with their synthesised, pounding beat. Their swirl of keyboards sounds at times like a modern sorcerer's apprentice raising the essential spirit of gaggles of hoovers and several braces of typewriters. Vocalist Phil Oakey's desire to be the Abba of electronic pop-new wave is fulfilled to the extent of memorable, finely crafted songs (though he's still a few islands short). The split in the League in late 1980 gave us Heaven 17 with their thoughtful, evocative lyrics and synthesised pop-funk. Oakey's boys and girls on the other hand do little more than wallow in young love — but they do it so well!

Currently winning a steadily growing following by consistent touring all over the US, Dublin band **U2** deliver their second album *October* (Island/Festival). An initial blaze of approbation last year in the British rock press quickly subsided with their consistently suspicious treatment of journalists. Still, they are now able to play a sell-out six nights in LA. Their music is straight ahead, full-on use of guitar, bass, drums and singer (with occasional piano). Despite their

Human League... no gobbing on stage for these boys.



Madness... light-hearted bunch of spivs.

origins the music is fairly apolitical. The song "Rejoice" says all — "I can't change the world but I can change the world in you." They sing, they soar.

The Nutty Boys are back. **Madness**, who have institutionalised the famous British queue in the world of rock, demonstrate their extraordinary powers of perception by naming their latest disc after the size of the band, *Seven* (Stiff/Festival) — yes folks, they can count. They have their own niche inspired by music halls, ska and circus fairgrounds, which they happily snuggle into for this effort. A more light-hearted, self-effacing bunch of spivs you couldn't hope for. If you don't like this one just "pass the blame and don't blame me."

Status Quid on *439 Golden Greats* (Powderworks/RCA) from the Oxford University Group give us "Another Boring Song" with more long-haired chug-a-chug, crochet triplets and false endings that you could shake a Fender Stratocaster at.

Other great moments are "Meaningless Songs (In Very High Voices)" from the Hee Bee Gee Bees, the Beagles' "Dead Cicada" and the PCs' "Too Depressed To Commit Suicide". The joke gets a bit thin over a whole 13 pisstakes — an EP of 342 Golden Greats would have sufficed.

Two of the few Australian rock and roll singer/songwriters (as opposed to permanent band members) have put pen to vinyl. **Mark Gillespie's** *Sweet Nothing* (Wheatley/EMI) often justifies its title. **Richard Clapton** attempts *The Great Escape* (WEA). Recent

production work with **INXS** has not changed his basic style. The ghost of Neil Young hovers in some guitar work, vocals and lyrics ("Singing Southern Man at quarter to three... the empty bottles rolling around the kitchen floor"). Possibly over-exposed in the media in view of his real stature, Clapton now has a new record contract, some lucid new songs, probably his most consistent live band (some of whom appear here) and a fairly unique approach to vowels, eg "you-knee-verr-sarl" (universal).

Quarterflash (Geffen/CBS) is the debut from the American band of the same name: Pat Benatar browses through Fleetwood Mac's record collection and finds they have the same Steely Dan albums. Their name comes from that well-known (?) Australian saying "a quarter flash and three parts foolish". The single "Harden Your Heart", making the top five in the States, puts the lie to that.

Long Islanders the **Stray Cats** tell us that they're *Gonna Ball* (Festival). This punk/rockabilly trio, with more oil in their quiffs than the chip vat at the local diner, unfortunately fail to come up with anything as powerful as their debut *Runaway Boys*. Australian relatives the **Crackajacks** reek of rehearsals in the shearing shed, but possibly rarely leave inner-city Melbourne. Not as poignantly fashionable as the Stray Cats, they nevertheless shuffle and slap out authentically sloppy blues and whoops with greater humor than style on *Little Heart Attacks* (Missing Link/Festival) — "I'm gonna leave my aching heart six foot underground..."

havin' little heart attacks for you."

"How can I go on livin' now that we're apart" sings **Patsy Cline** to **Jim Reeves** on *Greatest Hits* (RCA). As the cover tells us, "Jim and Patsy never recorded together, but thanks to the miracle of modern technology these two country music stylists are together on record almost 20 years after their deaths". High tech reincarnations by masterful musical morticians. Jim croons "tell the man to turn the juke box way down low" and Patsy struts her mix of country, pop and cool jazz over recreated backings that sound uncannily like the originals. Definite high kitsch value.

Meanwhile, back in California and reputedly more alive is **Emmylou Harris** on *Cimarron* (WEA). Mucho fiddles, acoustic guitar, mandolin, and pedal steel, which takes over where her upward whine (angelic drone for the committed) leaves off. "And ooooooh don't they play lonely, ooooooh don't they play sad... the Last Cheater's Waltz."

Brushing the dust off my chaps (sorry fellas), it is another reginald trip (maudlin, that is) through the past work of one ex-**Tim Hardin**. A year dead, his deleted catalogue status has been corrected by *The Tim Hardin Memorial Album* (Polydor). It reminds us that he penned "If I Were A Carpenter" (a hit for Bobby Darin, Johnny Cash and Swanee but, alas, not for Tim) and "Reason To Believe" (more familiar via Rod Stewart's nodes). His songs became stronger pop artifacts from others' mouths with Hardin's versions being more introverted and wistful with his folk/jazz vocals. Dead but not buried.

"The woodwork squeaks and out come the freaks." Yes, it's the Has Beens... I mean the **Was Bros** (David and Don) with an album of wry, adrenalin-soaked hard funk from Detroit — *Was (Not Was)* (Zel/Festival). A huge ensemble of 45 plus (depending



Exhilarating McLaughlin and mediocre Minnelli.

on the size of the string section and Mrs Martinez's Birney School vocal class) gives us several drummers, a brace of keyboards, guitars, horns and even mandolins.

The songs and images have influences ranging from Zappa's "Centreville (a real nice place to bring your kids up)" to Centipede, the English modern jazz big band of the early 70s. Most tracks suggest an underlying reasoning that doesn't always surface.

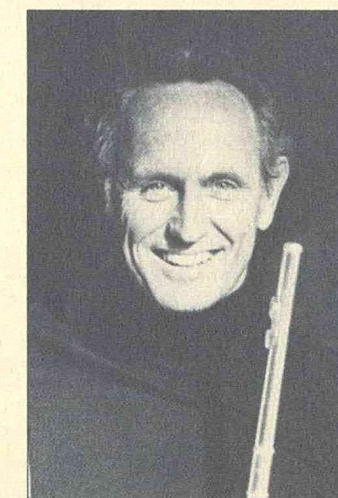
Is it the soundtrack to a joke you had to be there for, or, as the record company claims, the dance music of the urban apocalypse?

In 1969 a 10-year-old Michael Jackson belting out "I Want You Back" mirrored the audience's obvious desire. We now have a double set, *The Jacksons Live* (Epic/CBS) which spans all the Jackson 5 hits, though the very early material is cursorily squeezed into a token medley. The band is tight and slick but you feel a bit left out despite the reassuring audience enthusiasm and rehearsed impromptu brotherly squabbling. At least Fred Astaire had the decency to wear taps for his records — castanets on their knee pads would have sufficed.

is powerful and something to try humming in the shower.

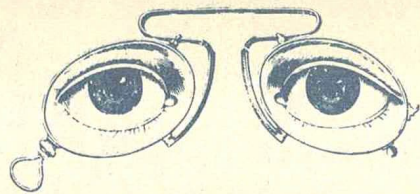
John McLaughlin is in a good mood on *Belo Horizonte* (WEA). He may never be the most relaxed player but he deals in a finely-honed intensity that is often exhilarating. Here his acoustic guitar ferrets around over a liquid, shifting rock-inflected feel. Recorded with a nine-piece European ensemble, the album is mellower than *Electric Dreams* though its cocktail fusion has enough ferocity and atmosphere to convince listeners of the ex-Mahavishnu's presence.

"It's hot up here; either that or my skin's leaking" quips **Don Burrows** on *This Time Tassie* (Cherry Pie/Festival). The double album is a complete concert from the Hobart Odeon, recorded by the ABC in Christmas 1979. Material varies widely from

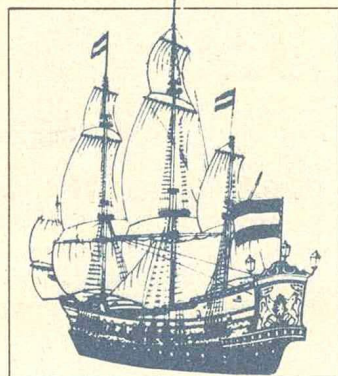


Burrows... too strong

the overworked "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "St Thomas" to the experimental "Takeda" (of Japanese influence). Nevertheless, the duo of Burrows (various flutes, clarinets, alto sax and spirited percussion) and George Golla (seven-string electric guitar) delivers some strong performances within the jazz-as-chamber-music parameters they have set for themselves. — *Jeremy Cook*.



TRAVEL



SURVEY SPECIALS

There'll be good news for at least one participant in the *Penthouse Survey*, which begins on page 105 of this issue. Adventure Travel Centre, in association with TAA, are offering an adventure travel package for two worth up to \$2000 (including airfares) to the lucky reader whose coupon is drawn on June 1.

Adventure Travel Centre will give the winner the option of any of the Australian adventures they package (with the unfortunate exception of the Outback Balloon Safari, which is solidly booked out).

But don't despair, there are other ballooning safaris on offer, like the one which covers the National Parks of Victoria on a seven-day jaunt. Flights are made each day in the vicinity of the Grampians, Great Western vineyards, Mount Arapiles National Park and the Little Desert. ATC reckon it is a tour in the best French tradition — with chicken and champagne breakfasts to start the day.

For those who like to travel closer to terra firma, ATC are offering a 14-day Across the Ranges camel safari.

The "ships of the desert" traverse the harsh terrain of the West Macdonnell and James mountain ranges.

For those after adrenalin-spurting action, there's the

Nymboida Whitewater Rafting Expedition — a six-day romp through the multitude of rapids scattered along the river between McKillops Bridge and Buchan, and through the Tulloch-Ard Gorge. And for perhaps the last time, there is a 10-day trip down the Franklin River in Tasmania. This spectacular river — the last major wild and unspoiled river in Australia — promises a difficult and unpredictable journey; a truly incredible challenge.

Sadly, the Franklin River is under threat from the Tasmanian Government's scheme to dam it for a hydro-electricity plant.

There's more. ATC also have bushwalking, beachcombing and bicycling trips in their catalogue, which will be sent to the reader whose coupon is drawn. The coupon is printed on Page 109.

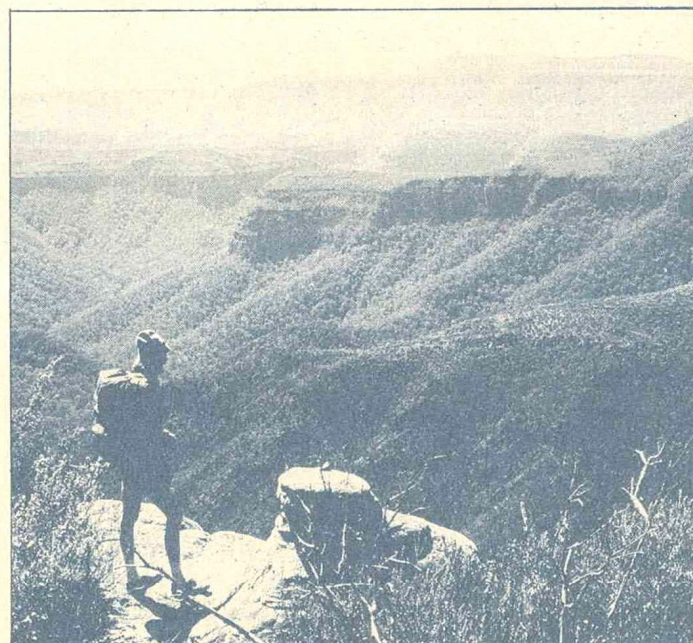
Independent travellers heading for Britain this year will be able to enjoy many of the discount benefits previously only available to members of package tours and club groups. The secret is to join the United Kingdom Family Reunion club (UKFR) for a \$10 fee.

Members receive a special card and a "Britain Wholesale" catalogue with 100 amazing dis-

Britain for sale



counts — including items like an eight-day Britrail pass for \$131.40 (1st class) or \$90 (second class), which is less than the cost of one return trip from London to Edinburgh; and half-price theatre tickets for the best that London's West End has to offer; and factory price clothing (up to 75 percent off!).



The Budawangs on Adventure Travel's itinerary.

Other benefits include up to 40 percent off hotel accommodation; 30 percent off car hire and 20 percent off bicycle hire.

Derek Hollett, sales manager for UKFR, says people travelling on unstructured, unpackaged holidays would normally not have access to such a wide array of discounts, while those on package tours usually receive them automatically.

What they are doing is enabling the independent traveller to keep his feeling of freedom to go where and when he pleases, having all the financial incentives normally available only to those who buy a packaged holiday.

The discounts have been made possible because of the impressive purchasing power of both Qantas and British Airways, who are carriers for UKFR. Naturally there's also the

favorable exchange rate for the buoyant Aussie dollar as compared to the besieged pound.

If you want to get in the deep end, you can join Earthwatch and the Australian Institute of Marine Science (AIMS), an eminent international centre for marine research in northern

Queensland, in a survey of the flora and fauna of the Great Barrier Reef.

Team members will have to be certified scuba divers, and they will make daily dives on week-long cruises to the reef. The chief tasks will be to survey and mark proposed plot sites, identify and record data on flora and fauna and monitor changes.

At sea, a research vessel will serve as a floating laboratory, and provide teams with bunk accommodation and recreation facilities. Shore time will be spent in modern apartments.

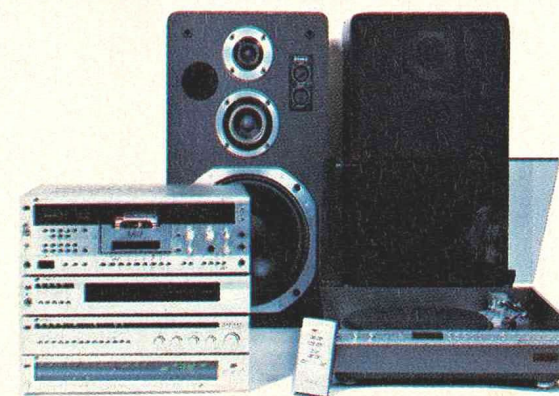
Scheduled dates for 1982 are April 2-25, September 6-26 and September 27-October 17. The share cost is \$650 ex-Townsville.

For further details contact Earthwatch, 32 Atchison Street, St Leonards, NSW 2085. Tel: (02) 439-5299. — Allan Moul.

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Piracy is going through an unprecedented revival as fishermen, drug smugglers and desk-bound buccaneers get in on the act . . .

PIRACY:THE NEW WAVE

BY ALLAN MOULT AND BARRY MACDONALD

The 15-metre gaff-rigged schooner scuds gracefully through the Sulu Sea. At the helm of *L'Artemis dy Pytheas* is Peter Tangvald, a veteran cruising yachtsman. Peter is contented as he looks aloft at the full sails. The weather outlook is fine, the wind steady. Below decks Lydia, his young French wife, is playing with their three-year-old son.

Ahead lies Borneo, with the Phillipines a day astern. It's a day to be savored . . . the kind of day Peter often reflected upon in his book *Sea Gypsy*, a personal odyssey that has become a yachting classic.

Lydia comes on deck and spots a motor cruiser heading toward them. She's frightened. "Fire a warning shot," she shouts. Peter refuses. "They're probably just fishermen wanting to trade for whisky," he replies. Experience tells him that even if they are pirates, non-resistance is the best tactic.

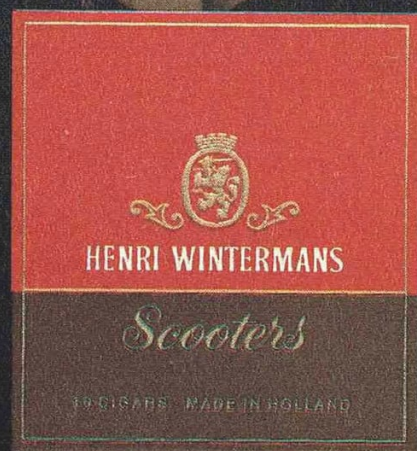
But Lydia, much younger than Peter, travels scared. She has a revolver hidden in her handbag always. Peter keeps watch on the swiftly-approaching craft and does not see his wife clamber below decks to get her gun.

The cruiser turns to come alongside. Peter sees Lydia emerge from the forehatch with gun in hand. He shouts. Too late. Lydia screams a warning and fires. Instantly, a spurt of blue

Illustration by Ross Waters

A Dutch of Class.

Henri Wintermans Scooters.
The international small cigar, usually seen in the best places.
Consistently perfect. Very Henri Wintermans.
Just one of the superb range of Henri Wintermans cigars... a Dutch of Class.



Henri Wintermans Scooters.

PIRACY

flame and a crisp snap replies from the wheelhouse. Lydia, fatally wounded, drops the revolver and falls overboard.

The Filipinos clamber aboard *L'Artemis dy Pytheas*. They take the revolver and the small amount of cash Peter had on board.

With a roar of engines they surge off... leaving a desolate sailor and a three-year-old boy to sail on in the light breeze.

A year later...

Pirates ambush the container ship *Oriental Ambassador* off Manila. They rampage and loot the crew's quarters, then corner the Australian master Captain Arthur Dyason.

While one holds a gun to his head, another shoots him in the stomach. Captain Dyason collapses... the pirate empties another eight shots into him.

October 1980...

An American freighter, *The Poet*, en route to Egypt with a cargo of grain, disappears.

The United States Drug Enforcement Agency announces it has uncovered evidence that the ship was hijacked on orders from New Jersey gangsters, and its cargo exchanged for Iranian heroin.

No trace has been found of *The Poet* — or her crew of 34.

Errol Flynn, the swaggering ruffian of many a celluloid pirate epic, did much to create a vision of swashbuckling adventure on the high seas. The fighting was swift, fierce and gallant. The loot was gold, jewels and the odd fair maiden (who usually fell passionately in love with her captor). And somehow there was always a happy ending.

The reality has always been blood-thirsty, vicious and absolutely amoral, however. Death, torture and rape were the by-products of piracy. No mercy.

And today it is no different. But there is one new twist — the landlubber buccaneers; the masterminds behind marine frauds.

Their shrewd manipulations have escalated from about three a year in 1976 to nearly 40 in 1981. Many of these involved more than \$100 million a time.

"The total cost is mind-boggling," says Mr Eric Ellem, an expert on piracy and maritime fraud, who is heading up a newly-formed special bureau of investigation to combat maritime fraud for the International Chamber of Commerce.

Mr Ellem, a former Chief Constable of the Port of London Authority, said recently: "You can put your own figures on the total amounts involved in piracy and insurance fraud. Go as high as you like and you would not be wrong."

He added that because of the huge sums of money involved, many victims,

usually insurance brokers, did not inform the police because they were too embarrassed.

"Some large companies feel they look stupid in the eyes of their competitors and are afraid of losing trade if they publicly admit to having been ripped off," said Mr Ellem.

Ellem's new anti-fraud squad is the result of a high-level meeting between 350 officials from 120 countries, held recently in London's posh Cunard International Hotel.

The meeting discussed the repercussions of the activities of desk-bound buccaneers and audacious sea captains who prey on shipping companies, insurance brokers and inexperienced developing countries.

The results range from mere bankruptcy to the crippling of already weak economies.

There was also concern because many of the recent frauds had involved vital supplies of food bound for hungry or starving villages in Third World countries. The drastically-needed wheat, rice and other staples were simply shanghaied, and holds were emptied in any country willing to pay.

Mr Ellem says one particular incident sparked off the big London meeting. "It was an audacious and massive fraud; the sums involved were enormous."

On January 17, 1980, the 213,928-

tonne supertanker *Salem* sank in a deep trench in the North Atlantic off the coast of West Africa, after what was believed to have been an explosion and fire on board. Although the crew survived, the cargo of 193,000 tonnes of light Middle East crude oil was thought to have gone down with the vessel. That cargo was valued at \$55 million.

But the *Salem's* mayday signal brought the tanker *British Trident* to the scene just a little too soon. They found the crew quietly taking their time stepping into lifeboats with suitcases in hand as the *Salem* gradually slipped into the sea. The import of this casualness, however, did not sink in until weeks later, and by then the "saved" crew had disappeared in the docklands of Europe.

The story that finally unfolded would have earned an Oscar in Hollywood. The cargo of oil, originally bound for Italy, was sold by the Italians to Shell, legally, for \$56 million. But the captain decided to call in at Durban where he sold the oil to South Africa for \$25.5 million.

After the cargo was pumped out into the welcoming storage tanks of oil-starved South Africa, the captain filled the tanks with sea-water ballast and set out for Britain, where Shell was awaiting delivery. When *Salem* was off the coast of Senegal, crew members scuttled her and sent off their mayday signal.

Authorities have arrested one con-



"Then it's agreed — Miss Pith has the greatest arse in the whole corporation."

PIRACY

spirator in Holland, but the hunt is still on for the Greek captain and his crew.

And they know the relentless Mr Ellem has their scent.

In the meantime a sad saga still unfolds in the South China Sea. International Red Cross officials said that at the peak of the Vietnamese boat people's exodus last year an estimated 4000 were robbed, raped or killed — each month!

Most of the unfortunates fell victim to renegade Thai fishermen, while others were deliberately shipwrecked by pirates on isolated islands.

One example: In December, 1979, Thai soldiers freed several hundred boat people trapped on the jungle-covered island of Koa Kra, 80 kilometres off the South Thailand coast.

The soldiers had to wade through floating bloated and putrescent corpses to reach the survivors.

United Nations officials were told by one of those rescued: "The pirates had hammers and rifles. They separated the women from the men, then took the women and young girls into the jungle and raped them all, one at a time."

Their taste for piracy having been revived, and having run out of harmless boat people to terrorise, roving bands of armed

men are now attacking bigger prey. Piracy in South East Asia is again big business. Over the past year there have been 29 reported incidents of piracy in the Phillip Channel alone. This is a narrow 20-kilometre sea-lane south of Singapore, in Indonesian waters.

Lurking in the waterways of the Riao Archipelago, an ideal hideaway with its tortuous channels, mangrove swamps and jungle, the pirates use fast motorboats called prahu to pull alongside vessels in the channel, then use ropes and grappling irons to board them.

The Chief of Singapore's Marine Police said recently that there are normally "six men in the prahu. One stays in the boat while the others board. Once on the deck they go straight to the captain's cabin and hold him up."

"They normally just grab cash and valuables and take off in their speedy craft." Unfortunately in Captain Arthur Dyason's case, they didn't.

Singapore, with the aid of the Malaysian and Indonesian governments, has stepped up measures to fight piracy. They won't give details, but claim to have effected results since the beginning of January.

Some shipping lines and tanker owners, like Mobil (hit twice since August), have instituted their own measures. Naturally, they're not broadcasting what they are, but rumor has it they've managed to

recruit tough veterans from former Australian SAS commando units.

They've also instructed their ship masters to keep the sterns of their ships well lit and covered by high pressure fire hoses. (Scaling the stern — a radar blind spot — is a popular means of boarding by the prahu pirates).

And while piracy flourishes sporadically among the offshore waters of our northern neighbors, it has reached epidemic proportions in the Caribbean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Baja (California) coast and the coastlines of Chile and Brazil.

The sinister statistics first surfaced in a 1974 United States Congressional probe into the piracy of pleasure craft — yacht-jacking.

At the hearing Coast Guard officials gave evidence that only five known cases had occurred in three years. Yet, under cross-questioning, they admitted that strong circumstantial evidence existed in another 30 cases.

A sub-committee investigation then revealed it had uncovered at least 44 more suspected cases of piracy and, out of a total of 611 missing boats — 560 were still unaccounted for!

Congress Representative John M. Murphy, who headed the inquiry, says flatly: "A significant number had to be hijacked — there isn't any other satisfactory explanation for that many missing boats."

Drugs, the investigation concluded, were behind the new wave of hijackings.

South America had just emerged as the United States' main drug source, and get-rich-quick amateurs were jostling for a piece of the action: heroin from Dominica, cocaine from Peru and Bolivia, marijuana from the Caribbean, Columbia and Central America.

To the unscrupulous, yachtjacking appealed as a near-perfect crime. Nobody pays much attention to pleasure boats in that part of the world — there are simply too many of them. And after a few drug runs such a boat could easily be disposed of — sold or scuttled . . . another victim of the Bermuda Triangle fiction.

In recent years the number of mysterious disappearances of yachts, motor cruisers and small fishing craft has dwindled slightly — the result, DEA officials believe, of professional drug syndicates squeezing out most of the amateurs. Yachtjacking, however, is still a major problem.

For cruising yachtsmen in particular, the threat is real in many parts of the world. Old hands suggest that they sail unarmed. The sad case of Lydia Tangvald bears this out. Their advice: avoid known trouble-spots. Listen carefully to people who have just sailed through the waters you plan to visit. Seek out up-to-date official information. Consult local officials. And, if a crew needs to be hired, do so with care.

Lives may depend on it. ☐

THE CAPTAIN'S BLOOD

BY GEOFFREY BEWLEY



On the night of September 29, 1981, the 20-metre, 50-tonne ketch Edna Maree was heading south toward Malacca Strait on passage between Phuket Island on the Thai coast and Penang on the west coast of Malaya. She was motor-sailing, taking advantage of a light west-north-westerly breeze, with the engine turning over just enough to keep the refrigeration going. The sky was clear and starry. The moon was in the first quarter and it set early. The sea was calm.

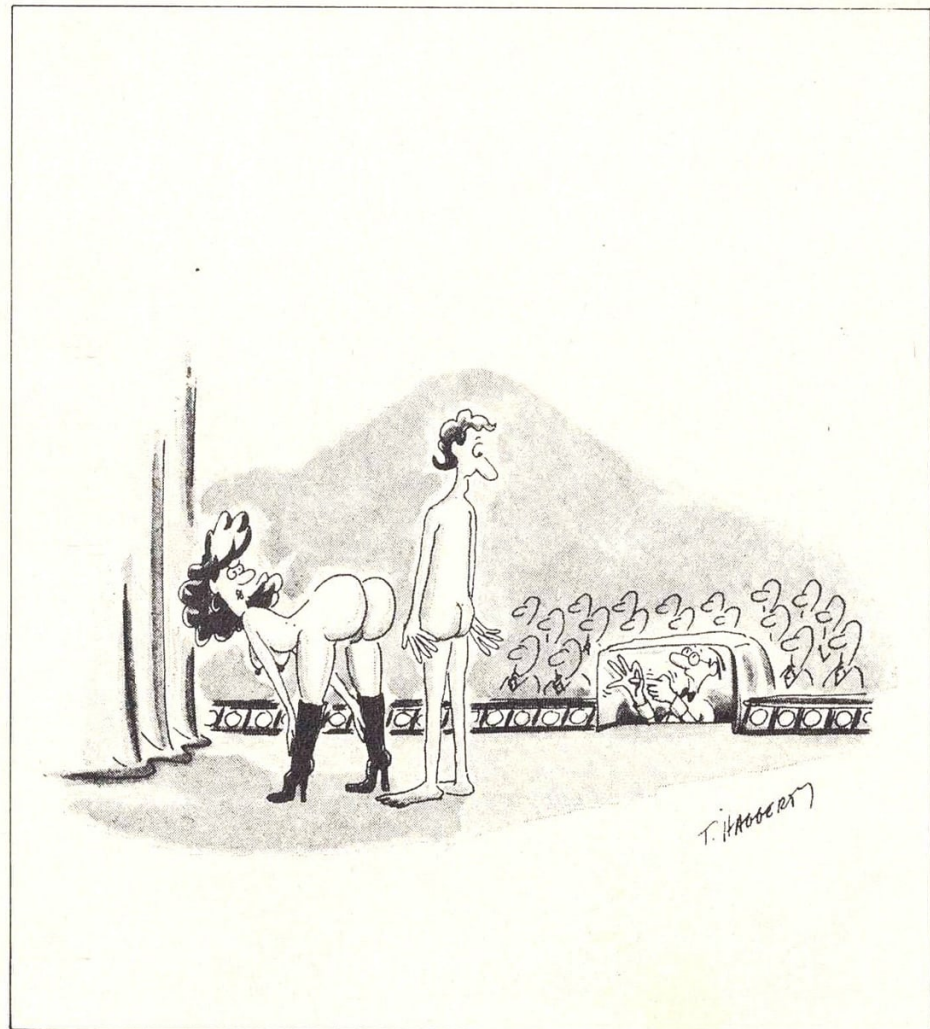
"It was a nice night," Jim Montgomery, Edna Maree's 33-year-old Australian skipper, said later. "It was nice to start with, anyway."

Edna Maree had been built in Melbourne for a would-be round-the-world sailor and his family. They'd changed their minds and sold her in Singapore. Now her owner was a Danish business-

man living on Penang, who used her to entertain clients.

Jim usually took them north from Penang to the Malaysian resort island of Langkawi, to the Thai national park in the islands north of there and on up to Phuket. Most passengers would sail one way and fly the other. Jim had friends among the Royal Australian Air Force personnel from the base at Butterworth on the mainland, and sometimes he'd take them on the ketch when she was free. Otherwise she was used for occasional charters.

This time she was a free trip. Those on board were Jim, his Danish girlfriend Mette Andersen, another Danish girl, Hanne Madsen, and a 14-year-old boy, Mads Hansen, Mette's cousin. After the moon had gone down, Jim and Mette were on the upper deck aft; Hanne was forward and Mads was steering. Some



PIRACY

time after 10pm the trouble started: "As we were lying there I heard what I thought was a change in the engine noise," Jim said. "At first I thought it was our exhaust. The original exhaust used to heat the boat up, so I'd had this system of water jackets with hoses between them made up to cool it going through. But the water pump built up pressure in the piping, and a couple of times it blew one of the pipes off its fitting."

"So when I heard the change in the noise I immediately assumed that one of the pipes had come off. I looked over the back at the exhaust to see if that was the problem, and it wasn't. There was water coming out, and as I looked up I saw this trawler coming down on us about half a mile away."

This was nothing to be concerned about. A lot of Thai trawlers fished those waters. This one wasn't showing any lights, but that kind of carelessness wasn't unusual. Jim had been skippering *Edna Maree* in those waters for the last four years and he'd never had any trouble with the local people. He turned away from the stern and told Mette it wasn't their exhaust but the trawler.

Then the other exhaust sounded louder. Jim looked again and this time the trawler was much closer. He took over from the Danish boy at the wheel, and steered the

ketch away from the course the trawler was on.

"At this stage I was thinking that they were all probably stoned from hitting the bong," Jim said. "No lights, all that business. But then as soon as I changed course they changed course too, so I thought, 'ah, they're not so dumb after all. They're right on top of what's going on.'"

The ketch was making about six knots under the light breeze, and the trawler was catching up fast. Jim still wasn't worried. He thought the trawler would chug past so the fishermen could wave a greeting, the way they usually did.

"Then he cut right in on me," Jim said. I soon tumbled that he was trying to board. So I threw the wheel on full lock, and this being a modern yacht it turned very fast, practically in its own length. The trawler couldn't turn like that, but he had the speed so he could make up the outside distance. When I turned he was sitting right on my port quarter a couple of feet away, but my spinning round threw him off.

"So I backed my sail, and it was lucky there wasn't a lot of wind or I wouldn't have got round. And all this time I was still thinking there was nothing strange about it. I figured, throw a complete circle and he's going to understand something's wrong."

"So I did a complete three-sixty, and he was still trying to track me around on a

wider circle. Then he came back in on me when I straightened, so I threw on more wheel and went round again. I realised he was after me at that stage."

Edna Maree gained on the fishing boat as they circled until her stern was showing toward its beam. Jim saw the boat was the usual Thai type, about 20 metres long, with a high raked bow, low freeboard amidships and a towering superstructure aft above the engine-room. From its wheelhouse somebody was training a powerful flashlight on the ketch.

Edna Maree had a wheel on deck and another in the wheelhouse. Jim was steering on deck, but the engine controls there only gave enough power for manoeuvring. He sent Mette down to the main controls to put on full power, and the ketch's revs went up.

Jim looked back. This time he saw two men on the fishing boat's deck forward. The boat's deck was lower than that of the ketch, and they were crouching behind its high bulwark. Jim guessed they were standing by to board him.

"The only way he could catch me then was to cut straight through my stern and clean up my fibreglass dinghy," Jim said. "I had a 14-foot speedboat there, very nice boat. So he came through, smashed that, and then one of these chaps off the bow jumped across with a rope and was climbing over the rail of my quarterdeck."

"Now at a time like that you're sort of forced to try and do something. You can't just nonchalantly stop the boat, put your hands up and throw the dollars down to them. It's not only because you're doing it for the owner, but the longer you spend on a boat the more you think it's yours. You come to see it that way. So you do fight and you do go in, stupidly enough, against stupid odds."

"So I went over to the rail, and you know it was crazy, but I picked him up and threw him on the deck, and he landed on top of the quarterdeck skylight. And the next thing, the other chap off their boat was climbing on too, and he climbed basically straight into me, and I just picked him up and dropped him back in his boat. Then I turned to get the first guy and drop him back in the boat or over the side or wherever."

"At this stage it still didn't seem too serious, you know? I mean, it's a matter of spending some time here. Okay, they'd smashed my speedboat and that sort of stuff."

"However, having dealt with these people for so long, I didn't think it was a serious affair. It wasn't like a blood and guts business. This was something that was always happening with stacks of fishing-boats, me being the only paleface around, and all anybody wanted was to be nice to me. When they rammed the out-board boat and then when they tried to board, I just thought they were bonged out, more or less. That was all. I didn't think



I was looking forward to the rest of the evening just as much as he was - and then I served him mere Scotch instead of



PIRACY

it would go as far as it did. I thought by throwing a couple of people around I could probably get away with it.

"Anyway, I turned on this first guy, who I'd thrown on the deck, and he came up with something in his hand. I thought it was one of the props we used to keep the quarterdeck skylights open. I saw it in his hand and I thought he was going to try and hit me over the head with it. So I reached for his wrist, and I missed it, obviously, and I felt 'whop' in my hand.

"It really didn't particularly worry me, because as he did it I went in with the other arm around his throat, and I pushed him down to the deck and put my knee in his back and applied a bit of pressure. He was gnawing away on my arm, and then he started chopping back at me with what he had in his hand."

From the start of the fight Jim had certain factors in his favor. At 1.9 metres and 93kg he was going on for twice the size of the average Thai fisherman. At this point he still had the advantage of not knowing exactly what had hit his right hand.

"He was terrified, you know," Jim said, "because as far as he was concerned he'd cut my hand off and I was still coming at him and trying to kill him. Basically in unarmed combat that's what you do: arm around throat, knee in back, pull, broken. That's the idea. So he started to hit me with his backhand, and he got me in the head with the back of the blade.

"So, with the other hand I went to stop him. And I couldn't find it. So I thought, 'strange', and I looked down, and this hand was being trailed behind along the deck, just held on with a piece of skin on the side."

The pirate had hacked at Jim with a heavy-bladed parang. It had struck across the heel of Jim's right hand, between the thumb and the base of the little finger. Bones, nerves and arteries were severed and Jim's blood was pumping out on to the deck.

"When we saw it I was still applying pressure, and he was still chopping away," Jim said. "So I said to him then, okay, okay, stop. I was quite happy to give up. I could see there was no sense in going on. As I let him go he turned with this thing he had in his hand, and I saw it then and I jumped out of the way. Then he stabbed me in the stomach, but luckily I jumped back far enough and he didn't get it in very far, and it didn't do any damage. It only went in about an inch or so. I didn't even bleed very much.

"Anyway, as I jumped back there was all this blood everywhere, and I slipped over in it. And the next thing there were people coming out of the woodwork everywhere, grabbing me and trying to tie me up. There were three of them around me, and then this other chap turned up out of

nowhere with a pistol. It was a small calibre revolver, a .22 or a .32, something like that. He had a suit on, which was a sort of Siamese affair with trousers and a jacket and a Siamese collar. He was a bit better dressed than anybody else. I put him down as their skipper.

"So he was waving this pistol around, poking it in my eye and in my ear and all this sort of business. Then he made a sort of sideways movement with his hand and these three guys around me tried to pick me up, obviously to throw me over the side. But I let my legs go out from under me again, and I was drenched with blood by then. It was spurting out like a fire hose and I was just wearing a pair of shorts, so my body was slippery all over and when they tried to lift me they couldn't get a grip.

"Then when the guy with the pistol saw they couldn't lift me he more or less told them not to worry, and then he cocked his pistol and stepped back so he wouldn't get

Pirates armed with parangs and heavy iron marlin spikes were swarming aboard the ketch

splattered, and he was going to blow me away. And I just turned round and looked at him, because at this stage, you know, you think: 'ah well, that's the end of it anyway'. Then one of the other guys said 'aah,' and pushed back his arm. I don't understand Thai, but it looked as if he was saying: 'screw him, he's going to die anyway.' And then they just went off and plundered and pillaged."

By this time a score or so of ragged pirates armed with parangs and heavy iron marlin-spikes were swarming aboard the ketch. They ignored Jim lying in his blood near the quarterdeck railings. Jim tried to hold his severed hand in place, and he found a sheet he and Mette had been lying on earlier and used that to try to stop the bleeding.

At this point Mette, Hanne and young Mads were all below. Mads was looking for a heavy knife in the galley when the pirates caught him there and forced him up on to the foredeck with Hanne. The pirates tied their hands, and three took turns at raping the Danish girl.

The pirates found Mette last of all hiding below. They tied her hands too, and tried

to make her show where the money was kept.

"They didn't speak English at all," Mette said. "They just pointed this gun in my back, and they kept saying, 'dollars, dollars'. So I emptied my purse and my bag and gave them about 80 or 90 Malaysian dollars, and I said that was all we had and we were going to Penang to get more money. And they accepted that.

"I was really worried all the time, because I was the only one inside and there was blood everywhere and all those faces. And I was worried if they'd find anything else, because I had my jewellery and stuff like that in there. And they missed that too, which was lucky for me, I think, because if they'd found it they probably wouldn't trust me too much after that and they'd probably be a bit pissed off with me for not telling them the truth, and they might easily have done something worse to me.

"Right at the end everybody was being pushed around by a new guy, and he seemed to be more experienced somehow than the rest. He was a young guy but he seemed to know more about things. He found the sextant and he took the flares, and that was all in the last five minutes. If he'd come aboard with the first lot they probably have got a lot more. I remember that he was wearing just shorts, and they had blood on them. The pirates were coming backwards and forwards all the time, and there was blood all over them."

Jim was too concerned with his hand to take much notice of the pirates as they looted the ketch. "I saw people carrying things out," he said. "I saw a couple of faces I'll remember. I saw three people each carrying a pistol, but Mette told me it was the same pistol each time. She said everybody was having a go at carrying it."

Afterwards, checks of *Edna Maree's* contents showed the pirates had got away with property worth more than 30,000 Malaysian dollars, about 12,000 Australian dollars. The radios and the Omega navigator were the main things taken. Otherwise it seemed they grabbed whatever they could lay their hands on in a hurry, tools from the engine-room and gear from the deck, food from the galley, pots and pans, clothing, stereo cassettes. Jim found all his Monty Python tapes were gone.

"They didn't really seem to know what they were looking for," Jim said. "For instance, the Omega navigator is only useful as long as you've got the whole thing. But they just took the computer, and they didn't take the power pack underneath."

After about an hour the pirates left suddenly. It took Jim by surprise when they disappeared. He didn't notice them going, but then he realised the trawler wasn't bumping alongside any more and he heard its chugging engine fading away.

Jim called to Mette and she staggered on deck with her hands tied. He was still

using his good hand to try to stop his cut hand falling off, so he started to unfasten her knots with his teeth. Then Mette remembered Hanne and Mads and called out to them. By now they'd managed to untie themselves on the foredeck. They came aft cautiously, uncertain whether the pirates had really gone. Then Hanne untied Mette and both girls tried to take care of Jim's wound.

"Hanne came back with just a shirt on," Jim said. "I was worried that she'd be, you know, emotionally distraught after what had happened. But she was very good, she came back and she helped Mette try to stop the bleeding. They couldn't, but they tried what they could do, stopping the arteries, that sort of thing."

Luckily the ketch wasn't in bad shape. The trawler's bow grinding alongside had smashed the starboard bulwark and guard rails, but the steel hull was intact. The pirates had stolen a lot of gear and made a mess below, but they hadn't tried to scuttle her or smash the engine. Jim gave Mette a course for Langkawi, the Malaysian resort island 50 miles to the south-east.

"Even at that stage an hour later I couldn't feel much," Jim said. "But I asked the girls if they had any sort of painkiller or something to make me sleep, because I knew it was coming. I could feel it starting to come on. They had me lying down holding my arm up above the heart, all the things you're supposed to do. Mette got tourniquets on me and they managed to stem the blood flow down to a trickle.

"They were running down this course and I was complaining like mad, naturally. I did nothing but whinge all the time. And about eight hours later, just before dawn, we ended up at Langkawi. Mette took us straight in there in the dark, which was quite a feat because we had to sail 10 miles along a channel with mudbanks and small islands everywhere. If you ask any of the pilots about the place, they won't do it in the dark. She did it just off radar and charts, no lights or markers, not a sausage. There were no lights till we were right in there."

"I missed the first entrance," Mette said. "Then we looked for the other entrance, and we thought we weren't there and we were, we um'd and ah'd, we couldn't believe that we were there already. But Jim kept telling me, 'this is Langkawi, it's Langkawi', so we went farther in toward the shore, and then on the radar we could see that we were where we were supposed to go."

If Mette had put the ketch aground Jim would probably have bled to death. If she'd stood offshore until daylight it would have come to the same thing. But at first light she steered in safely to Langkawi wharf, and Mads jumped ashore and ran for the police and ambulance.

The local doctor gave Jim first aid. He wanted a blood test, but Jim had so little

blood left he couldn't get any with a needle and he took some from the wound. In the meantime Mette and Mads telephoned the RAAF base at Butterworth and asked for a helicopter.

At this point Jim's luck turned. The line was bad and the airman who took the call only picked up Jim's name and nationality and reference to his injuries. One of the RAAF men at Butterworth was a Leading Aircraftman Montgomery. He was on local leave, and the officers thought the message referred to him. They sent an Iroquois with a doctor at once.

The doctor, Flight Lieutenant Mike Hickey, was a friend of Jim's. On the way in he recognised *Edna Maree* tied up, but he was shocked to find Jim was his patient.

"At this stage I was down to my last half gallon of blood," Jim said. "I was still conscious, but it'd been running out of me right, left and centre. And he rolled in and

I'd lost half my blood and it was only because of my size that I'd got away with it

said, 'hello there,' and then took another look and grabbed a stretcher and away we went."

Flight Lieutenant Hickey told Jim the best man to treat his hand was Dr Ong Cheng Seon at Penang Medical Centre. The Iroquois landed on the polo field behind the hospital. Jim was still conscious and he asked the RAAF officers to contact Kai Nielsen, *Edna Maree's* owner, to guarantee payment for the surgery. Then he went in for a five-hour operation.

Dr Ong had trained in microsurgery at Edinburgh and he saved Jim's hand. "He said I'd get back virtually the full use of it in a year to 18 months," Jim said. "Which is pretty fantastic, when you consider that what I saw was the thing laid right back with the knuckles on the wrist. He'd come in and see me and ask, 'is it hurting?' And I'd say 'yeah', and he'd say, 'good, that means it's healing, good, good'. I'd lost half my blood and he said it was only because of my size that I'd got away with it. They were still feeding it into me days later.

"Kai was really good about it, too. He's got a big business with a lot of problems,

but he actually went off his food for a couple of days worrying about it. But all I was worried about was the boat and Mette. Before I'd left Langkawi I'd told her to bring it back to Penang. She'd already done the impossible as far as I was concerned, so there seemed to be no reason why she couldn't do that. And when I came round I told these three ambulance guys, friends of mine, Mette's coming in and you've got to put her anchors down for her because she can't do it by herself. That was the first thing, as soon as I came out of the anaesthetic."

After a month Jim was released from hospital. *Edna Maree* was left swinging around her cable just north of the Penang ferry wharf while he and Kai considered her future.

"The area round here is spoiled for cruising now," Jim said. "I mean, now you've got to be in the situation of having a reasonable armament on board. And this turns into a bit of a production, because it means every time you come into port at Penang you've got to take all this stuff to the police station and get them to sign for it, and then before you sail you've got to get a police escort to bring it all back on board. It's a pain in the arse but obviously it would have to be done.

"And again, you'd have to steer clear of all Thai fishing boats now. Up till now my own experience of them was that they were all friendly. We knew about pirates but it had never happened to yachts here. It was just a matter of these guys waving at you or trying to sell you fish. But now you can't let them near you even if they are selling fish.

"The only way to stop them is to blast into the air with a shotgun or something. Then of course this makes them a little hostile. And perhaps one of these guys you've been blowing warning shots at sees you in the night, and after a session on his bong or something like that he decides, 'well, I'll slip on and do that guy a job, because he's not a nice guy at all. He's not friendly.' So you have this continuing situation."

Singapore yachtsmen who've cruised on that coast have written to Jim asking if it's safe now. Jim has told them it's not. Kai Nielsen doesn't want to expose his clients to those risks, either. He's thinking of leasing *Edna Maree* to a businessman in the Philippines for the same kind of work. Otherwise he'll offer her for sale in the Caribbean or the Mediterranean, where there's a demand for cruising yachts and piracy isn't a big factor.

The piracy situation in the East isn't likely to improve.

The navies of the modern South-East Asian States are too small to hunt many pirates, and often for one reason or another they're not keen on the job. The frontier of civilisation is being driven back a few nautical miles at a time, and it's bad luck if you get caught outside it. ☐



FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD H. MILNE

"Ooh Lala, you ought to be in pictures." Our blonde bombshell Pet Lala Dean heard that line trotted out more times than she can remember during her teens. And each time, that stunning but oh-so-level head would shake and Lala would smile politely, thinking that approach was as stale as last year's Christmas pudding.

But it had to happen sometime. Those come-hither green eyes, tousled mop, full bee-sting lips and body lines like erotic poetry were just too good not to be shared with a movie audience world-wide.

"I was in danger of becoming a mite cynical about this movie myth," says Lala, "and when the umpteenth person suggested I try for a screen test I just about laughed in his face. How was I to know this was the first genuine offer I had received? When I first heard the words 'Bond girl' I shied away, thinking for a moment they were talking about S and M. Silly me."

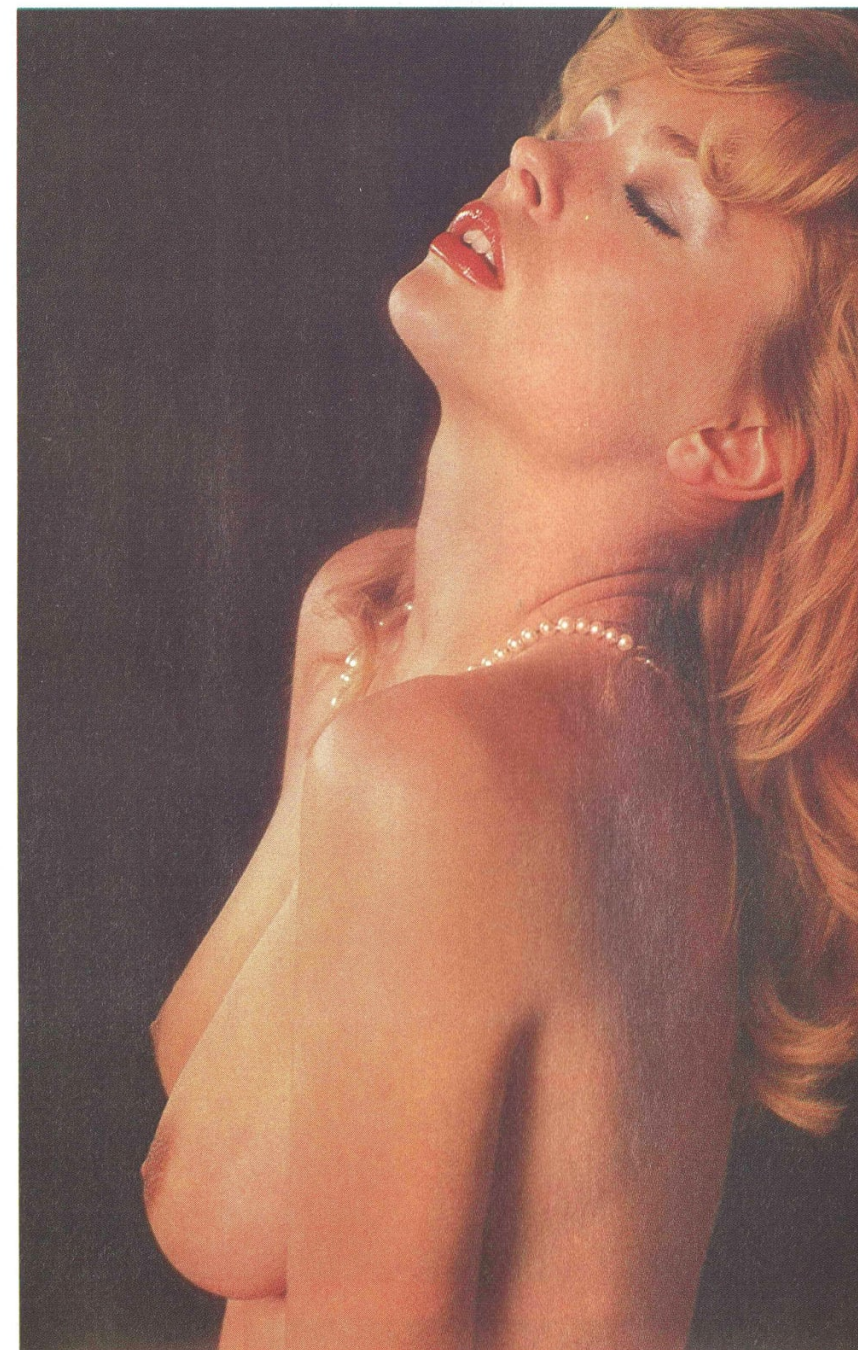
Casting around for the latest James Bond dazzler, producers of *For Your Eyes Only* lighted on some magazine pictorials Lala had completed in 18 months as a fashion model. The blonde minx slotted perfectly into the racy Bond image of fast cars, jet-setting action and a wall-to-wall smorgasbord of delectable girls.





Lala tends to play down her appearance in the film: "That's me, third from the left, with the smile on my face." But we beg to differ. Lala's charms easily outshine the rest of Bond's bevy of exotic beauties and we're sure her instant appeal isn't in our eyes only.





"Filming was a whirlwind adventure," enthuses Lala. "Roger Moore was great fun and a true professional. I really admire the smooth humor he has perfected in the role." Lala's brief but electrifying appearance in the film has prompted further movie offers and she's currently taking drama classes.

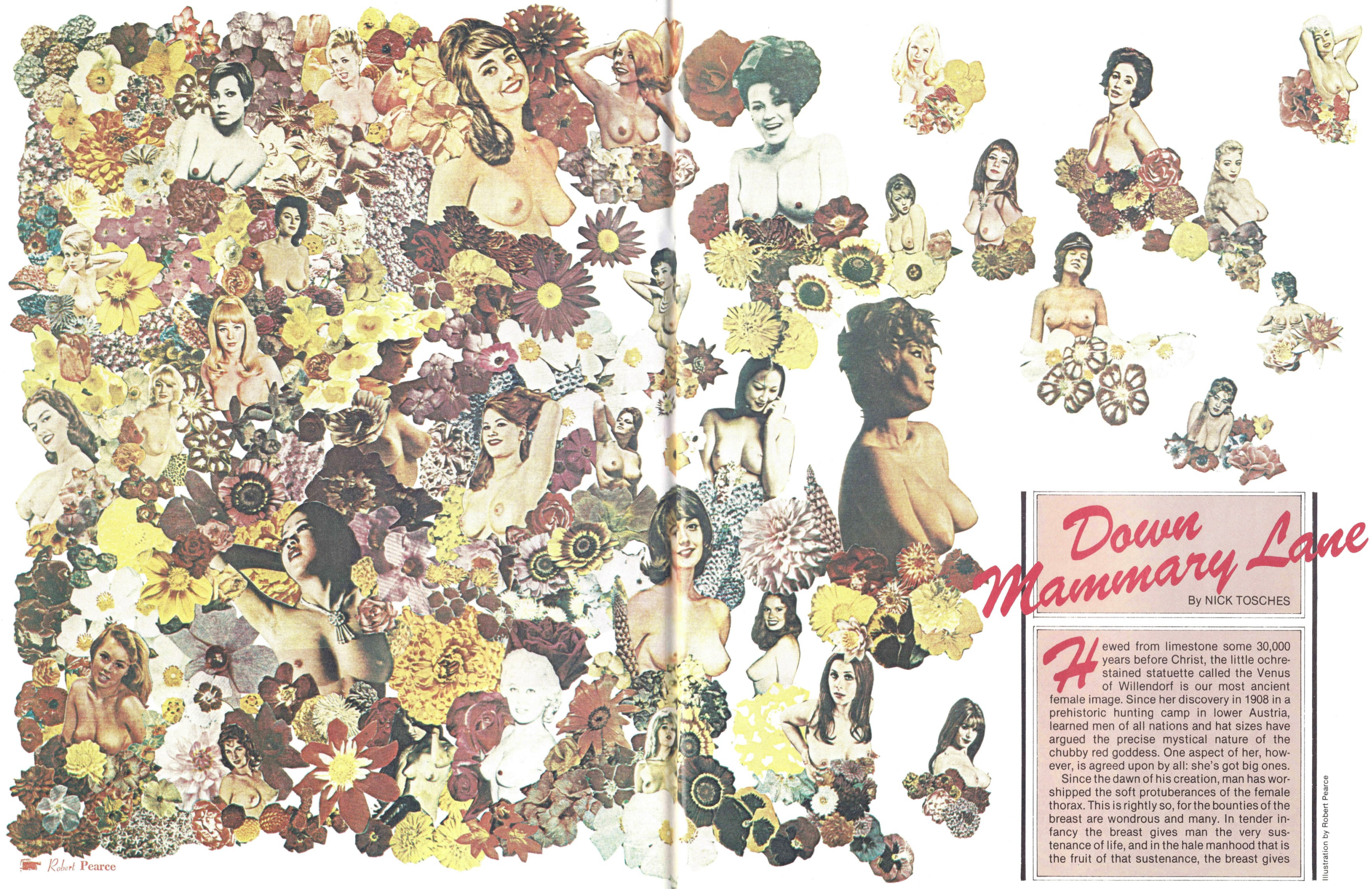


"Though I admit my role was miniscule and chiefly as a decorative backdrop to James Bond's high jinks, it was an excellent introduction to a field I hope to explore in depth over the next few years," she says.



"I take film offers a little more seriously these days," says the bright 20-year-old. "I'm considering a couple of new roles at the moment." In the meantime she's dividing

her time between her hectic modelling work, horseback riding, jogging and yoga to keep in shape. And her vigorous regimen seems to be working quite nicely indeed. ○✚



Robert Pearce

Down Mammary Lane

By NICK TOSCHES

Hewed from limestone some 30,000 years before Christ, the little ochre-stained statuette called the Venus of Willendorf is our most ancient female image. Since her discovery in 1908 in a prehistoric hunting camp in lower Austria, learned men of all nations and hat sizes have argued the precise mystical nature of the chubby red goddess. One aspect of her, however, is agreed upon by all: she's got big ones.

Since the dawn of his creation, man has worshipped the soft protuberances of the female thorax. This is rightly so, for the bounties of the breast are wondrous and many. In tender infancy the breast gives man the very sustenance of life, and in the hale manhood that is the fruit of that sustenance, the breast gives

Illustration by Robert Pearce

Mammary Lane

him something to diddle with during commercials.

Although mastomymythology is a relatively new field (in fact, it came into being this very moment), its study is rewarding and fruitful, and while it will by no means unlock for us the secret of the universe, it will lead us to a better and truer understanding of at least those parts of the universe that are usually tucked away in brassieres. This knowledge, like all other knowledge, has not come cheaply. But, unlike the gentleman on television from the data-processing school, I offer it for free, asking you to send no money, but only to remember who your friends are.

Man has mixed religion with many unlikely things — war, money, Pat Boone, and such — but rarely has his imagination been so fired as when he mixes his religion with titties. At Ephesus, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, early Greeks worshipped the pre-Olympian goddess Artemis.

The statue they devoutly adored, now known as the Diana of Ephesus, was the image of a beautiful woman, normal in all respects save one — she had more tits than a Guernsey cow.

To the south, in the central shrine at Knossos, stood an icon no less strange, no less revered, but certainly more menac-

ing, than the Diana of Ephesus: the Minoan Snake Goddess. Her full dress covered her body but for her gorgeous breasts, and in her outstretched hands were two writhing vipers. (The snake-tit effect has proved no less striking in our own time, as Theda Bara showed in *Cleopatra*. I am sure that psychiatrists have much to say on this point. I, however, do not.)

It was the Romans who devised the notion that our world and all its stars were the effusion of a tittie. The story had it that one night while Juno was nursing Hercules, her divine boob snapped out of his mouth, spraying milk into the heavens, thus creating our galaxy, the Milky Way. (The Big Squirt theory.)

Tit-worship was by no means restricted to the pagan world. The cult of *Maria Lactans*, one of the most pervasive cults in the history of Christianity, venerated the breast and milk of the Virgin Mary. Lucky among men, taught the Church, was the 12th Century St Bernard of Clairvaux. Reciting his prayers one day before a statue of the Virgin in the church of St Vorles at Chatillon-sur-Seine, Bernie was miraculously greeted by — *shazam!* — the Virgin herself, who, pressing her breast, let three drops of her precious milk fall onto his lips. (And, boy, were the other monks jealous!) This scene was later depicted by Filippo Lippi, in his fresco *The Vision of St Bernard*.

The cult of *Maria Lactans* got so far out

of hand that, by the time of the Renaissance, churches throughout Christendom boasted of possessing sacred vials of Mary's milk. In his *Treatise on Relics*, Calvin complained that "there is no town so small . . . that it does not display some of the Virgin's milk. There is so much that if the Holy Virgin were a cow . . . she would have been hard-put to yield such a great quantity."

Although the *Maria Lactans* cult was eventually squelched, in the late 16th century, by lobbyists for the Immaculate Conception, one still encounters phials of the stuff in Italy and elsewhere.

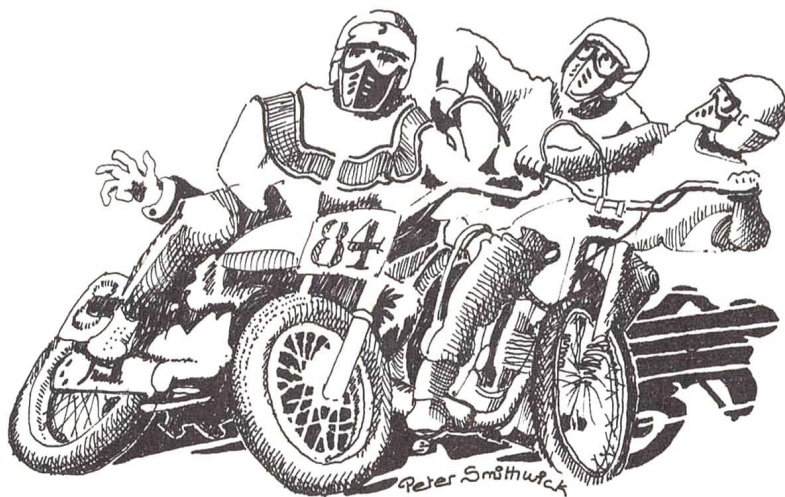
Bazoom religion still lingers on today, albeit in a less dignified manner. One has only to visit either of two notorious bars in Lower Manhattan to witness modern-day breast-worship at its most fervid. In those places the dressed-for-success makers and shakers of the nearby financial district assemble not only to stare in unsmiling awe at the thinly-veiled bosoms of the gum-chewing goddesses who rule behind the bar, but also — and this is truly wondrous to behold — to seek oracular counsel concerning the steerage of their upwardly mobile lives.

Where there is worship, there is also fear.

Women, real and imagined, have wielded their tits fearsomely since time immemorial. In the *Iliad*, Hercuba bares her breast to her son Hector in an attempt to dissuade him from fighting Achilles. Phryne, the 4th Century BC Greek courtesan who modelled for many sculpted images of Aphrodite, persuaded a jury to acquit her of impiety charges by dramatically exposing her bosom in court. The Norse Sagas tell us that when the Norsemen were on the verge of being vanquished by the American aborigines in Vinland, Freydis, the bastard daughter of Eric the Red, saved the day by ripping open her blouse and slapping her breasts with a sword, thus scaring off the natives. Lola Montez, the infamous 19th Century actress, won the undying favors of Ludwig I of Bavaria by baring her boobs to him during a formal audience. But the greatest depiction of tit-power is Giotto's personification of Anger on a wall of the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua: a woman rending her bodice to reveal herself in vague and utter defiance of all.

Freud, who comes in handy at times such as this, believed that all men fear the breast, and that their fear is rooted in infancy. "Not without surprise," he wrote, "do we hear the accusation: Mother has not given the child enough milk, she hasn't suckled it long enough . . . So great is the voracity of the infantile libido! The aggressive oral and sadistic wishes are then encountered in the form which early repression forces on them: namely, the fear of being killed by the mother."

And if you buy that one, I've got some coastal real estate you might be interested



"I thought we were getting a little close to the crowd!"



"I'll say this, captain — you run a fun ship."

Mammary Lane

in. But what of the simple, natural beauty of the breast?

To capture the essence of that beauty, we should perhaps turn to our poets, that noble race who, lacking the skills of any useful trade, teach us lesser beings to read the subtle soundings of our senses. While literature certainly has employed some rather unique similes in describing breasts — "like two young roes," offers the Song of Solomon; "like bouquets of hyacinth," muses Federico Garcia Lorca — most poets fall into one of two groups when they are confronted with the breast.

The first and more popular of these groups comprises the Dessert Menu School of tit poesy. Our oldest surviving example of boobie verse, found on a scrap of Egyptian papyrus dating to around 1300 BC, is of this type, describing milady's breasts as "love apples". The classical poet Rufinus referred to "the golden apples of her breast." Paulus Silentiarius, writing in the 6th century, used the phrase "two apples" in several poems, before finally falling overboard with "to clasp in my hands your apples nodding with the weight of their clusters." By the 16th Century, apples alone would no longer suffice for the menu. "Her breast like a bowl of creame uncruddled," dreamed Edmund Spenser. The award must, however, go to

that horny cleric Robert Herrick, whose 17th Century poem "Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast" manages to work in not only cream and two fruits but also a floral setting for the table:

*Have you beheld (with much delight)
A red-Rose peeping through a white?
Or else a Cherrie (double grac't)
Within a Lillie? Centre plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
A strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in
Creame?
Or seen rich Rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearle, and Orient too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neate Niplet of her breast.*

Secondly, there is the Surf-'n-Ski School, the prototype of which is found in the Homeric "Hymn to Aphrodite" and its phrase "her snow-white breasts." Rufinus, taking time out from his apple-picking, gave us "her breasts like the spring-tide." And in the 9th century Arabian Nights, we encounter breasts that are a combination of both: "Your breasts are snow; I breathe them like sea-foam." In *The Rape of Lucrece*, Big Bill Shakespeare offered: "Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue, a pair of maiden worlds unconquered." Nice, Bill.

Writers of prose have seemed to be more concerned with the size of breasts. This has been especially true in the

modern era. Emile Zola, in *Germinal*, told of a widow "with a pair of breasts each one of which required a man to embrace it." For this sort of thing, however, I much prefer the fine beatnik novelists of several years ago. In the much ignored *Jazzman in Nudetown*, Bob Trainors labors over "those huge mountainous breasts." Not to be outdone, Richard E. Geis, in his *Like Crazy, Man* ("Adult Reading"), says, "Her large breasts swayed and moved like huge hanging melons," and, several pages later, "Gosh! Her breasts were out of this world. They were cantaloupes, self-supporting and silky-smooth, big and round and full." In a passage that would have made Siggy Freud proud, Geis writes, "I bent down and took one in my mouth. I liked it. Did that mean that my mother weaned me too soon or fed me from a bottle?"

Many women that I have encountered share much with notable beatnik authors regarding their concern for breast size. I cannot recall knowing many women who have not, at one time or another, confronted me with the question, "Do you like my breasts?" (And this includes my 13-year-old stepsister and my shut-in aunt in Weehawken.) What, I wonder, do such women suppose one might answer? "No"?

The discomfort, folly, and expense that some women have put themselves through in their quest for mammary splendor is truly astounding, from the stiff, long-waisted corsets of the 1600s to the wire-reinforced brassieres of today. The modern, cupped uplift bra as we now know it was devised by a Russian-born retailer named Ida Rosenthal.

She called her brassiere Maidenform, as in "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night in my . . ." The alphabetical cup sizes came along later, a 1935 Warner's invention. Patented falsies hit the market in the mid-19th Century and immediately became a boom business. By the turn of the present century, fortunes were being made selling "bust creams," ointments that promised to increase the size of milady's bosom. These wonder drugs are still advertised in various Hollywood fan magazines and tabloids.

Yet, in spite of all this, the message has always basically been, to quote an old Coasters song, "You can look, but you'd better not touch." A further irony is that those women who seem to regard their breasts as the centre of their being are often offended (whether sincerely or affectedly, I leave to Messrs Freud and Geis) when someone deigns to agree with them. I personally have known certain women to take exception to the most casual and innocent comments of this nature, such as, "I judge all broads by the size of their tits." (Many women, like many men, would rather be judged by the quality of their minds than by the simpler and more efficient standards of breasts, penis, or hat

size. It is, perhaps, best to humor such people. One handy effect, which I learned from a suicide hot-line worker, is the ability to carry on seemingly deep conversations by rote, without betraying the fact that one is actually engrossed in, say, a rerun of *Gilligan's Island*.)

But, ah, yes, tits. My mind goes back to the wild and wanton days of my youth, before I decided to settle down to a life of faithful tranquility with my right hand (don't worry, I say the same thing every year along about this time), back to the days when a tit was a tit.

First there was La Margaret, the flame of my adolescence, with whom I explored the miracles of love, or at least that part of the miracle reserved for unrequited hard-ons.

I wanted her more than I had ever wanted anyone, except perhaps for Iris McCalla, who played "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle." We were 14, both of us, and had never been laid. "I'm too young to be an unwed mother," she kept telling me. I'd try to creep my hand upwards beneath her skirt, but whenever I reached her garters, she would yank my hand away, complaining, "Whadaya messin' with my apparatus again, Nicky?"

So I concentrated on her breast. I wanted that tittie. It had nothing to do with s ring-tide or golden apples — I just wanted that tittie. But she wouldn't let me have it. More than a year passed before the day of jubilee arrived. I remember it clearly. We were sitting in a movie theatre watching, or at least looking at, *Invasion of the Animal People*. (I am convinced that, in the course of my search to get laid, I saw every film that was made between 1962 and 1965.) Halfway through the movie, I had a fine idea. With my arm draped over La Margaret's shoulder, I pretended to fall asleep. After a few minutes, I threw in a couple of fake little snores. Before long, she did as I expected: slowly tugged my hand down from her shoulder to her breast, as I grinned the grin of the wise and listened to the rest of *Invasion of the Animal People* with my eyes closed.

After La Margaret, with whom, regretfully, I never consummated the deed of kind (I just couldn't seem to figure out the correct sleeping routine for that one), I ran into La Louise, who was three years older than I and had the most gorgeous pair of matching tits that I had seen outside of a dirty magazine. I was willing to put in a year, or maybe two, towards glomming them, but she herself cut the entire procedure down to a single afternoon. Not only that, but she also had me doing things to them that I'd never dreamed of. I can still hear her voice: "Make believe you're a Dobermann and they're big, juicy steaks." By the time La Louise was through with me six months later, I was not only fully versed in the art of love but also could fetch, beg, and roll over twice.

Most of my experiences among breasts

have been quite pleasurable. But I do recall one rather traumatic occurrence when I was 20 years old. It was a Friday night, and I was sitting alone in a bar, drinking beer and figuring out how to spend my first hundred.

The largest, most prodigious woman that God had ever made — no, God could never have made her; she must have escaped from a forbidden Babylonian creation epic — strode into the bar-room, ducking so as not to strike her head against the ceiling beams. Her high heels thundered with the slow cadence of an unfurling apocalypse. With terror I sensed her approaching me from behind.

Then I felt her. Forget cantaloupes. Forget huge mountains. Forget Zola's widow. These were all the primordial Oceanic might that Einstein's curved space could ever contain.

They were pressing upon me, driving me downward into the unknown. Then I heard her voice. She was whispering, but still it pained my ears, like low waves of infrasound:

"I wanna take ya between my breasts, lad," she said. Right then and there my penis shrunk five centimetres.

Don't laugh: I've never regained them. Anyway, they are just a few of the tits in my life.

Yes, we have come a long way since the Venus of Willendorf. But what of the future of breasts? In recent years they

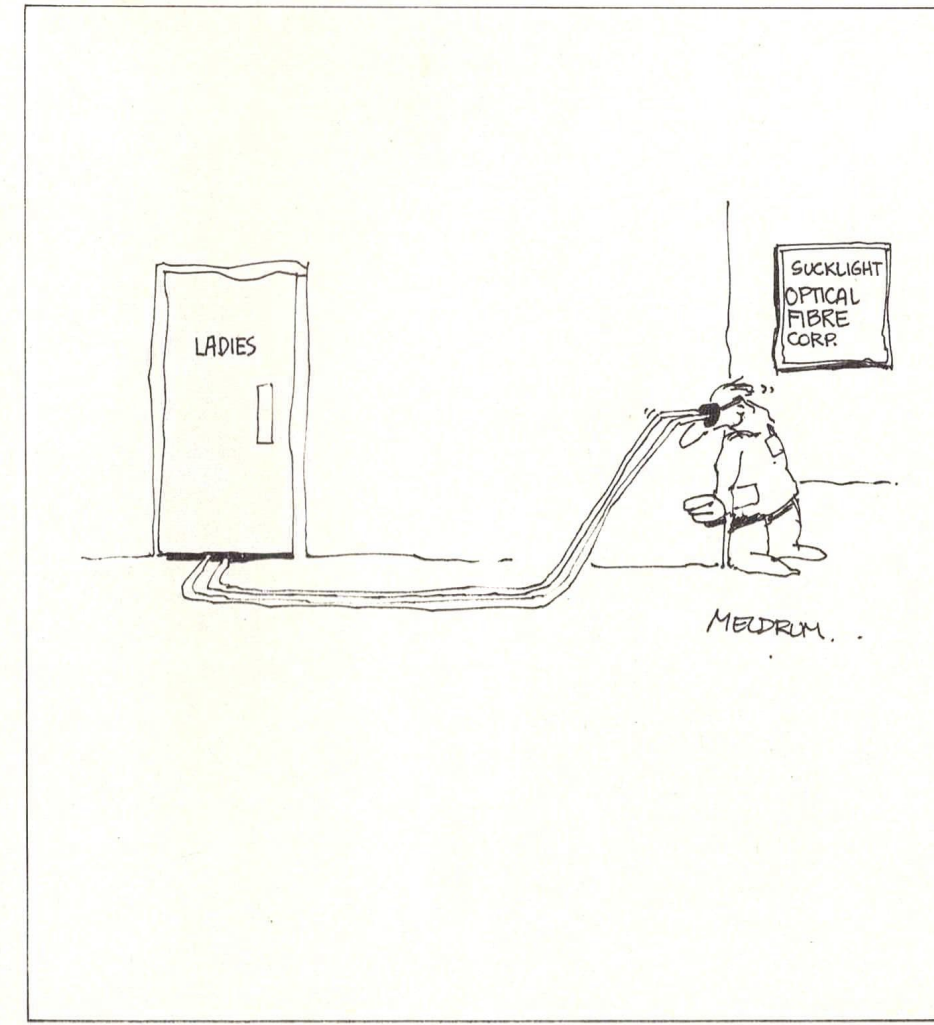
have diminished noticeably. Something happened there, on the way from Jane Mansfield to Bo Derek, and I don't think we can blame it on phosphates in the water.

Buns, buns, buns — that's all we hear these days! Whatever became of knockers, bazookas, torpedoes, lungs? To paraphrase the Kingston Trio, where have all the titties gone?

Are breasts becoming vestigial organs? Will there be no more sprouting chicken fat among the girl-creatures of our once great country? Did Olive Oyl know something that we don't? Must Dolly Parton die to teach us our errors? Are designer denim bras all that can save us? Was it all just a dream, or did it really happen?

These are questions that urgently need to be answered, preferably by someone, unlike myself, who knows what he's talking about.

As for my own part, I can only say that, though I care little about the future of humanity as a whole, I care a great deal about that of her breasts. Let whales and seals and soaring condors be damned; it is the great tit that must be saved. While I may not agree with a person's cup size, I shall defend to the death, or at least to the point of risking a bad cold, her right to hold her tits high; for that is the way it must be. Yes mate, I'm doing my part. Can you say the same? ☐

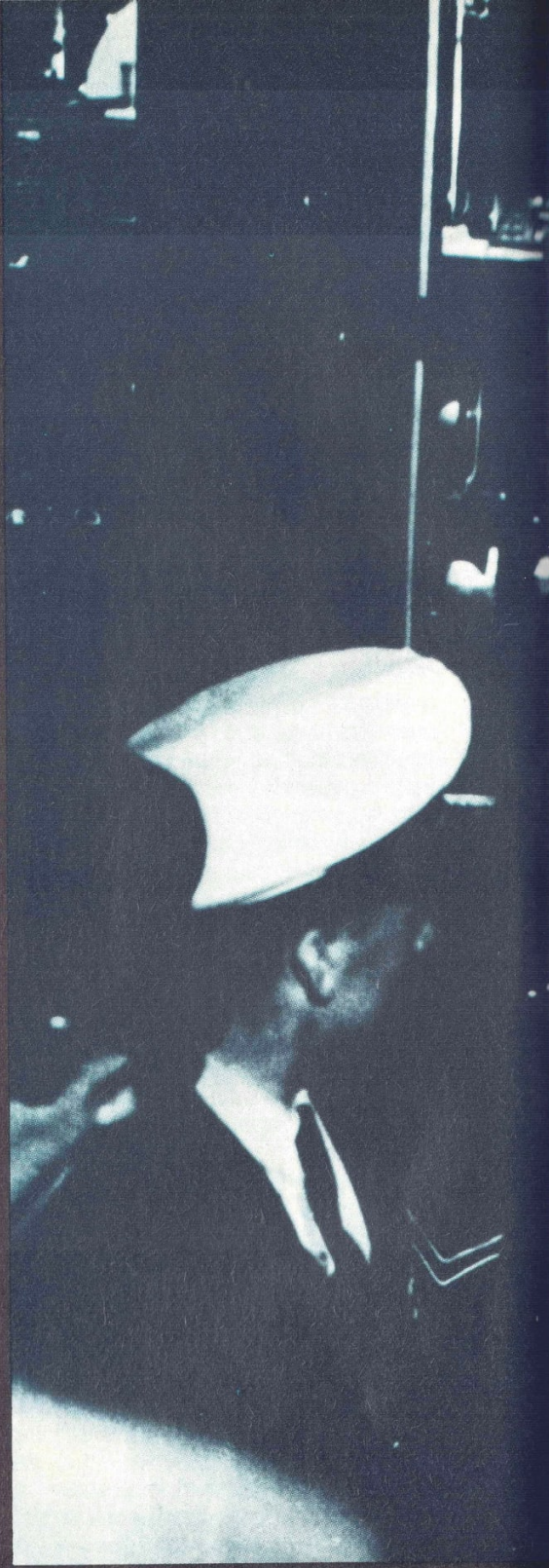


No single instance of Beatlemania throughout the globe ever came close to the intensity and sheer magnitude of the social upheaval which accompanied the 1964 Australian Beatles' tour. No street crowds in New York, London or Liverpool ever eclipsed the antipodean hordes which, at times, comprised more than half the entire population of a city.



THE BEATLES DOWN UNDER

BY GLENN A. BAKER WITH ROGER DILERNIA



Yeah Australia, just satyricon, just think of satyricon with four musicians going through it . . . Wherever we went there was always a whole thing going on. Derek and Neil's rooms were always full of hell knows what. We had to do something and what do you do when the pills wear off?

They didn't call them groupies, they called it something else. If we couldn't get groupies we'd have whores and whatever else was going. — John Lennon to Jann Wenner, *Rolling Stone*, January 21, 1971

Kenn Brodzyk's presentation of the Fab Four from Liverpool, still cited as the greatest entertainment coup Australia has ever witnessed, was not the result of great vision or adept negotiation. It was, in fact, a classic piece of accidental good luck.

Brodzyk was in the London office of booking agent Cyril

Berlin, who was offering him six young beat groups. "I didn't really want them so I thought I'd just take a chance on one. I looked at a scrap of paper that Cyril had written the names on and decided that I liked the sound of the Beatles best. It was as simple as that." On July 5, 1963, Kenn Brodzyk secured the Liverpool act for 1000 pounds per week (accommodation not initially included) on a verbal contract that was not bound in ink until the following January.

Those six months saw the establishment and global recognition of Beatlemania.

Real fears that the verbal contract would be laid aside were allayed when scrupulously honorable Brian Epstein sent a note to Cyril Berlin which included the immortal words, "You'll think me a very naughty boy but I want fifteen hundred pounds per week for Australia." At 10 times that it would still have been an outrageous steal. Epstein capped the deal with a telegram to

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Brodziak proclaiming, "I made an agreement and I will stick to it. The Beatles will come to Australia."

Well before the Beatles had left Hong Kong, the island's police chief had forwarded a confidential report to the Sydney CIB. Miffed by their knockback of a boat trip around his beloved isle, the chief was surly and petulant, stating in part: "The Beatles themselves are an amiable if cringing group who hole up in their rooms and whimper like children while their supporters besiege the hotel demanding to see them. You must maintain the most stringent vigilance against small girl infiltrators in pink, blue and white party dresses, aged from 10 to 24; they are more ruthless than our Tong killers."

This report arrived just a few days after the New York City Police Department had declared: "The Beatles will give Australian police their toughest time ever. Everywhere they go there will be chaos and confusion. We're glad they're going to Sydney instead of coming back here."

None of the Beatles slept as their BOAC jet cut through the sheets of gale over the Australian heartland. Paul read a James Bond novel, George swotted up on Australia in the BOAC digest and the others played a card game called Russian Bank.

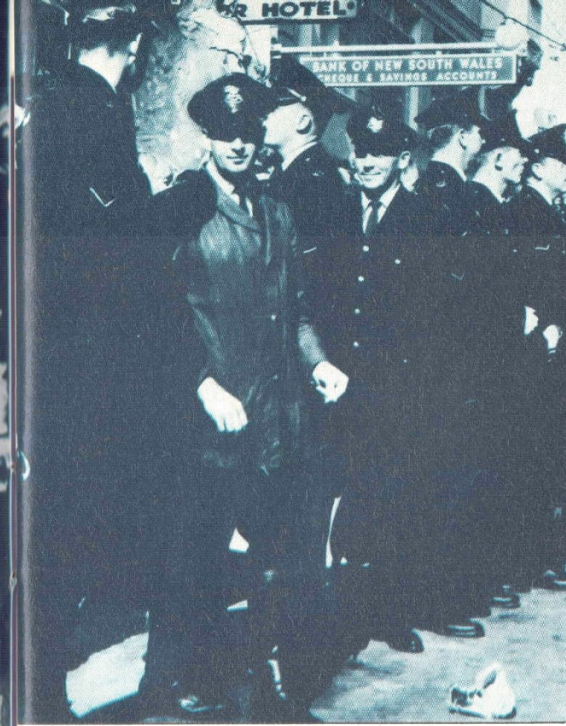
At 7.43am, one hour and eight minutes after the scheduled ETA, the Boeing 707 touched down on the asphalt sea at

Mascot International Airport. The fans, who had erroneously bayed at a TAA aircraft a few minutes earlier, managed to come alive under their umbrellas and wraps to deliver a deafening roar that rivalled the backwash of the jet. Once the plane had taxied into position, a special unit of immigration officials went on board to complete formalities. (In those glorious pre-drug days, pop performers were not automatically subjected to intimate body searches and the dismantling of their guitars.)

Given the opportunity of abandoning their open truck journey around the fan enclosure, the four chose to brave the elements. As they moved toward the exit hatch, a TAA executive vaulted up the stairs to hand them each a giant black umbrella. "Nobody had even thought of providing protection for the boys," recalls Lloyd Ravenscroft, "so it was a very sharp move by the airline which had lost the Beatles to Ansett ANA earlier in the piece. Emblazoned right across the umbrellas was TAA, which was subsequently seen by millions all over the world. Ansett, BOAC and Qantas just blew their stacks."

At the foot of the ramp were Brodziak and his partner Jack Neary, almost apologising for the weather. Kenn recalls his first Beatle conversation being a quite off-handed question from Paul to the effect of "We're doing this for you at the old price, aren't we?" "He didn't seem to say it nastily," said the promoter.

When the motorcade arrived at the Sheraton, the Beatles were rushed



Walters from Randwick stepped back off the footpath and fell into the churning gutter. Laughing as she was helped to her feet, she said, "I might be 70 but this is still fun."

Sheraton manageress Margaret Walpole (Miss Victoria 1950) took the Beatles to suite 801 (where John, Paul and George were booked) on the penthouse level. With their luggage in transit from the airport, they were forced to make a brief balcony appearance in saturated and borrowed clothes; all except George, who wrapped a towel around his waist (which the press automatically described in print as his underpants) and did a snappy jig. George later explained: "We were watching it all on television and they were saying 'I wonder why they're not coming out to wave' but there was no way we could tell them that we didn't have any trousers, they were out with our capes being pressed. Paul and John managed to get a pair of trousers each from somewhere but all I had was a towel. We went out to wave because they might have thought we were acting a bit funny if we didn't."

As in Hong Kong, Jimmy Nicol (who was deputising for a convalescent Ringo) became the tourist Beatle. While the others slept he went out, and having not received a security pass before leaving

the hotel, he encountered extraordinary difficulty getting back in, his pleas of "But I'm a Beatle!" greeted with ill-concealed mirth by the guards.

Brodziak's iron rule of "no entry without a pass" was so inflexible that the man himself was refused readmission when he dashed out without his wallet, requiring him to send a minion (with pass) to his room to fetch it.

When neighboring schools let out at 3pm, Macleay Street once more became jammed with screamers. With urging from George (a common occurrence) the Beatles made a balcony appearance at around 3.30pm. Refreshed and in a taunting mood, they looned for a good 10 minutes, Paul eliciting the greatest roar by sticking a leg over the balcony railing.

Just before 4.30, press officer Derek Taylor led the four into a packed reception in the hotel's conference suite. As they took their positions on a mauve semi-circular divan, Taylor heralded formally: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to introduce the Beatles." George immediately leapt on the back of the couch and announced, "Here's picture position number nine."

"The Sydney press bash was seething with a lot of nasty tension," recalls Bob Rogers. "A lot of high-brow newspapers

through the back garage entrance, bypassing 300 fans. Bad planning resulted in the lift not being held ready and the four were crushed against the closed doors by clamoring reporters. Bombarded with questions, John remarked, "How could we be disappointed when they came out to see us and stood in all the rotten wind and rain to wave to us? They were great, really great."

Out in Macleay Street, greatness was still in full force. Held behind police barriers, rowdy fans were immobilising the operations of the Chevron Hotel — blocking its doorways, trampling its gardens and deafening its guests. Only one casualty was reported: 70-year-old Mrs J.



Previous page: *The wildest part of any concert was the departure; age was no barrier to fawning adulation. This page: At top, the scene outside the Sheraton Hotel, Sydney; the Beatles constantly maintained a good-natured, fun-loving image and Bob Rogers, their constant shadow, was a willing target; at bottom, the main street of Adelaide at the height of the madness, with at least half of the city's population in attendance. Next page: A sign for the times; a concert crowd in Brisbane and it's all too much!*



THE BEATLES

had sent along older reporters who were not quite as starstruck as the rest of us." Dick Lean adds, "They were just brilliant, under any circumstance. They handled the press with a sharp repartee that we'd just never seen before."

After the still photographers had blinded everyone in the room, the TV crews moved in for news footage. Mike Walsh kept up the classic tradition of dumb Australian questioning with: "Paul, what do you expect to find in Australia?" to which John tossed back, "Australians!" When Chuck Faulkner enquired if there was an acknowledged leader of the act, John slyly stabbed back, "No, not really" before the question had even finished. When Buzz Kennedy paid a tribute to the sodden truck ride, John shrugged off, "We thought it was going to be sunny." Walsh leapt in with the probing, "Did you enjoy the rain?" answered by Paul: "Seeing as they got soaked, we didn't mind."

Ernie Sigley, up from Adelaide and knowing John's weakness, asked if Buddy Holly had influenced his music. "He did in the early days obviously." "So did James Thurber, didn't he?" interjected Paul. "Yes, but he doesn't sing very well," John concluded. George was asked his favorite song. "I like . . . (interruption) I like . . . (interruption) I like . . . (interruption) I like *You Can't Do That*." "Has the Mersey-beat changed since you've been playing it?" asked a man from the dailies. "We keep saying there's no such thing as Merseybeat," John insisted. "It's rock 'n' roll. It just so happens that we write most of it." Would they be writing songs with Australian themes? "No," insisted John. "We never write songs with themes, just the same old rubbish." Sigley snuck back into the proceedings to get their feelings about the Hong Kong ticket prices. "I wouldn't go and see anyone for five quid," said John. "I wouldn't see you for two bob," inserted George. "What about this film *Beatlemania*?" someone tossed in. "Are you happy with the finished product?" John acidly corrected the title and replied, "It's as good as anybody who makes a film who can't act."

Once the TV crews had shot their film, freelancers scrambled for individual Beatles and the ordered event descended into bedlam. *Sun-Herald* staff reporter Marie Knuckey described the situation with these words: "It was like being caught in the middle of a football match. While a surging group carried me forward to be holed in the spine by a camera, a rush forward meant being jabbed in the face by four or five microphones. Every so often I came face to face with a pair of photographer's feet, perilously perched upon a table among glasses of beer. I had just got within speaking distance of George when someone demanded a replacement and



John changed places with him. John had no sooner reached us than it was decided it would be better if the Beatles moved out into the centre of the room. So, again we all surged towards the nearest Beatle.

John warned: "At this pace it won't last another year. People in all ages went mad over someone. But now people are going mad over us all at the same time. What is the real difference between fans standing in the rain to see us and a 40-year-old man waiting in the rain to buy a football ticket? Our music's for anybody but it's not basically adult music. It's only older people who can't hear us in concert, the kids manage quite well."

George took time to explain: "When rock'n'roll died and ballads and folk music took over we just carried on playing our type of music."

Paul said he was aware of the crowds outside. "I was trying to sleep through it!" What type of girls did he like? "The female ones." Was he an intellectual? "What are they? We are not just four stupid kids who don't know what to do. The old idea that you only have to make a record and the kids will buy it is completely wrong." Did he like culture? "Well I used to read plays, and Juliet Greco is one of my favorite film stars. Is that culture?"



Jimmy even got in a few words. "There isn't much I can say. I've only known the boys since last Wednesday afternoon. I know when this is over I'll no longer be a Beatle but I've got plans. When I go back to London they're fixing up a band for me. I'll do some television . . ."

Senior radio personality Andrea colared John, pointed proudly to her Beatle brooch and boasted, "Look what I'm wearing." "By gum, clothes!" he shouted in mock surprise. Meanwhile, nobody had noticed a ladder being placed on to the window ledge, nor the teenage girl who summarily peered through the window. Nor did anyone notice the secretary of the

Beatles' Fan Club who got tired of waiting in the foyer and slipped past the guards to present her case for an audience. The window girl was removed, but Lynn Andrews was saved from ejection by a timely intervention by John.

After finally extricating themselves from an insatiable room of reporters who would have cheerfully asked questions till the same time the next day if not shown the door, the Beatles retreated to the sanctuary of their penthouse suite. Fan club president Angela Letchford was summoned from the foyer with her associates for a brief meeting. "I gave them giant sheets of paper and they each scribbled miles of autographs. They seemed honestly interested in the club and asked us lots of questions about how we ran it. They told us to get in touch with England if we had any problems or needed anything."

Exhausted by the afternoon's ordeal, they stayed in their suite to eat dinner and



watch Dave Allen on TV. Jimmy again suffered from itchy feet and so made his way to Chequers nightclub to catch Frances Faye. Faye was advised of his presence and within minutes of opening her set had enlisted the audience's aid in enticing him behind the drum kit. Although he had never seen her perform, Nicol picked up every beat and when he rose to return to his seat, a giant cry of disappointment persuaded him to continue. He ended up playing more than two hours of a set that normally expired in under 90 minutes. The night was wrapped up with a 10-minute finale that had the house on its feet. While head waiter Andre shouted in glee, "This is wonderful, we have a million pound act for nothing," Frances concocted a closer which chanted "Beatles, Beatles, Beatles every day now, it's Beatles all the way now." Asked how he picked up on her repertoire so adroitly, Jimmy said, "She's got soul man."

While Jimmy was bashing away merrily downtown, Paul McCartney was being thwarted in his attempts to take a walk around Kings Cross. All evening the hotel switchboard had been jammed with calls from as far away as London, New Zealand and Tasmania, and tenacious fans had repeatedly tried police patience by climb-

ing trees, edging along ledges, making blind dashes through open doors, producing amateurishly fake passes and maintaining a constant crescendo of screams.

But by 11.35pm as Paul walked out of the Sheraton lift wearing a raincoat, he imagined that most of the mayhem had abated. One look at the 50 fans standing in the rain on the steps of the Chevron changed his mind and he returned glumly to his room.

But the night was not entirely without its compensations. That evening, and indeed every evening of the tour, the Beatles partook of one pleasure they had discovered in Hamburg as unknown teenagers and developed to an obsessive sport over the next three years.

Lennon, in particular, must have been consumed with perverse delight by the grand confidence trick which he and his colleagues were perpetrating upon the whole Western world. By day they won the hearts of mum, dad and the garden gnome with their cheeky, innocent charm and by night, according to more than a few observers, they hurled themselves into Bacchanalian orgies beyond the comprehension of the humble folk who paid them homage. The "satyricon" scenes which John referred to in an Australian context in his milestone 1971 interview with *Rolling Stone's* Jann Wenner certainly did occur, though such was the wall of secrecy that only those tour party members accepted into an exclusive inner sanctum ever witnessed them.

Tour manager Ravenscroft carefully concedes, "They had girls in their room, yes. That was in the hands of Mal Evans, who was very good at picking the right girls. It was all very discreet and well organised. When they were getting involved in that sort of thing I kept right out of the way."

"That sort of thing" is more frankly explained by journalist Jim Oram: "John and Paul, particularly, rooted themselves silly. A seemingly endless and inexhaustible stream of Australian girls passed through their beds; the very young, the very experienced, the beautiful and the plain. In fact, I can vividly remember one spoilt virgin in Adelaide who proudly took her blood-stained sheet home with her in the morning."

"Yes it all went on, and more," admits Bob Rogers. "There were just so many women. The boys never, to my knowledge, repeated the dose. They'd rather have a less attractive woman than the same one twice. They had become supremely indifferent to it all, as women and girls continually prostrated themselves in their presence. You see I'd always thought that the one great thing about womanising was the challenge and I couldn't believe it could be so casual. Rather than getting into hallucinogenic drugs, I was convinced that they would all end up homosexuals, out of sheer boredom with conventional

sex. There was no pill in 1964 and with the amount of Beatle screwing that went on I just can't believe that there wasn't an explosion of little Beatles all over Australia in 1965. Maybe there was."

Jim Oram has a theory in that regard: "John once told me, 'We've got the best cover in the world. If a girl comes home after being out all night and breaks down under the old man's questioning and admits that she had spent the night with one of the Beatles, he tells her not to lie and goes up the road to kick the bum of the boy next door.' It must have worked because there were no instances of angry parents on the tour, which was almost unbelievable."

One young Queensland girl, who married a prominent Woollahra stockbroker and is now a pillar of Sydney society, kept cocktail party guests amused throughout most of the Sixties with her graphic descriptions of being screwed by all four Beatles in the one night. Apparently, advancing years have quietened her boast.

The procuring of sex partners for the Beatles was a carefully planned procedure. It was usually Mal Evans' job to go downstairs and select the likely candidates. After he had done his "you and you and you and, oh all right, you too" routine, the sweet young things were corralled in a holding room. It was from this reservoir that Derek Taylor allocated a continual supply of carnal delight to the tour members who subscribed to the service.

One reporter, who wishes to remain nameless, was midway through a blissful union when Derek sauntered into the room, casually enquiring: "Would anyone like to meet John Lennon?" "The girl slipped out from under me so quickly that I was left doing push-ups on the bed," he wryly recalls.

The odd perversion or diversion was certainly not out of the question. Beginning in Melbourne, some mild excremental sports were apparently engaged in and an amusing variety of copulation locations and combinations were investigated. Some of these fringe benefits were generously extended to the less famous members of the tour party provided they had been admitted into the inner sanctum. Dave Lincoln of The Phantoms explains: "The supports did get the overspill of girls. We were forbidden to pick up any girls ourselves though. We only had to ask and they were provided, through the correct channels."

Fans on their way to school and unrelenting reporters beat the alarm clocks in the Sheraton penthouse on Friday morning. After breakfasting and packing, John gazed down at the street and confided in a writer, "I wish they'd go to school, they make me feel guilty standing there like that. I mean standing out in all that rain and muck, well you'd have to be crazy wouldn't you? I think they're

THE BEATLES

wonderful." He added softly, "I wish I could be down there with them."

Over the other side of town, the *Sun's* presses were running off a glowing editorial which declared: "Their press conference showed that teenagers are not necessarily fools when it comes to picking winners. One cannot 'ready' a press conference. Questions are asked and answered off the cuff very quickly . . . they showed considerable insight into the secret of their own success." Quite simply, the four lads from Liverpool had won over Sydney, lock, stock and geriatrics.

One point that generally went unnoticed was that, down the hall from the Beatles, in bed with a 103 degree temperature, lay Tony Sheridan, the singer with whom the Beatles had cut their first recordings. In Sydney to commence a tour with Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs and Digger Revell, Sheridan made no attempt to establish contact with his former comrades, nor they with him. A sole reporter who looked him up claimed he was pleased that his former backing band had done so well but he certainly wasn't trying to jump on their bandwagon.

The convoy back to Mascot Airport met disaster in the rain when the driver of the first car took a wrong turn into a Kings Cross side street, braked suddenly and collected the other cars up his rear. After an embarrassing 10-minute delay to disentangle the vehicles, the trek continued. In marked contrast to the previous morning, only 15 or so fans were on hand, well outnumbered by almost 100 reporters and airline personnel.

The only notable incident, carried in large headlines in the absence of anything more newsworthy, was the action of 15-year-old Arncliffe schoolgirl Mary Kostin, who leapt the barrier in her maroon and grey school uniform and set out for the Beatle car on the tarmac. Moving like a rugby league winger, she side-stepped a series of police tackles before being held just 10 feet from the car by a senior Commonwealth Police officer. Screaming loudly, she hurled a copy of John's *In His Own Write* book high in the air, lobbing it quite accidentally on George's shoulder. As she was being carted back to the barrier howling, "Did they get my book? Did they get my book?" the four Beatles autographed it and sent it back to her.

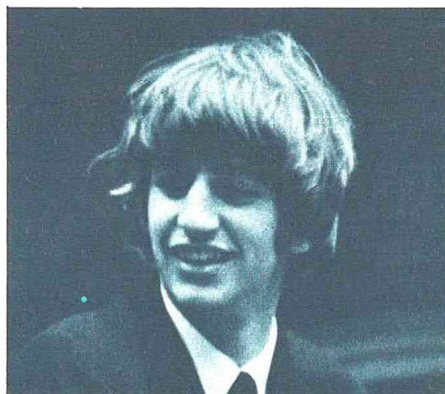
As it eventuated, Mary became one of the very few Australians able to establish the authenticity of her Beatle autographs. Precious few of the autographed books, photographs, letters, "thank you" notes and records which emerged from Beatle quarters scrawled upon ever came near a real moptop. Derek Taylor could sign John, Paul, Ringo, George or even Jimmy's name with more ease than he signed his own. At a pinch, Mal Evans and

Neil Aspinall could produce a passable facsimile, a process which was also picked up by Bob Rogers to justify his constant presence. This fairly common procedure is now giving headaches to auctioneers who steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the possibility that their outrageously priced objects d'art might be bogus.

Before leaving Sydney, Derek Taylor sent instructions to Adelaide that four girls be placed on "standby" to accompany the Beatles during "relaxation periods". They were to be "attractive, healthy, typically Australian girls — intelligent, respectable and easy to talk to."

Bob Rogers smirks at the seemingly innocent directive. "In Sydney I actually saw a parent encourage his 16-year-old daughter to meet the Beatles. I was aghast because I knew just what 'meet the Beatles' could mean."

"They let the girls they wanted get to



them," says Bob Francis, an Adelaide DJ who orchestrated Beatlemania in that city. "Top class models and other choice pieces. With all this at their feet their attitude was very cynical. They referred to all the girls who got to them as 'fuckin' molls'. They didn't respect any of them."

Ernie Sigley's recollections of the first Australian concerts in Adelaide focus on a matter of hygiene. "The place stank because the floors and seats were full of piss. Half the little girls were so excited they wet their pants."

Persistent attempts by influential and important people to get close to the Beatles were commonplace throughout the tour, but nowhere was this more pronounced than in Melbourne, where the absolute upper crust of society descended upon the Southern Cross Hotel.

The Beatles put certain portions of this privileged cocktail party set to practical use, as Cliff Baxter explains: "They were determined to get into the pants of as many Australian VIP daughters as possible and I believe they were most successful. It was almost a competition between the four of them; looks didn't matter, they just wanted to see how high up the social ladder they could go in bed."

Road assistant Ron Blackmore adds: "There were times when they weren't as

discreet as everybody would have you believe they were. I saw lines of girls in passageways at the Southern Cross and recognised more than one face. Nowadays it's a status symbol for girls to boast about, but back then screwing a rock star was something that remained a close secret, so only those who actually saw it knew that it happened."

It was Bob Rogers who, if you discount John Lennon's unexpanded 1971 comment to *Rolling Stone*, was the first person associated with the Australian tour to publicly admit that debauchery did indeed consume many a boozed and pillled evening. He broke silence upon the death of John Lennon, in an interview with Delamere McNicoll of the Sydney *Sunday Telegraph*. "Some of the stories can never be told because of the people involved," he said, "but be assured that women from all levels of society were lemming-like in their headlong determination to bed a Beatle. Never before had we seen women behave the way they did during that month. Females of almost any age were prepared to fight through any security screen or face any humiliation for the privilege of being bedded." In the wake of his revelation came many others to corroborate it.

So just what effect did those weeks of fantastical, unprecedented contagious insanity have upon Australia and its inhabitants? Certainly Australia's young musicians could recognise the new and exciting import of Beatle music. The tour had successfully dragged Australian rock over the threshold from greasy rock'n'roll or instrumental surf to R and B-rooted beat rock with vocals.

But most dramatic effect wrought by the Beatles' visit was not upon music but upon the entire fabric of Australian society. In a sense it liberated young people who had not previously dreamed of openly disobeying their parents, police, civil authorities or indeed any adult. By playing truant, by pushing over airport barriers, by thumping on glass windows, by standing outside a hotel in the rain, thousands of Australian adolescents had publicly asserted their feelings for perhaps the first time.

This release, which felt so breathtakingly daring and tasted so exhilaratingly fresh, was to mark the behavior patterns of a decade and grow rapidly into an actual lifestyle that would eventually bore. But before appetites were sated and inevitably jaded, the liberation was glorious: a freedom that the Beatles ignited and their progeny exploded . . . all those years ago.

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When best wishes
turn into death wishes

Autograph

T

he queue mumbled and rustled and craned its neck towards him. Not quite a line of peerers at the lions' cage nor yet a mourning procession paying last respects to some distinguished corpse. He could, when he bothered to, sense the subtle differences within the slowly creeping many-headed creature. Awe, curiosity, anticipation mingled with impatience, and a kind of superior indifference as they approached the low desk where he sat — satisfaction, disappointment, smugness and even more superior indifference as they strode away with their spoils.

"Almost a religious flavor to this curious ritual," he thought, "the supplicants at last vouchsafed a glimpse of their holy prophet, entrusted with a magic scapular, a relic, a talisman to wave before the eyes of doubters who'd never seen this famous wordsmith."

Faces looked in his face. Faces looked at his hands. Faces admired his eyes; fancied they could detect the massive intellect behind the lofty brow or noticed the specks of dandruff in his fine blond hair.

"Can you put 'To Malcolm'?" queried an embarrassed face.

He smiled. Why not? He wrote the dedication and signed. If they asked for nothing in particular he usually wrote *Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham*. He could do it with his eyes closed. He did it with his eyes closed . . .

"I'm so pleased to meet you," interrupted a shy-wide face. "My name's . . . er . . . Doris Hall . . ."

His pen sped: *To Doris Hall, Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham*. God! Would the queue never cease?

A badger of a man with slicked-down hair and whiskers announced his arrival by dropping a bundle of books on the desk with a resounding thud. Eyes looked towards him with envy.

"Good God," thought Larry, "he's got every book I ever wrote, dusty hardbacks from years ago as well as the latest two paperbacks! What an odd thing to do."

Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham, he repeated, automaton-like.

"Why on earth go to the trouble?"

He spotted one of the "flitters", as he

BY PETER S. MCGLONE

Autograph

called them, dashing from the queue to put back one book or to grab another before his turn came. Looking guiltily at the Badger with his loud pile and wondering whether one, two, three or more volumes was enough. Or too much!

Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham, he scrawled across the last of the stack. The Badger grunted his thanks and waddled away, heavy-laden.

"These creatures must feel part of the process," he mused. "Involved in the creative act, sucker-fish on the backs of sharks."

Kind Regards, L.R. Kirkham.

The truth was that Larry's "process" was a very private activity. His ideas became stories in his head and then the laborious job of putting them down on paper took over. It was a hard discipline to sit and punch the typewriter day after day — often he discarded thousands of words because they didn't "feel right" or "didn't work".

Like anyone doing anything he endured disappointment, frustration, disillusionment, sometimes happiness — but the elation of a satisfying end product was a fleeting thing. Joanne, he thought, was perhaps the only one who took part in "the process". Her part was to play emotional springboard; she took the brunt of his ir-

ritation, his exhaustion, his despair, and rarely, his joy.

Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham.

And still the rag-tag line shuffled along. He looked up into the earnest blue eyes of a handsome woman of 35 or so. "Christ," he thought, "if eyes could speak these have just suggested pornography to me." He smiled hopelessly; this really was not the time or place to arrange illicit trysts. He wrote carefully on two volumes: *Love, L.R. Kirkham.*

He felt a stirring in his crotch and followed her delicious legs to the electric doors, blinked, and in quick succession scrawled, *Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham* at least a dozen times, determined to make a breach in the crowd and quiet his loins.

Like a phantom, Joanne hovered in his idle mind. This morning had been typical. Accusations of neglect, of selfishness. "Why do you have to do it?" she screamed. "I've so little time with you! You're a bloody sheep. Couldn't you have refused for once?"

"Voitman," insisted a harsh whisper.

"I'm sorry . . ."

"V-O-I-T-M-A-N, Harry VOITMAN."

Larry forced himself to concentrate. To *Harry Voitman, Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham.*

Joanne. He'd forgive her anything. He needed her level-headedness, her practical approach to day-to-day affairs. Affairs! How could she? After five years the

shock of finding her out was like a kick in the balls.

Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham. The final full-stop almost penetrated the flyleaf.

"It was nothing," she has assured him. "You were too busy re-writing, editing, bloody *thinking* to care about how I felt. I was hungry for some affection, some caring — Noel was handy."

His face reddened at the memory. She'd sworn she loved him — could never love anyone else. It wasn't even that she was trying to teach him a lesson; just a practical solution to fulfill her need.

Best wishes, L.R. Kirkham, he inscribed savagely.

Where was that damned shopgirl? All this time, three hours at least, she'd quietly wrapped the books and hit the till, content in her repetitive chore. Now that he desperately needed to take a piss she'd magically vanished. Bloody bitch! He gritted his teeth into a ragged smile and ordered his bladder to expand.

Best Wishes, L.R. Kirkham.

To treat *him* like that, to play around with some pimply university student! The little shit cooed and crawled over Larry's work and reputation — all a facade to get into Joanne's pants. It was sickening!

The ache in his groin became more and more insistent.

Where the hell was she now? Oh, she'd *promised* it was over weeks ago, but what new gigolo had she latched on to since then?

His anger rose. His fingers flew. The queue did not diminish.

Suddenly the low grumble of the bookshop crowd ceased. Larry didn't notice. Head down, he kept scribbling. Gradually he became aware of a change in atmosphere. A voice had cracked in *his* direction. As he slowly raised his head, a glowering giant of a man stared at him with apoplectic intensity. In the shadow of his massive shoulder a scrawny rag of a woman with the pallor of a cadaver eyed him nervously.

The tableau of staring faces and frozen bodies seemed to leap into sharp focus. Larry took a deep breath and smiled his most charming smile.

"Name?" he said pleasantly.

"Hotchkiss," boomed the giant and his calloused right fist exploded everywhere between Larry's forehead and chin.

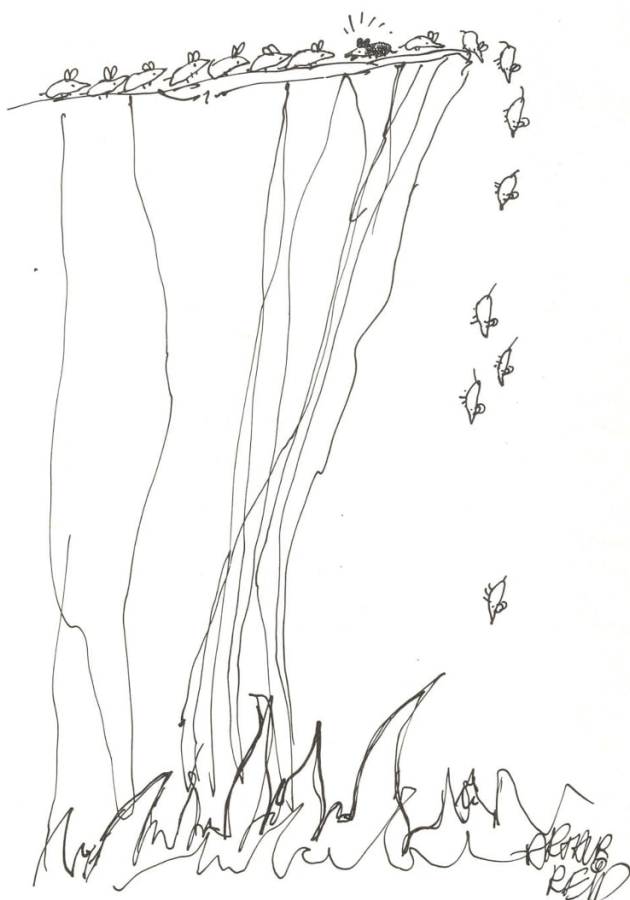
He awoke minutes later to the babble and uproar of a football crowd at the MCG. His body was a sack of gravel dumped on the desk. Where his head had been was an urgent universe of white pain. From somewhere a message was flashed by the few vital brain cells left in his skull and slowly his eyes jerked open. He blinked twice and forced his burning eyes to decipher the message planted centimetres from them.

On the flyleaf of the book upon which his head rested was the indelible statement:

Get fucked Mrs Hotchkiss, Kind Regards, L.R. Kirkham. ○✚



CAROLINE



"Excuse me! . . . Excuse me! . . .
I've changed my mind! . . . Excuse me! . . .!"



Where there's sun, sea and action there's a fair chance you'll find our water baby Pet of the Month Caroline Reynald. Our 23-year-old sea nymph is not one to laze about in the sun." That's fine for the seals," she says, "but I prefer to grab my share of the ultraviolet rays with a side serve of wind in my hair, slicing across the water on my cat."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

WATER BABY



Caroline grew up with the sound of crashing waves never far away. "I get edgy when I'm away from the coast. Give me ozone territory, crystal water, tanned, fit men and SFA. That stands for surfing, fishing and . . . whatever else you can think of that's fresh, fast or fun."





When she's not sailing, skateboarding or windsurfing our lady of the curves enjoys an angle. "I often get out on my father's deep sea fishing boat and let me tell you, when I hook a whopper there's no way I let him get away from me," she says.



What does this outdoor girl do when it's time to move indoors for the evening? "Ideally, I curl up with an intelligent, athletic, sensitive man and — don't laugh — play Scrabble. We play a hard, no-holds-barred game and the winner takes all. Then when the game's over we start playing for real."







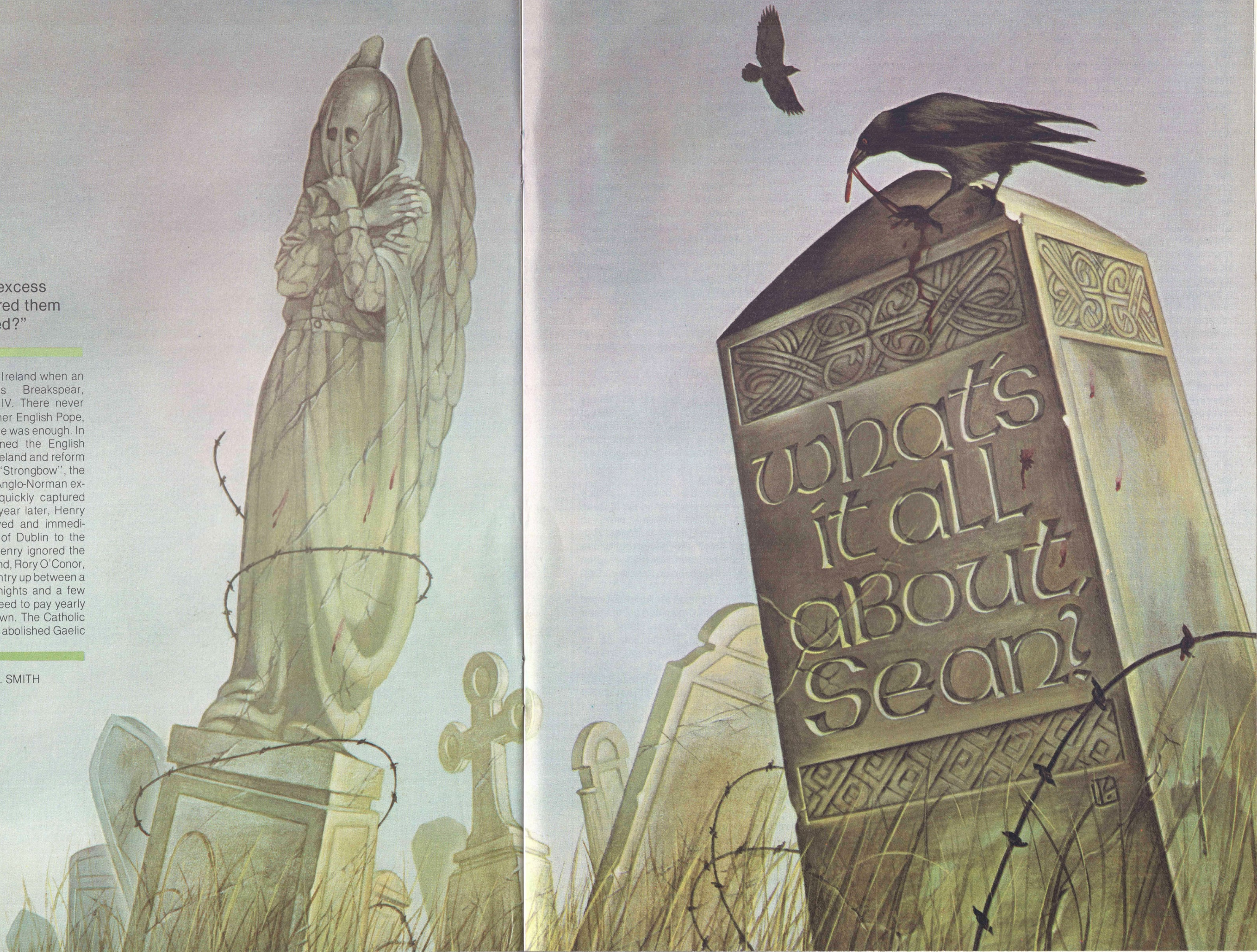
MISS CAROLINE REYNALD/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"And what if excess
of love bewildered them
till they died?"

It was a fateful day for Ireland when an Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, became Pope Adrian IV. There never was before or since another English Pope, but for the Irish at least, one was enough. In 1155, Adrian commissioned the English King, Henry II, to invade Ireland and reform its Church. 15 years later "Strongbow", the Earl of Pembroke, led an Anglo-Norman expeditionary force which quickly captured Waterford and Dublin. A year later, Henry Plantagenet himself arrived and immediately gave the Irish city of Dublin to the English town of Bristol. Henry ignored the reigning High King of Ireland, Rory O'Connor, and divided the whole country up between a handful of his Norman knights and a few provincial Kings, who agreed to pay yearly tributes to the British Crown. The Catholic hierarchy capitulated and abolished Gaelic

BY GEOFFREY E. SMITH



liturgies, decreeing that from henceforth the Divine Offices would be celebrated according to the usage of the Church in England. From then on, British rule was enforced in Ireland for more than 700 years.

Today, the flag of the Republic of Ireland is a green, white and orange tricolour; the white stripe is supposed to signify peace and unity between the green of Catholicism and the orange of Protestantism. But the ancient flag of a once-united Ireland was the golden harp on a green background. Two thousand years ago, Ireland was divided into four kingdoms: Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught, with a separate Royal State of Meath, where the High King ruled the whole country from his castle on the sacred hill of Tara. In 400AD one of the mightiest Kings of Ireland, Niall of the Nine Hostages, raided Britain and brought back a young prisoner who, after many years as a slave in Ireland, escaped to the continent and became a priest. In 432, Patrick returned to Ireland and brought Christianity with him.

The acceptance of this new religion by the mystically-minded Gaels was rapid and enthusiastic. With the fall of the Roman Empire and the start of the Dark Ages in Europe, Ireland became one of the chief centres of Christianity. "Ireland was a Nation when England was a pup!"

Students came from all over Europe to train in her monasteries, and a succession of saints and scholars carried the Christian message from Ireland to Scotland, Wales, England and even Russia.

Ireland was the first European country north of Italy to produce a literature in its native language. But while the country flourished as a cultural centre, its political and military power faded, and in the ninth and tenth centuries the land was ravaged by Viking marauders.

At first the Norsemen plundered and burnt the settlements and then left, but eventually they stayed on to build the first towns in Ireland, Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Wexford. Viking dominance was finally broken by the legendary Hero King Brian Boru, who drove the invaders from Munster and captured Dublin.

In 1002 he became the first, and the last, undisputed native Christian King of All-Ireland. 150 years later the Anglo-Normans arrived and Ireland was never to be the same again.

Late in the Thirteenth Century, the British conquerors formed the first Parliament of Ireland, but no Irishman was allowed to sit in it. Gaelic was prohibited and the language of parliament was English, or Norman French.

In 1366 the British passed the Statutes of Kilkenny, which decreed that the Anglo-Normans in Ireland must not practise the

"manners, fashion and language of the Irish enemy." No intermarriage between Irish and English stock was permitted and any Anglo-Norman heard speaking Gaelic could have his land confiscated.

"The harp, that once thro' Tara's Halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er."

The growing hatred between the English and Irish flared into a Holy War when Henry VIII and his protestant successors tried to force Roman Catholic Ireland to adopt Protestantism.

For nine years Catholic Irishmen led by Hugh O'Neill (Earl of Tyrone) and Red Hugh O'Donnell fought Elizabeth I's best English troops; but in 1607 the war ended in defeat for the Irish and the "Flight of the Earls" into exile. With the departure of O'Neill, Elizabeth confiscated all the lands

Catholics could
not hold office; they
were barred from the
army, the civil
service and
teaching

of Ulster and settled thousands of loyal Scottish Presbyterians and English Protestants in the north-east corner of Ireland.

Another brutal war erupted in 1641 between Catholic and Protestant, and in August 1649 Oliver Cromwell landed in Dublin with 20,000 expertly-trained soldiers, determined to extinguish the Irish rebellion once and for all.

In Drogheda, Cromwell and his men killed almost the entire population of 3000, and his merciless tactics terrified Ireland for three years. Many thousands of Irish men and women were shipped as slaves to the West Indies and Virginia, and over a period of 11 years the population of Ireland was cut from one and a half million to just over half a million.

Cromwell's "final solution" was to decree that every Irish landowner east and south of the river Shannon be forced to move to the rugged and inhospitable province of Connaught. This meant that Irish Catholics now owned less than one quarter of their native land.

But in 1685, new hope came to Ireland. A Catholic King ascended the throne of

England, and James II suspended the law which disbarred Catholics from holding legal and civil office. However, just as the first Catholic judges were appointed, James was forced from the throne and replaced by a Protestant — William, Prince of Orange.

In 1690, on the banks of the river Boyne, the exiled James led the Green against 30,000 Orange troops.

After his defeat at the Boyne, James led a mass exodus of Irish troops and civilians to the continent in "the flight of the wild geese".

Ireland was finally forced into complete submission and the Penal Laws extracted a cruel revenge for the Catholic uprising against William.

The laws were designed to "make Irish Catholics insignificant slaves, fit for nothing but to hew wood and draw water."

Edmund Burke described them as "a machine as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Catholics could not hold office, they were barred from the army, the civil service, the legal profession and teaching; no Catholic schools were allowed; religious rights were restricted; and a Catholic could not even own a horse worth more than five pounds.

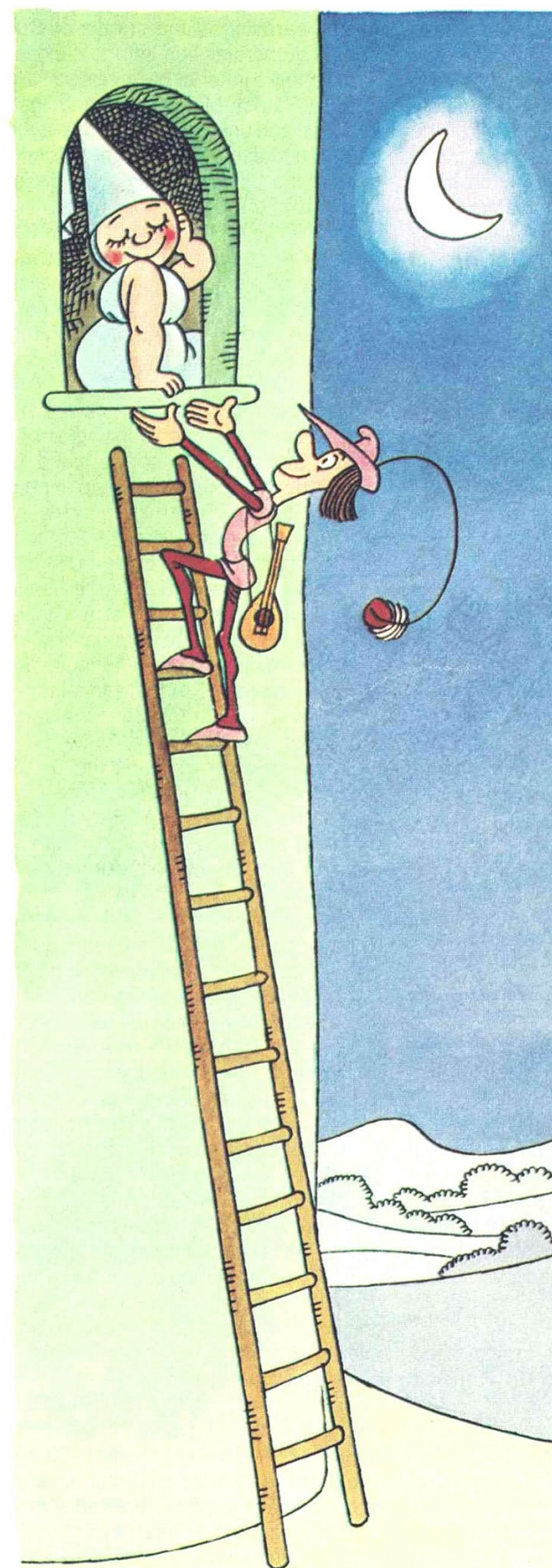
At the start of the Eighteenth Century Protestant landlords built magnificent country houses on their estates throughout Ireland, and equally handsome mansions and town-houses in Dublin and Cork; but the Catholic majority lived in hovels, and many starved.

Offended by the obvious injustice throughout the land Jonathan Swift, Dean of Dublin's Anglican Cathedral, wrote, in his bitterly satirical essay *A Modest Proposal*, that if the English had no better use for the Irish then perhaps Irish children should be fattened up to be served on English dining tables.

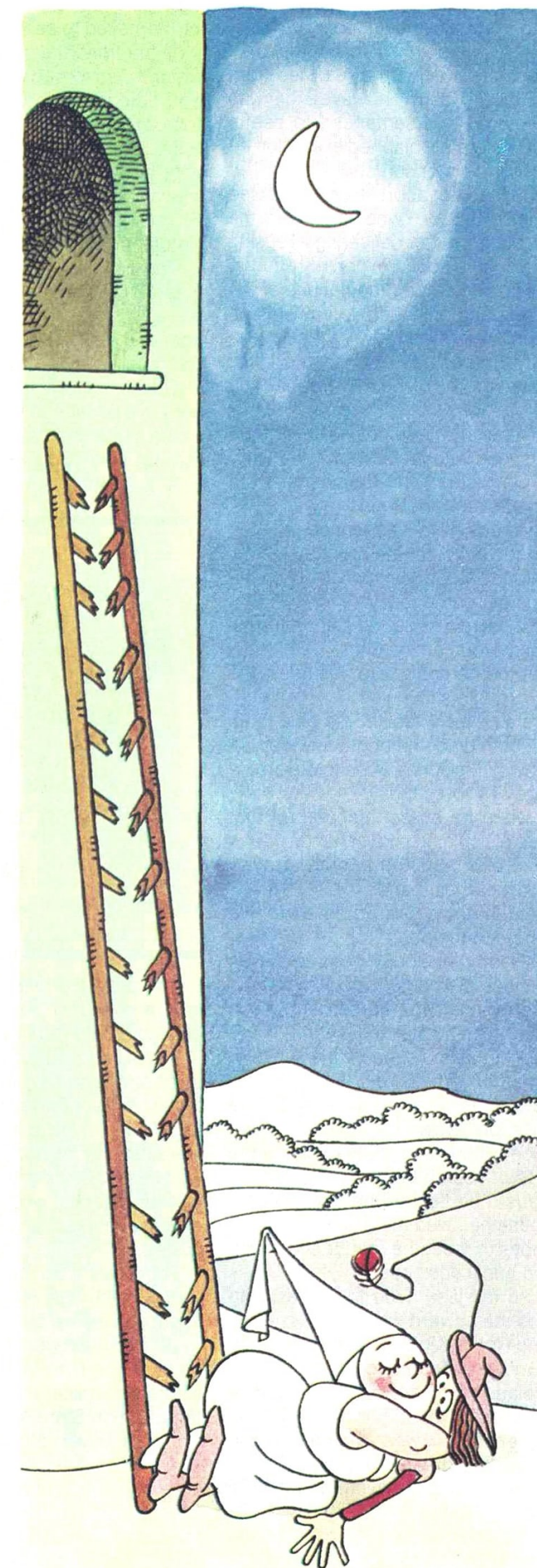
In 1775, colonists in America rose against the British Crown and gained their independence eight years later. Four signatories of the Declaration of Independence were born in Ireland, and five others were of Irish descent.

In 1789, news of the outbreak of the French Revolution triggered great unrest throughout Ireland, and two years later a young Protestant lawyer, Wolfe Tone, founded the Society of United Irishmen to "abolish all unnatural religious distinctions, and to unite all Irishmen against the unjust influence of Great Britain." The headquarters of the new society were in Belfast.

In the same year England went to war with France and Tone successfully sought aid from the French revolutionaries. He sailed to Bantry Bay in 1796 with a mixed French-Irish force of 15,000 men, but the fleet was met by bad weather and re-



PICANYOL



turned to France without landing a man.

Two years later, the United Irishmen rose themselves and Tone returned from France to lead them; however, he was soon captured and sentenced to death. The night before his planned execution he cut his throat in a prison cell.

In 1803, another abortive rising was led by Robert Emmet, who died on the gallows, but only after delivering a rousing speech from the dock: "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and only then, let my epitaph be written."

Robert Emmet was of English origins, and many of the rebels were born in Ulster:

"Oh! see the fleet-foot hosts of men who speed with faces wan
From farmstead and from fisher's cot
Upon the banks of Bann.

They come with vengeance in their eyes, too late, too late are they,
For Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling and proud and young,
About the hemp-rope on his neck, the golden ringlets clung.

There's never a tear in the blue, blue eyes; both glad and bright are they,
As Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

Oh! when he at last stepped up that street, his shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array, a stalwart earnest band.

For Antrim town! For Antrim town! He led them to the fray,

Now Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

The grey coat and its sash of green were brave and stainless then.

A banner flashed beneath the sun over the marching men.

The coat has many a rent this noon, the sash is torn away,

As Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

Because he loved the motherland, because he loved the green,

He goes to meet the martyr's fate with proud and joyous mien,

True to the last! True to the last! He treads the upward way,

Young Roddy McCorley goes to die on the Bridge of Toome today.

O Ireland, mother Ireland, you love them still the best,

The fearless few who fighting fall upon your hapless breast.

But never a one of all your dead, more bravely fell in fray

Than he who marches to his fate on the Bridge of Toome today."

Between 1846 and 1851 the Great Famine killed a million and a half Irish men, women and children, and forced

another million to emigrate. Food was grown and raised aplenty in Ireland, but it was sold for export. If a small tenant farmer failed to sell his wheat and oats to pay the rent, he was evicted. In fact, Ireland was forced to export enough corn and beef in 1847 to feed her population four times over. *The Morning Post* of the time commented: "The Celt is going, going with a vengeance. Very shortly an Irishman will be as scarce on the banks of the Shannon as an Indian on the banks of the Potomac."

The Bishop of Kildare announced he was proud that the people of his diocese were so God-fearing that they would sooner die of starvation than refuse to pay the rent.

Queen Victoria was so upset that she sent five pounds to the famine relief fund; at the same time, she sent five pounds to the Battersea Dog's Home.

It is now generally agreed that the

By executing the
leaders of the Easter
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manner, England added
to the list of
Irish martyrs

British people provided Ireland with little help, and the Irish believed that the famine carried on the work of Cromwell.

In 1910 the British eventually offered a mild form of home rule, but the Ulster Protestants under Edward Carson threatened to secede if the Bill was passed. Guns were run into the north and a private army was raised. Carson was backed by many British generals, who warned they would never suppress a Protestant revolt in Ulster.

The British Government prevaricated on the Home Rule Bill, and in 1914 the first Great War broke out.

When Britain went to war with Germany many of the Irish Volunteers, which constituted the military wing of the Republican organisation Sinn Fein, joined the British Army. However, others remembered the slogan of past patriots: "England's misfortune is Ireland's opportunity."

The Irish Republican Brotherhood, a shadowy, secret body formed in the United States almost a century before-hand, had resolved to make a revolution if ever England was embroiled in war.

Eoin MacNeill, head of the Volunteers,

warned his men not to fight the British unless attempts were made to disarm them; at this time, the Volunteers were openly parading in the streets of Dublin but the authorities had left them alone.

MacNeill's inner circle included Patrick Pearse, Patrick MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, and unknown to their leader they established contact with James Connolly, head of the Citizen's Army, which was affiliated with the Irish Labour Party.

Meanwhile in Germany Sir Roger Casement, a former British colonial official renowned for his humanitarian activities in the Belgian Congo and South America, was seeking guns and ammunition for an IRB-planned uprising against the British during Easter 1916.

MacNeill learned a few days beforehand about the planned uprising, and sent frantic messages all over Ireland cancelling Irish Volunteer parades planned for Easter Sunday. Casement's arms shipment from Germany was intercepted and Casement himself was captured.

The Government Intelligence Services believed that the danger of an uprising was over, and on Easter Monday the Army High Command went to Fairyhouse races to watch the Irish Grand National.

However, back in Dublin, the various groups of insurrectionists were on the move. James Connolly and the Citizen's Army took over Liberty Hall (the Trade Union Headquarters), and Patrick Pearse marched to the General Post Office, occupied it and ran up the green, white and orange tricolor.

As commander of the new Irish Republican Army, Pearse read out the now-famous proclamation which begins:

"Irishmen and Irishwomen: in the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom."

Throughout the capital, some 1200 men responded to this call to the flag and set up strongpoints in various parts of the city. The British, taken unawares, rushed troops to Dublin and the battle was on.

The Volunteers held out for a week despite desperate hand-to-hand fighting and a rain of shells from a gunboat on the river Liffey. Finally, Pearse ordered his depleted forces to surrender.

During the fighting 56 Republican soldiers and 216 Dublin citizens were killed, and the British reported 130 dead. The damage inflicted on Dublin was enormous, and all this had happened at a most crucial stage of the Great War.

The reaction of the Irish people in general was hostile toward the Volunteers, and there was unconcealed disapproval of the whole event.

But the poet Yeats was quick to recognise the significance of the Easter Rising:

"For all that is done and said
We know their dream; enough

the provos: a profile

SECURITY PROFILE

Provisional Irish Republican Army (PIRA) — the "Provos".

STRENGTH

Hard-core membership does not exceed 300-400.

FUNDING

Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB), long-established secret society with limited and restricted membership, including highly-placed business and political figures.

ClannaGael, an Irish-American organisation.

Northern Ireland Air Committee, headquarters New York. Proceeds of armed bank raids.

Colonel Gaddafi: Libyan Intelligence Service through Arab Bank Ltd, Beirut.

INTERNATIONAL LINKS

Very restricted. Contact with Breton and Basque movements (FLB-ARB, ETA). Some members trained with Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). Arab terrorists' assessment of IRA: "Essentially nationalistic, avoid close relationships. Many leaders too wild."

WEAPONRY

Kalashnikov assault rifle AK-47; Armalite AR-18 and single shot AR-180 modified by IRA armorers to fire short bursts; M1 carbine; Thompson sub-machine gun; Sten gun. No use to date of Skorpion VZ-61 machine pistol, or Heckler and Koch MP5 or Beretta model 12 sub-machine guns. Astra .357 Magnum favored by some active service units; Smith and Wesson revolver most popular handgun both for action and "kneecapping".

Russian RPG-7 rocket launcher used against army posts in Ulster. Between three and six US M60 general purpose machine guns smuggled in from Libya; two have been captured to date. Considerable

expertise in the manufacture and use of a variety of explosive devices and bombs.

OBJECTIVES

To destroy British Rule in Northern Ireland.

METHOD

The use of violence in the midst of a civilian population to create fear and chaos. It has been directed at the people and institutions of law and order.

"Armed action plus political action equals revolutionary action".

TACTICS

1. Murder of police, soldiers and civilians.
2. Assassination of political figures.
3. Bombing of army and police barracks, public buildings, private homes.
4. Kidnapping for ransom.
5. Armed bank robberies.

ASSESSMENT

Militarily the Provos have fought with skill and some success against the British Army, but they have murdered, bombed, blackmailed and terrorised large parts of the population of Northern Ireland and, at times, succeeded in bringing the Province to the point of anarchy. Large deployments of regular troops together with specialised units of the Special Air Service can contain rebel activity in Ulster, but to date this has failed to end it.

ORIGINS

The "Provos" came into existence in 1969 after a split with the original IRA. For background information regarding the "official" IRA, whose predecessors have a history going back 800 years, please read the accompanying "historical review" and then append your comments and conclusions regarding future prospects.

To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in verse —
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born."

The British authorities tried the leaders of the rising by court martial and then executed them two and three at a time, over almost three weeks. James Connolly, who had been badly injured in the fighting, was carried to the execution yard on a stretcher and propped up before the firing squad in a chair.

This protracted and unnecessarily brutal ending to the uprising changed the

mood of the people, and everywhere Irishmen were swept by a new outbreak of national pride. The Catholic Bishop of Limerick denounced General Sir John Maxwell, who had ordered the drawn-out series of executions: "I regard your action with horror and I believe it has outraged the conscience of the country."

By executing the leaders of the Easter uprising in such a manner, England added to the list of Irish martyrs and alienated Irish-American opinion. Pictures of the executed rebels were now hung on the walls of Irish homes around the world, alongside those of Wolfe Tone and the bold Robert Emmet.

In August 1916, Sir Roger Casement was hanged as a traitor, and buried in quicklime at Pentonville Jail.

Within a year the Sinn Fein Party had become a major political force in Ireland, and British attempts to enforce conscription in 1918 gave wings to the new movement.

Eammon de Valera, an American citizen and one of the leaders of the uprising, had not been executed; a leader for Sinn Fein was ready-made.

At the end of the Great War in December 1918, a general election was held throughout Great Britain. Sinn Fein contested the election but all their candidates agreed that if elected, they would not take up their seats at Westminster; instead, they would set up a parliament in Dublin and attempt to govern Ireland themselves.

Out of a total of 105 Irish seats contested Sinn Fein won 73, and on January 21, 1919, they met in the Mansion House, Dublin, and formally proclaimed the Republic of Ireland in defiance of the British authorities.

At the time de Valera was in Lincoln Jail, but his escape was being arranged by Michael Collins and in his absence, de Valera was elected Prime Minister of the Sinn Fein Cabinet and President of the Irish Volunteers.

In Dublin, departments of government were set up as if British rule were non-existent; and indeed, the first objective of the Republicans was to drive out the Royal Irish Constabulary. To counter this move the British Prime Minister, Lloyd George, recruited ex-army officers and sent them over to Ireland, where they became known as "the Black and Tans" because of their black berets and khaki uniforms.

Soon a full-scale terrorist war had developed between the Volunteers and the Black and Tans. With de Valera in America raising funds, Michael Collins led the IRA. For all his charm, Collins was a ruthless and skilful operator.

On November 21, 1920 ("Bloody Sunday"), 14 British officers were shot in Dublin, some in the presence of their wives. In reprisal the Black and Tans went to a football match in Croke Park, closed

all the exits and fired on the crowd, killing 14 and wounding 60.

Senseless and sadistic acts were frequently perpetrated by both the IRA and the Black and Tans.

In County Clare, a British magistrate was buried up to his neck in sand just below the high tide mark; the next day his tormentors found him still breathing so they dug him up and re-buried him closer to the waves. This time the sea finished the job.

On the other side, many young rebels were often brutally tortured by the Black and Tans before being executed:

"In Mountjoy Jail, one Monday morning,

High upon the ballows tree,

Kevin Barry gave his young life

For the cause of liberty.

Only a lad of eighteen summers

Yet no one can deny

As he walked to death that morning,

He proudly held his head on high."

In 1920, the six counties of Ulster were given home rule status: thus the British Government safeguarded the Northern Orangemen from any attempt to involve them in an arrangement for the whole country.

In the following year, the British agreed to negotiate with Sinn Fein leaders in Lon-

don. The Irish delegation was led by Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins; de Valera refused to go and warned Griffith and Collins not to sign any documents which the Irish Cabinet had not approved.

But on December 6, 1921 a treaty was signed which recognised the Irish Free State as a Dominion, with Great Britain still retaining control of certain harbors. All the Irish delegation signed the treaty, but one went back on his signature and another joined de Valera, who felt betrayed because the rebels had not won what the men of 1916 had died for — a Republic of Ireland including all 32 counties.

An election in the 26 counties of the Irish Free State was held on June 16, 1922. Of 128 members elected, 58 were on the pro-treaty side, 34 against (one member was on both sides), and there were 35 members representing other interests. Rory O'Connor put himself forward as leader of the anti-treaty party, and de Valera joined him as "a humble follower."

A provisional government led by Michael Collins ruled the country, and another election was held in 1922; but by now civil war had broken out.

Once again the country was thrown into disorder and lawlessness, worse even than in the days of the Black and Tans. Civil crimes were disguised as military actions: banks were robbed and private vendettas resolved. Erskine Childers, a

man with a international reputation, was executed. Not long afterwards Rory O'Connor was shot dead, as a reprisal for the murder of a deputy, on his way to Parliament.

Arthur Griffith died of a heart attack on August 12, and just 10 days later, Michael Collins was caught in an ambush in a valley called the Mouth of Flowers in County Cork and was shot to death.

Bernard Shaw wrote to Collins' sister: "Don't let them make you miserable about it: how could a born soldier die better than at the victorious end of a good fight, falling to the shot of another Irishman — a damn fool but all the same an Irishman who thought he was fighting for Ireland — 'A Roman to a Roman'? Tear up your mourning and hang up your brightest colors in his honor and let us praise God that he had not to die in a stuffy bed of a trumpery cough, weakened by age and saddened by the disappointments that would have attended his work had he lived."

To many Irishmen, and also Englishmen who fought against or negotiated with him, the "Big Fellow" was the most noble of them all.

Many years after his death Brendan Behan recorded this tribute to Collins:

" 'Twas on an August morning, all in the dawning hours,

I went to take the warming air, all in the

Mouth of Flowers,

And there I saw a maiden, and mourn-

ful was her cry.

'Ah, what will mend my broken heart,

I've lost my Laughing Boy.'

So strong, so wide and brave was he,

I'll mourn his loss too sore,

When thinking that I'll hear the laugh or

springing step no more,

Ah, curse the times, and sad the loss

my heart to crucify,

That an Irish son with a rebel gun shot

down my Laughing Boy.

Oh, had he died by Pearse's side or in

the GPO,

Killed by an English bullet from the rifle

of the foe,

Or forcibly fed with Ashe lay dead in the

dungeons of Mountjoy,

I'd have cried with pride for the way he

died, my own dear Laughing Boy.

My princely love, can ageless love do

more than tell to you,

Go Raibh mile maith agat*, for all you

tried to do,

For all you did, and would have done,

my enemies to destroy,

I'll mourn your name and praise your

fame, forever, my Laughing Boy."

* "A thousand thanks to you"

Eventually, the anti-treaty Republicans laid down their arms, and the bitter civil war ended.

Until 1932 Pro-treaty politicians ran the country; then de Valera was returned to office by democratic vote and remained in control of the government until 1948. His major regret during the period was the

continued existence of partition. In 1949 the 26 counties left the Commonwealth to finally become the Republic of Eire, and the chances of reunion with Protestant Ulster seemed as remote as they ever had.

The avowed aim of the United Irishmen in 1798, the Fenians in 1867, the Volunteers in 1916, and Sinn Fein and its military wing, the IRA, in 1919, was to "drive the British out of Ireland," and restore the ancient status of four provinces and 32 counties united under one flag.

The vital force in most of this revolutionary activity was the Irish Republican Brotherhood. It was entirely responsible for the Easter Rising, having penetrated the committee of the unwitting Eoin MacNeill.

Michael Collins was a member of the IRB, and so was Padraic Pearse — Eamonn de Valera was not. IRB influence was instrumental in getting the 1921 treaty passed. Whether or not the IRB is now defunct is an open question.

During the 1950s and 1960s Republican politicians and most of the population in the south appeared to accept the inevitability of partition; Sinn Fein and the IRA did not.

However, during the Sixties the IRA began to acquire a flavor of Marxism, and in 1969 the Provisional Irish Republican Army split from the main body. The "Provos" accused the "Officials" of having gone soft and of looking only for a political victory rather than a military one; thus the "Provos" triggered the latest round of the "troubles", which now date back more than 800 years.

The Provos are not typical of present day terrorist groups, most of which have international support and strong transnational links. The IRA has never welcomed strangers or outsiders, and it rarely attracts the student revolutionaries found in most similar movements. Because it fights for an ancient and purely nationalistic cause it attracts a relatively high proportion of mature terrorists. It has never used such popular recent tactics as the hijacking of aircraft, and it sticks very much to its old ways.

The Provisional IRA and its predecessors were formed to fight an occupying army and it is generally accepted that the terrorist tactics of the old IRA were responsible for the establishment of the Republic of Ireland.

This claim is disputed by some Irishmen such as Connor Cruise O'Brien, who has said: "Basically our State owes its existence to the known and attested demand of the majority of its inhabitants for self-government and to the recognition, in Britain and the world, of the legitimacy of that demand. That demand was repeatedly expressed at the polls: it was also expressed by violent means."

The Provisional IRA wishes to create a "new" Ireland modelled upon a very old Ireland; to this dream, Connor Cruise O'Brien replies: "The achievement of that new Ireland would I think require two rather basic changes for the island of Ireland: a new geographical location and a new population. These may prove difficult either to negotiate or to extort by political force."

The Protestant Ulsterman has more down-to-earth objections to the Republicans' dream of a new united Ireland.

The population of the south is about three million, of which 95 percent are Catholics; the population of Northern Ireland is around one and a half million and Protestants outnumber Catholics two to one. A united Ireland, therefore, would be predominantly Catholic.

The Irish Constitution guarantees freedom to all sects and creeds but it acknowledges "the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the Faith professed by the majority of the citizens."

Catholicism in Ireland is a sterner variety than that found in Latin countries, and particularly in country areas, the Irish priest is still placed on a pedestal. The Republic is the only English-speaking country that is Roman Catholic, and within the world-wide Church it stands apart from other countries because of the burning zeal of the Irish people. A recent Italian

Pope is reputed to have said: "Isn't Irish Catholicism a terrifying thing!"

To the Ulster Protestant, Irish Catholicism is not only terrifying, it is completely unacceptable.

According to the historian Lecky, the Ulster Orange Order was formed in 1795 when Catholics attacked Protestants at a place called The Diamond.

The Orange Order was at first a league of mutual defence against Catholics; members swore to defend the King and his Heirs — "So long as he or they support Protestant Ascendancy."

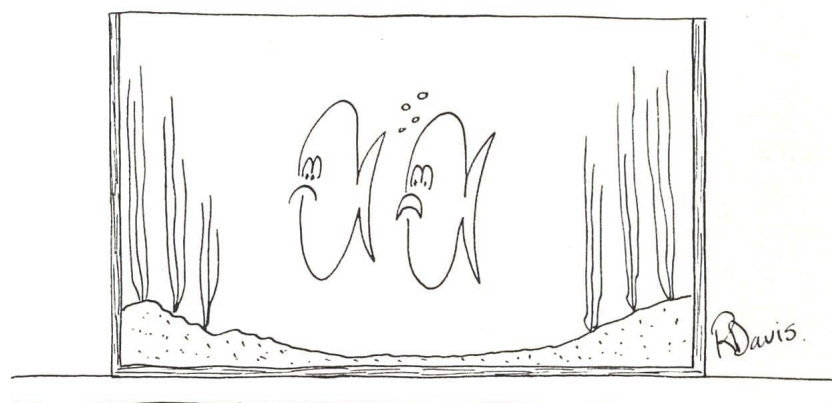
Each year, on July 12, the various lodges of the Orange Order carry banners painted with the portraits of their heroes and martyrs, as they commemorate the Battle of the Boyne, which in 1690 extended the domination of Ireland by Protestant England for two and a half centuries. The Orangeman takes his faith and his heritage seriously.

In Sandy Row, an Orange area of Belfast, a former proprietor of the Bluebell Public House refused to allow the Duke of Edinburgh to play the Orange drum there on the ground that he wasn't a member of the Orange Order, and that playing the drum was too serious a business to permit even the Duke to do so.

"Ye Protestant heroes of Ireland,

Give ear to the words I write down,

Continued on page 160



"Ever get the feeling you're only part of something bigger?"





It's been 25 years since Ron Clarke, then a fresh-faced 18-year-old, lit the Olympic flame as the Duke of Edinburgh declared open the 16th Olympiad of the modern era. More than 103,000 were at the Melbourne Cricket Ground that day and for the duration of those Games they were to bask in the glory of being Australian, for the host nation picked up 13 gold medals, a feat unmatched previously or since. Murray Rose, a vegetarian who

ate seaweed jelly, set world records in the 400 and 1500 metres freestyle. Betty Cuthbert won the 100 and 200 metres and 4x100 metres relay and for that she is still remembered as the "golden girl" of the games. Shirley Strickland, competing in her third Olympics, won the 80 metre hurdles and ran in the winning 4x100 metres relay team. Dawn Fraser took the first of her four gold medals, swimming the 100 metres in a world record time of 62 seconds, with

THE CHAMPIONS

Don't be fooled by the armchair sportsmen — we are still a nation of heroes

BY LAURIE SCHWAB

THE CHAMPIONS

Lorraine Crapp coming second and Faith Leech third.

There was much swagger among sports fans during the six o'clock swill. "See Ian Browne and Tony Marchant winning that gold in the tandem? Bloody hell, best cyclists in the world, mate. And what about Dave Thiele in the swimming? Left 'em for dead, the little ripper. John Landy wants to get his finger out, though. Christ, he coulda done better than third. What's he playing at?"

It was the main event of the Great Australian Sports Show. Herb Elliot, Jon Konrads, Mike Wenden, Shane Gould, Ralph Doubell, Johnny Famechon, Lionel Rose, John Newcombe and Evonne Cawley were to replace the 1956 heroes on the world stage but the demanding fans became more and more dissatisfied with the gaps between the glory years. The '56 spectacular was being replaced by fragmented matinees as the rest of the world found ways to match the rugged determination of the Australian athlete.

English sports commentator Ian Wooldridge, perceptive and articulate but characteristically flippant, writes: "For decades sport was Australia's window-front until suddenly, in the early Seventies, the blinds came down. You can almost pinpoint the decline to the second week in July, 1971, when John Newcombe and Evonne Goolagong took their respective singles titles at Wimbledon. Australia hasn't done that since and in other sporting paddocks, humiliation was piled upon disaster... It would seem that Bradman's obsession, Elliott's determination and Laver's sole concern with winning have been replaced by a broader understanding that life is not necessarily bounded by the chalk lines of a tennis court or the white pickets of a cricket ground."

Such is the fickle nature of the Australian sports glutton that he would agree with Wooldridge. These watchers who live by television sets in the suburbs require a diet of champions they can chew up and spit out. Not being connoisseurs, they know only that their meals aren't big enough anymore.

How sad. How untrue.

It is the start of the Japanese winter. The weather is ideal for the running of the Fukuoka marathon, the unofficial world championship for the long-distance elite — slightly overcast, cool, perhaps a little windy, but that doesn't worry Australia's Robert de Castella as he lines up with 117 runners from all over the world in a crowded stadium. More than 200,000 Japanese fans are out there, lining the 42.195 km out-and-back course.

De Castella, 25, finished sixth in the Fukuoka the previous year but hard training and sensational victories in Europe

Aussie winners — just a few of the achievers raking in world honors

Sue Cook: World records in walking events over 1500m (6:19), 3000m (13:20), one mile (6:47.1), 10km (46:48), 15km (1:13.59), 20km (1:41.41) and 25km (2:12.38).



Chris Alp... two world records

Chris Alp: Holds world records for paraplegics and quadriplegics in 400m (1:8.2) and 800m (2:26.6).

Robert De Castella: Won the 1981 Fukuoka marathon in Japan — the unofficial world championship of marathon running. Other 1981 victories included the Marathon of History and Peace in Rome (a 12km road race around Brescia in Italy), the 10,000m national road race title in New York, a 15km race at White Plains, New York, and the City to Surf race in Sydney.

and the US have made him a much better runner. He feels he can win this one if he runs it right and if he can survive the fast finish of Japan's Takashi Itoh. His plan is to sit back and relax and take the lead just after half-way. The early pace is faster than he's expected but he stays in the leading pack of 10 or 11 runners. Garry Bjorklund of the US gets a break of 70 metres at the 25km mark but working in unison, the rest of the group catches him and de Castella takes over with 12km to go. Then he surges, leaving behind all but Itoh and Shigeru Soh. His body aches now and his nerves are assailed by the crackling paper flags waved by fans along the road, rustling like leaves in a storm. Running under a bridge, with the noise cut off momentarily, he thinks: "Thank heavens for a bit of peace and quiet."

Shigeru Soh can't maintain the pace and leaves de Castella and Itoh to battle

Heather McKay: Held British Open squash title for record 16 years before relinquishing it by choice. Won every Victorian title from 1960-72 and all but one NSW title over the same period. Won 14 Australian titles and also the world championship. Now No 1 women's racketball player in the US.

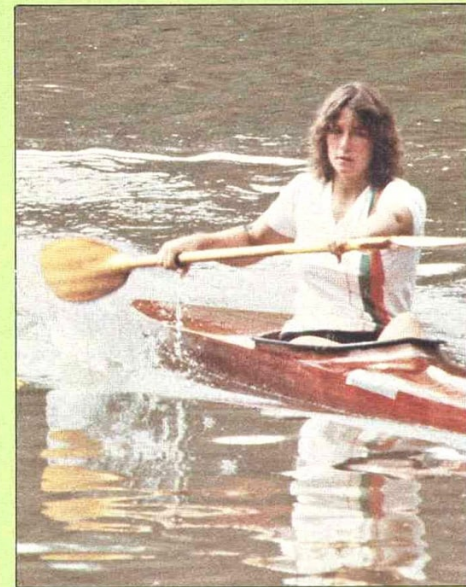
Geoff Hunt: Has won a record eight British Open squash titles. Won the World Open four times but lost that title in late 1981.

Tracey Wickham: Holds swimming world records for 800m (8:24.62) and 400m (4:06.28).

Gary Moore: Top jockey in Hong Kong and rode Gold River to victory in the 1981 Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest race, worth \$300,000.

Liz Blencowe: Australian white water and flat water canoeing champion, beat world champion Kathy Hearn of the US in 1981 Australian championships.

Liz Blencowe... canoeing champion



out the finish. Itoh's reputation for speed on the track in the stadium plays on de Castella's mind. He knows he can lose in the last few strides. Then a rise appears before them on the road. De Castella trains on the hills at Melbourne's Ferntree Gully and in the Dandenongs. He's beaten the great Bill Rodgers of the US because of his strength on hills and so his confidence swells. He surges again and Itoh drops back. De Castella finds himself 200 metres clear and works hard on maintaining the gap. It's enough of a break to nullify Itoh's finishing burst inside the stadium. The crowd must be disappointed that the Japanese have been vanquished but they stand and cheer as de Castella, the tall, moustachioed Australian crosses the line in 2:8.18, the world's second fastest marathon time, but the fastest ever on an out-and-back course. A sea of journalists engulfs him. They put him on a table, firing



Barry Micheal... world title bout

Barry Michael: Australian and Commonwealth lightweight champion, has lost only six of 47 fights and now negotiating for a world title bout.

Geoff Brabham: Has won Australian Formula Two championship, US Super Vee series and the Can-Am series, and is now on the verge of breaking into Formula One racing.

Alan Jones: Won world Formula One championship in 1980 and Australian Grand Prix the same year. Currently out of international racing but still intends to compete within Australia.

Iain Murray: Skipped *Color 7* to six consecutive world 18-foot skiff titles, and has never been beaten since entering that class.

Vicki Hoffman: Won 17 of the 23 major international squash titles of 1981, including the British Open, and topped it by being voted Australian Sports-woman of the Year.

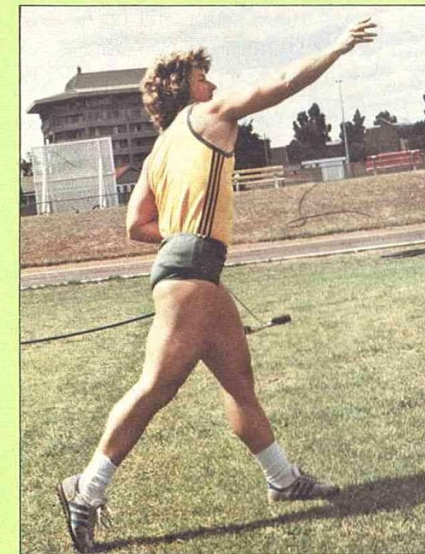
questions at him, with two interpreters trying valiantly to catch up. Back to the hotel for a dinner and reception, celebrations until the early hours, television appearances the following day. It all goes with being the best in the world.

"Hurrah for Barry Micheal, he's a fighting son of a gun." It's Barry Micheal's own song — rousing and inspirational — greeting the blond boxer of the film-star face as he bounds into the ring, beaming, to defend his Commonwealth lightweight title against Fiji's Willie Tarika at Melbourne's Dallas Brooks Hall, on his way to a crack at the world crown. His victories over American Al "Earthquake" Carter and Scotland's Dave McCabe, who went down five times before succumbing, have made Micheal the focal point of new hope for boxing glory in Australia. The presence of Johnny Famechon and the announce-

David Graham: Won the 1981 US Open, the latest of many titles on the international golf circuit, which has earned him about \$2 million in prizemoney and many more millions in endorsements and guarantees.

Bev Francis: Holds seven world records in power lifting — four in the 75kg body weight class (squat: 212.5kg; dead lift: 200kg; total over three events: 550kg; bench press: 140kg) and three in the 82.5kg body weight class (squat: 215kg; bench press: 150kg; and total: 575kg). Also rates second in the Commonwealth in shot put with a best throw of 17.64m.

Bev Francis... seven world records



Mark Richards: The only surfer ever to win three world titles, he was the 1979-80-81 champ in a sport dominated by Australians. Has decided to relinquish the title in 1982 by failing to compete in the required number of events for the title.

ment that former bantam and feather champ Ally Bennett has died this day at 55 are reminders of past glory. The enthusiastic crowd confirms that Micheal is seen as the new Messiah.

He's introduced as "The Methodical Master of Human Slaughter." He looks compact, tight as steel; Tarika is rubbery, loose. While slapping each other around a bit, Micheal and Tarika are upstaged by shapely television star Judy Green, who flashes not only the round numbers but also a deep cleavage as she clambers under the ropes. The third round, however, opens with Micheal using both gloves like hatchets. Tarika is ducking his head, looking for an opening to hit Micheal's suspect left eyebrow, until finally he finds what he's looking for, prompting his trainer Bernie Hall to yell: "Lovely, Willie, the eye's starting to go now."

But Micheal protects that eye in the

fourth and keeps boring in. His style is toe-to-toe, punishing the body, landing short, jarring blows from the shoulder. By the seventh Tarika is confused. He's hitting the wrong eye most of the time and Micheal's strength is wearing Tarika down. A hard left sends Tarika reeling sideways into a corner. Micheal's pounding away there, but Tarika draws something out of his battered soul to fight out of trouble momentarily. Micheal bears down again, landing six machine-gun rights to the head and Tarika is saved by the bell. The killer is loose.

Tarika runs away for most of the eighth but Micheal catches him in the ninth. Two hard rights make the Fijian stagger and Micheal pours on a hail of two-fisted punishment. Miraculously, Tarika survives 15 successive punches on the ropes as the crowd yells: "Stop it, stop it." Micheal punches Tarika from one side of the ring to the other. Tarika should be dead but he's still standing. A looping left and a right to that groggy head sends Tarika back on to the ropes at the start of the tenth. He's staggering around in circles now and finally he drops to his knees for a count. He recovers long enough to chop a sickening thud to the point of the chin, which finishes him.

Micheal jumps for joy, both feet in the air. When he calms down he tells the crowd: "We'll get a world title fight in Melbourne, no worries. I'll give it 150 percent and I reckon I've got a good chance of taking the title." Bernie Hall, Tarika's trainer, says of Micheal: "He's very rugged, all man. He's got a good chance. He can take them all."

Chris Alp is training for a five-day 400km canoe marathon on the Murray River from Yarrowonga to Swan Hill. It's a wonder he still has the energy, for a few weeks earlier he had won 10 gold medals and broken two world records in a national track and field championship in Melbourne. He and friend Eric Huble also won the Big M Marathon from Frankston to Melbourne by an incredible 10 minutes, crossing the finishing line in their wheelchairs, holding hands.

Chris Alp, 26, is a paraplegic.

It was in the 12th national paraplegic and quadraplegic games that he set world records of 1:8.2 for the 400 metres and 2:26.6 for the 800 metres.

No, Australian sport is not dead. We still have international champions — more than the public realises. And they are champions despite inadequate government and commercial support for sport. They have to make do without the level of public recognition lavished on the heroes of 1956 and many have been driven overseas to make their mark.

Sport has no greater champion in Australia than Bev Francis, holder of seven world records in women's power lifting.

THE CHAMPIONS

"We still have great sportsmen and sportswomen but the rest of the world has caught up through various support schemes while Australians have to do it on raw talent and on a shoestring. Australian champions are exceptional people who get up there on ability and love of the sport. We are being left at the starting blocks by other countries."

"I'd like to see a better attitude to physical effort, and that has to start in the schools," says Francis, who is a physical education teacher at Swinburn Technical School in Melbourne. "East Germany does not have a much bigger population than Australia but it is so superior in every sport that it tackles because sport and physical effort are considered an integral part of life there, and everyone is brought up to admire a good sportsman and appreciate his effort towards attaining good health. Certainly they are brought up differently to the lazy Australian."

Francis advocates a higher level of government support for elite athletes to enable them to train and compete overseas without financial hardship. "I can pick out potential champions at school. I see their strength and speed and talent but so many won't go on because they can see no future in it, and so we lose them to football or some other big-money sport," she says.

"And there must be greater recognition of sports other than football, or tennis, or cricket. Some of us who did well internationally actually had to ring the newspapers to tell them we had broken this or that record, just to get two paragraphs in print. In publicising football, the media purports to be writing about what interests the public but on the other hand, the public is influenced by what the papers choose to publicise. Athletics is a well-respected sport, but crowds are pathetic here."

"In Germany, on the other hand, the public and the media support athletics and the crowds understand the finer points. They know if you're running fast or slow. All they know here is winning and winners, not performances. At the last Olympics, our athletes were rubbish but if you look at their performances, their times and distances, you'll see they all were better than those of 1956."

Administration also must be improved, she says. "If we get big people involved in administration, the sport will get big. With small people at the helm, the sport will shrink. At inter-club meets on Saturdays, the officials often are rude, they talk in the middle of your throw (Francis also competes at shot put), some are plain incompetent or interested only in afternoon tea, and many are officious. They don't realise you're there not for an afternoon of fun but to try for a world-class performance."

While the best of the amateurs struggle

to overcome their disadvantages, Australians in professional sport are raking in the dollars. Evonne Cawley, for example, has started a determined comeback and Craig Johnston, who learned his soccer as a kid in Newcastle, NSW is establishing himself as a top-liner with English super-club Liverpool, which bought him for a million dollars from Middlesbrough. Jockey Gary Moore, who served his apprenticeship with leading French trainer Alec Head and later with Tony Hill in Sydney, is teaming with his father George as the leading jockey-trainer combination in Hong Kong. Such is Gary Moore's prowess at horsemanship that he won the 1981 Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest and roughest race, worth \$300,000, on Gold River at 53-1 after arriving in Paris from Hong Kong at 5.20am that day.

Alan Jones still is bitter that no Australian company sponsored him during his early days in motor racing. He experi-

We have a lot of talented athletes who are fed up with having to pay to compete overseas

enced at first hand what Bev Francis enunciates so clearly: "People here think that if you're an Australian you can't be good; if you're from overseas you must be good." So Jones went to Europe and it was there that he won the 1980 world championship, earning a reputed \$2 million in the process. Now he's into property development, a car dealership and his 720 ha cattle and sheep farm near Yea in Victoria. He's been resisting multi-million-dollar offers to return to the international circuit and at the time of writing he still preferred the Australian lifestyle down on the farm. The stubborn streak that made him a champion against all odds is precised in one quote from his bombastic book *Driving Ambition*: "I have no pity for people who screw themselves up or drag others down with them."

David Graham is just as hard-headed but more gentle in his choice of words. "When I play anywhere, especially when I play for a big appearance fee, I am motivated by pride," he says.

"I play my share of bad golf like everyone else but I hate doing it. The disgust when I play badly is much stronger

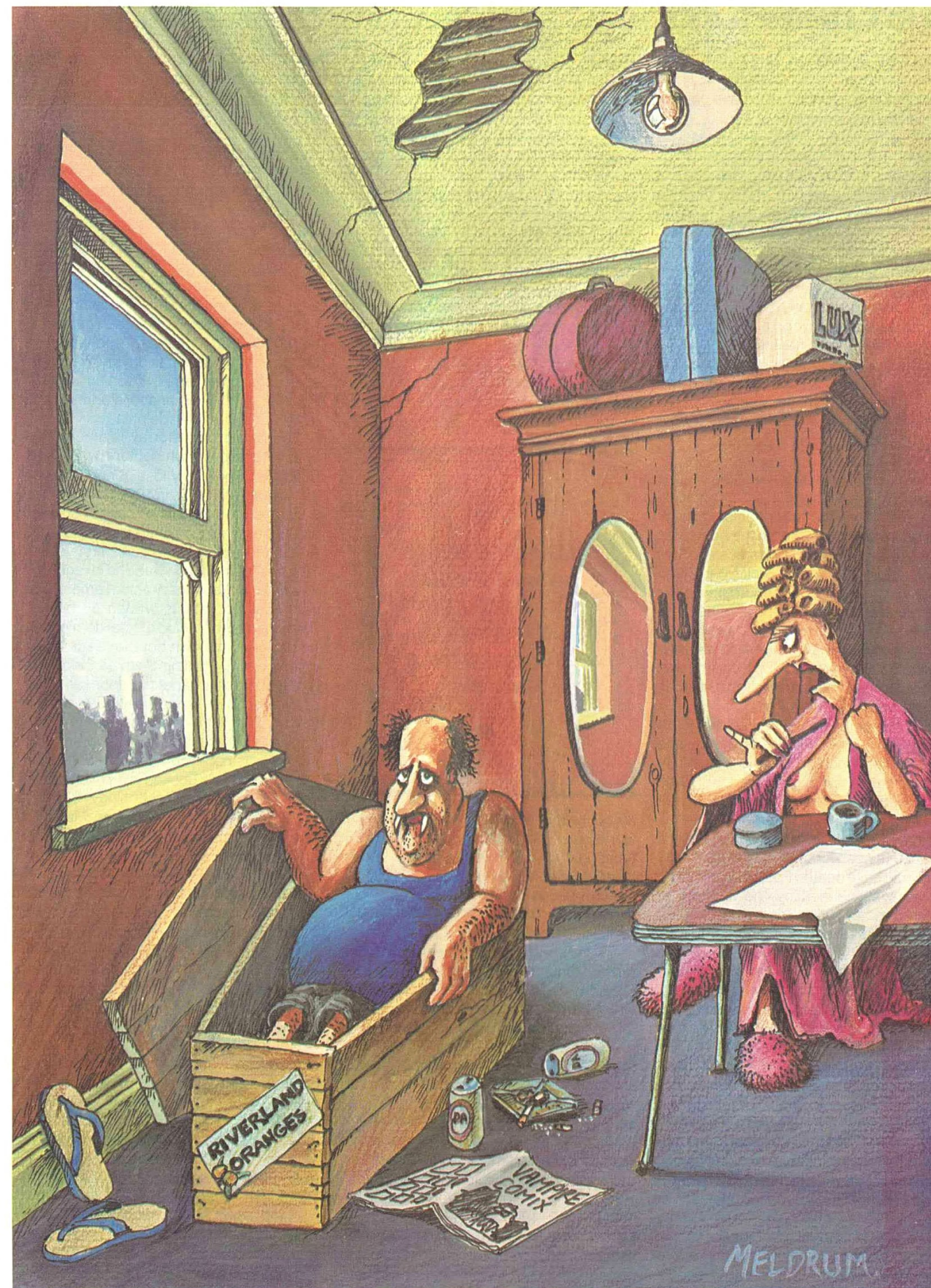
to me than the elation of winning." When Graham won the 1981 US Open, watched by 23 million Americans on TV, his endorsements alone were worth \$1 million. His riches have enabled him to buy a holiday retreat at Steamboat Springs in Colorado, a \$450,000 house at Delray Beach, Florida, and a golf course complex near Houston, Texas, for \$6 million in partnership with fellow Australian golfer Bruce Devlin. He's also bought into the oil business of friend and golf buddy Bill Saxon in Dallas.

Australia's best golfer since Peter Thompson (who won the British Open five times), Graham beat a relentless path to the pinnacle of his sport with the single-mindedness so characteristic of our champions. He quit school at 14, the parents broke up, the father cut ties with the son for many years. But young David kept swinging that club with a vengeance, winning the Tasmanian and Victorian Opens in 1969, the Thai and French Opens and the World Cup with Bruce Devlin in 1970, and earning his card for the US circuit in 1971. Five years later, after changing his address position, his stance, his grip and his backswing to lift his standard of play, David Graham won the World Match Play Championship and then the US PGA Championship. Now, having crowned his achievements with the US Open Title, he aims higher still — the US Masters!

It promises to be a big year for Australia in amateur as well as professional sport. It is time to start planning for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, and what better preparation than the Commonwealth Games in Brisbane in October? Robert de Castella will compete in those games, as will Tracey Wickham, while Sue Cook, Liz Blencowe, Barry Micheal, Bev Francis, Heather McKay, Geoff Hunt, Geoff Brabham, Vickie Hoffman and Chris Alp have plans of their own.

Sue Cook, 23, holds seven world records for women's walking events — the 1500 metres, 3000 metres and one mile track records and the 10, 15, 20 and 25 km road records. Now the part-time Medibank employee, who trains at the Institute of Sport in Canberra, is preparing for the world walking championships in Norway in August. Before that she'll compete also in the English and Swedish national titles. Unfortunately the Commonwealth and Olympic games have no walking events for women but with a women's marathon being introduced for the first time in 1984, Sue Cook hopes the walking events will follow. "It would help if we had the support of our fellow countrymen," she says.

Liz Blencowe pedals her bike from home to the Yarra River at Ivanhoe morning and night to paddle her canoe. She studies child care and once lived on a tertiary allowance of \$34 a week, but eventually got a \$5000 grant from the Victoria



"When the hell are you going to get a castle like everyone else!"

THE CHAMPIONS

Sports Aid Foundation. She's one of our lucky amateurs. Still, her canoeing is expensive for her parents, who have paid for her three trips to Europe so far.

The perseverance is reaping dividends though. In the Australian championships at Nymboida, NSW, last year, Blencowe (a painfully shy 20-year-old) beat the reigning world champion, Kathy Hearn of the US, in both the white water (rapids) and slalom events. She aims for the 1982 Commonwealth flatwater championship in Scotland and the world championship in Yugoslavia on her way to the Olympics.

"We have a lot of very talented athletes who get fed up with having to pay out so much money to enable them to train and to compete overseas," she says in one of her more talkative moments. "John Sumegi was our top canoeist but he dropped out after the last Olympics because of the financial pressure."

If ever there was a victim of the ills that bedevil Australian sport it is Tracey Wickham, our only world record-holding swimmer. At 13, Wickham was in the Australian team for the Montreal Olympics and two years later, in 1978, she broke the 400m, 800m and 1500m world records; won the 400m and 800m gold medals at the commonwealth Games in Edmonton and at the world championships in West Berlin; was voted ABC Sportsman of the Year and was named in the American Helms award as the top athlete in Australia.

But the glory was replaced by heart-break, fear and humiliation after she joined the Moscow Olympic boycott in 1980. Electing not to go to the USSR, she said Moscow gold was only nine carat, not 18. The public was unhappy with that, because Michelle Ford won gold there and to make things worse Wickham said later she could have beaten Ford. In April, 1981, she was suspended by the Institute of Sport from her swimming scholarship for going on a weekend camping trip to Tasmania with her boyfriend against the coach's wishes, and three months later controversy surrounded her withdrawal from the Queensland State team which was to compete in the US. Officials said she had attended only one of 11 training sessions. There was also the threat to her amateur status over her appearance in a newspaper advertisement for margarine, an ad for which she received not a penny.

"I feel like packing up my bags and getting out of swimming forever," she said at the time. "What's the point of being a world champion in Australia? Just look at the difference between me and Tracey Austin. While she is a millionairess I'm lucky to have \$5 in my purse and we're both 18." She was quoted: "All people want to know is the bad stuff about me. . . I don't think people like me anymore. . ."

She doesn't talk to journalists now. Her

father, Roger Wickham, in a letter to *The Australian* wrote: "Time and again that poor unsuspecting little girl has been reduced to tears as Australia's journalistic elite have distorted and twisted and edited her answers to their loaded questions, so that the only thing the truth and the reports had in common was the English language. Imagine at 17 years of age not being able to see through their plausible guile. How could a girl get to her age and still be so unsophisticated and trusting of human nature? She will probably pass the same qualities on to her children. How sad. See the pitiful spectacle we present to an unbelieving world, Australia. See how in one fell media swoop, we degrade one of our finest champions and representatives of this decade and make her look like a sour-grapes loser. How unsightly." But Tracey Wickham has grit. She came back after a 14-month layoff to win three gold medals in the Australian winter champion-

“
My mother always
knows if I've been
winning. She hears
nothing about it,
says Heather
McKay
”

ships in Brisbane last August, and her world 800m (8:24.62) and 400m (4:06.28) times still stand after two years. "She'll break the world record again," says her coach Laurie Lawrence. "The 1500 metres will be easiest for her, then the 800 metres."

For Bev Francis, 1982 means the world power lifting championships in England in May and the Commonwealth Games, in which she will compete in the shot put.

For Geoff Brabham it is the year in which he hopes to break through into Formula One racing in Europe and the US. Like Alan Jones, 28-year-old Brabham had to go overseas. He won the Super Vee series in the US in 1979 and the Can Am series of 11 races in 1981, but you're not really into the big time until you're into Formula One like his dad Jack was. Jack Brabham, who won the world championship in 1959, 1960 and 1966, speaking in his offices at Brabham Aviation in Sydney, says: "Geoff's quiet but very capable and very determined. I didn't direct him into racing, he did that off his own bat; but I helped him after he'd made up his mind."

About his son's ability as a driver, Jack

Brabham thinks carefully, then says: "To get into Formula One you need sponsorship usually — about \$100,000 or they won't look at you. On the other hand, Alan Jones got in without real sponsorship — only on merit, so maybe Geoff could do the same. He did a test for the Brabham team at the Paul Ricard circuit in France and he was the quickest of the five tested, so I can't see why he can't realise his ambition of getting into Formula One. I think he even could win the world championship, and that's the ultimate of course." Sponsorship remains a difficult thing to attract for any Australian driver, even though Geoff Brabham now lives in the US. "Australia's a bit remote," says Jack Brabham, "and so the sponsor companies can't get the required rub-off." But Geoff Brabham is on his way. He already has driven championship cars three times, finishing sixth at Phoenix, fifth at Indianapolis and second at Mt Pocono in Philadelphia.

Yachtsman Iain Murray is among that special group of competitors who make headlines when they lose. Since entering the 18-foot skiff class in 1977 he has made a clean sweep against all opposition, with six successive world championships to his credit. Murray's victory in his first year of 18-footer competition was and is regarded as a most extraordinary achievement, one with "champ" status written all over it. Throughout that period of total dominance he designed his own boat for each world championship, calling them all *Color 7* in recognition of a generous sponsor. Over six years *Color 7* has developed from a timber to a high modulus construction originating in the US space program, and utilising a honeycombed carbon fibre material which is cooked in an oven at 250 degrees. Advanced technology is an integral aspect of the sport and Murray's awareness of it has been vital. Yet he has not reigned by virtue of technology alone; several competitors have used the same materials and construction method in recent years, but none has been able to approach Murray's crew for reliability.

Car racing, swimming, athletics, boxing and yachting all have had Australian champions, but the sports we have dominated most completely over the past decade are squash and surfing.

Heather McKay, the sports phenomenon from Queanbeyan, won the British Open in 1962 and held it for a record 16 years before relinquishing it through choice. Then Sue King and Barbara Wall won it, extending Australia's domination to 18 years, and now it's held by Vickie Hoffman, 26, of Adelaide, winner of 17 of the 23 squash titles of 1981.

Geoff Hunt won his record eighth British Open last year and after winning four world championships, he lost that title to wonder boy Jahangir Khan, 17, as the year drew to a close. But Hunt had beaten Khan in the British Open and he believes he can beat him again. By no means has

the crown slipped out of Hunt's reach.

Heather McKay largely has forsaken squash for racketball, the North American version played with a shorter racket, a bouncier ball and off the roof as well as the walls. McKay lives in Canada now. Whereas she won \$4000-\$5000 from squash in a good year, her racketball earnings in 1980 alone were \$60,000. That was the year she won the Canadian Open and the US National at the age of 39. The US magazine *Sports Illustrated* describes her as "one of the extraordinary athletes of our time." About her style, the magazine says: "Standing near midcourt — pigeon-toed and bowlegged, swaggering a little — she directs traffic. A shot to one side. A shot to the other. A crosscourt. A multi-wall shot. Scrambling wildly, the opponent is pressed merely to keep the ball in play. Eventually McKay takes the rally with a quick shot to an opening." Racketball has given her a big promotions contract with Dynamics, a sports and health equipment company, as well as new endorsements for shoes, clothes and other goods. She had little of that while she ruled the squash world from Australia even though her reign was total, unrelenting. From 1960 to 1972 she won every Victorian title and all but one NSW title, 14 Australian titles, 14 British Opens and also the world championship. "My mother always knows if I've been winning. She hears nothing about it," McKay once said.

Australia has consistently produced surfing legends since Midget Farrelly won the first world title back in 1964. Nat Young, Peter Townend, Ian Cairns and many others have kept us at the forefront, always dominant. Now there are five Australians in the world's top eight, based on overall pointscoring on the international circuit. Mark Richards from Newcastle has held the number one spot for the past three years; he is generally regarded as the best surfboard rider of all time. Cheyne Horan, young and fit and firmly entrenched at number two, will lead the assault on the title when Richards deliberately vacates it this year. Derek Hynde (fifth) was blind in one eye for the duration of the 1981 circuit; Jim Banks (16th) continued to compete after a Banzai Pipeline wipeout had left him with 150 stitches to the forehead. Our surfers have never lacked that vital attribute — unadorned guts.

Nothing inspires as much as glowing example. So it is in sport. Champions develop more readily when they are part of a line of succession.

And so we return to Barry Micheal and Robert de Castella.

"I got my inspiration from Rose, Famechon and Ali," said Micheal at a Melbourne suburban pizza parlor after retaining his Commonwealth crown. "Rose was the greatest Australian fighter I've seen and if I won the world title I could do

for boxing what Rose and Famechon did. With unemployment getting worse all the time, I could give these kids an outlet by making boxing a glamor sport again. It would give them an aim, like it does in the States. It's a greater spectator sport and for the unemployed kids it's a great way to get into the big money."

De Castella carries on the tradition of John Landy, Herb Elliott, Ron Clarke and Derek Clayton, all of whom inspired thousands at least to run, if not break world records. "Aiming for success probably is the main reason why people do anything," he said at the Canberra Institute of Technology, where he is responsible for testing the fitness levels of the resident athletes.

"It takes only one or two to provide the inspiration internationally, and I like to think I'm one of the first to make the transition from being able to compete internationally to dominating internationally. Through government help and commercial help, we have to increase the standard of the elite to give inspiration to the masses. Everyone wants to be a champion and compete against champions and running is ideal for that. It's so easy to be a part of. More champions are already in the making. There's Queensland's Gerard Barrett for example. He's now being handled by Chris Wardlaw and all he needs is a couple of chances to get into good races against top-class opponents,

and a period free of injuries. Peter Bourke and John Sheehan are potential champions over 1500 metres, and Steve Foley over longer distances."

De Castella's brother Nicholas, 21, who won Victoria's 1981 Rip to River run from Pt Lonsdale to Barwon Heads, has the potential to be as good as Robert, and the other brother Anthony, 16, also is a good runner. Robert's wife Gaylene Clews represents Australia in distance running and his father Rolet has run eight marathons since suffering two coronaries a few years ago.

In March, de Castella will tackle the world cross-country championship. In October he'll run in the Commonwealth Games marathon in Brisbane and over the next two years he should win the first world marathon championship in Helsinki and the Olympic marathon in Los Angeles.

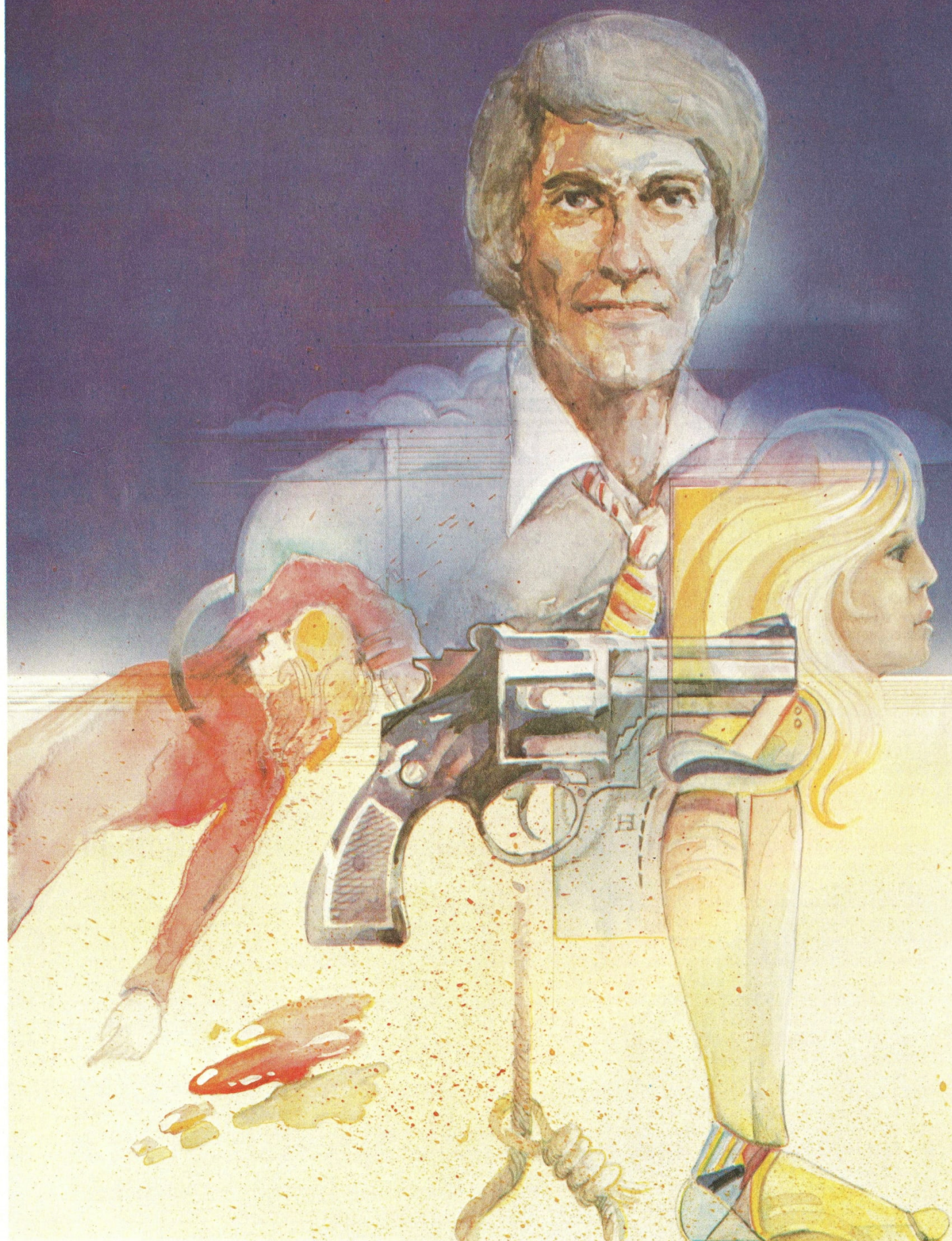
Barry Micheal, beaten only six times in 47 professional fights and never knocked off his feet, wants a world title bout at an open air venue by mid-year. He says it will take \$400,000, but with Tony Barber and media genius Phillip Adams backing him, the money shouldn't be a problem.

When he beat Dave McCabe of Scotland at Dallas Brooks Hall Micheal saluted the crowd with: "This one's for Australia".

At the pizza parlor he added: "We'll be at the bottom of the world forever if we don't get in and have a go. I can see the breakthrough coming." 



"Hey, they don't taste bad, and it sure beats sending them to college."



The bad habits of a
schoolgirl put Hackett on the hop again

THE FIXERS

BY GEORGE BEARE

Merriweather sat back and hoisted her legs up, crossing her ankles on the desk. I could see all the way up to tomorrow's laundry. We weren't intimate, but now and again she gave me a flash like that in lieu of a Christmas bonus.

"You're going to Melbourne, Hackett," she said, and dumped a monochrome portrait photograph in front of me. "This very arvo."

"Terrific," I said, and distracted my gaze long enough to get a glimpse of the print. A kid, another one, had presumably shot through and Mummy and Daddy wanted her back. I'd had an appointment with a racing cert at Rosehill that very arvo.

"She's Izzy Boyle's daughter," Merriweather said. "Barbara, aka Babs."

Well, one supposed, that made a difference. Izzy "The Man" Boyle had hanged himself in the blue-tinted, mirror-tiled bathroom of his Rose Bay unit about three weeks ago. It had not

Illustration by Bernd Heinrich

THE FIXERS

as yet been satisfactorily explained why a rich and successful heroin pusher should want to go and hang himself.

Returning my gaze to tomorrow's laundry, I inquired: "Who wants to find her?"

"Mr Ward Ruby QC."

"The mouthpiece? We're taking commissions from the Mob now?"

"He's Izzy's executor. Babs has something to come from the estate."

"Jeez, Merriweather, I wish you'd cover up your fanny."

"You don't have to look, you perv."

"Why Melbourne?" I lit a cigarette.

"She was at school there. Did a bunk two months ago, vanished. Ruby's advertised all over that she should contact him to learn something to her advantage. Not a peep. He therefore felt that the estate would be justified in retaining the services of a firm of respectable private investigators. In consideration of one grand, I have accepted this commission."

Respectable? The HQ of Merriweather Ltd was above an ethnic takeaway in Sydney's Surry Hills. Even here in the chairperson's office you copped the exotic aromas of today's kebabs frying in last week's grease. Nevertheless, one supposed, from where Ruby sat at the right hand of the Godfather, we probably did carry a whiff of honest sweat about us.

"So I go to Melbourne."

"Your flight is off in 45 minutes."

I blasphemed. She smiled. I picked up the pic of Babs Boyle and hobbled on out.

I've been hobbling ever since an anti-personnel device amputated my left leg below the knee up in Nam a few years ago. This, I suspected, had something to do with why Merriweather employed me — pity. That plus the fact that the job sometimes entailed some elbow and knuckle. She'd started out as a journalist but got fired because of her politics. She was an unrepentant fascist. So she went into this business, more in line with the spirit of her convictions. I too had been a journo once. We got together. We made a living.

I flew down to Melbourne and the next morning invaded the rarified airs of Toorak. Nosing around the convent I turned up a kid who had been Babs Boyle's best friend. Her name was Julie. Back in the winter Babs met somebody called Tony in a disco. They had subsequently seen a good deal of each other and Julie had formed the opinion Babs had fallen hard for this character. After about three weeks she had pushed off with him and not returned. Julie had a Polaroid of Babs standing beside Tony's car. You could read the rego.

In my portentous, avuncular tone, and mainly because it's a standard question in these missing kid cases, I inquired: "Was Babs into dope?"

"No way," Julie said. "She wouldn't

touch it, wouldn't even take a drag on a joint."

A hire-car agency informed me the vehicle in Julie's Polaroid, at the time the picture was taken, had been rented to one Antonio Bracci, NSW licence and an address in Bondi. Obviously phony, but not phony enough to sidetrack a hobbling old wombat like Hackett.

I had to put in another night within whiff of the Yarra because I had an appointment next day with the mother superior. She told me Babs Boyle left school without permission on August 26. A day later the mother superior phoned Izzy in Sydney. He told her to forget it, the kid was most likely on her way home. Although she'd never done a bunk before. The convent had subsequently received a cheque from Izzy in full payment of fees owing. The mother superior had thus assumed Babs had arrived home safely.

Back home that afternoon I sauntered

I had taken
a dislike to Antonio.
I got him belly
down and dunked his
head for a while
in a rock pool

down to the Cross. Izzy "The Man" had an ex, Maria Procter, who had reverted to what she'd been before Izzy took her on. She was soliciting custom from a doorway beside the Bouncing Beaver on Darlinghurst Road. In consideration of \$20 she let me buy her a drink in the pub across the street. She wanted, for Christ's sake, creme de menthe frappe. I took a schooner of the amber to quell the memory of that Melbourne stuff.

"You ever meet Babs?" I asked her.

"Once." Sucking the drink her lips were curled around a candy-striped straw like a couple of copulating caterpillars. And of course she was in her working gear, a wide gauge mesh outfit with just Maria underneath. "I met her once, just before Izzy . . . copped out."

"How come?"

"She'd run away from school. He had her in some posh school in Melbourne to insulate her from the company he kept here. The likes of me." She quit sucking on the straw to suck on a cigarette. "She had a habit that would have stopped a country bus."

"Heroin?" Inadvertently I said it too

loud. I looked around, then said it again, quieter. "She was on smack?"

"Tracks up both arms. I don't know how much she was shooting, but I reckon it would have been rushing her three to four thousand a week."

I swallowed some beer. "What did Izzy do?"

"Went barmy. Gave me some brass and told me to shoot through. I came back a week later and he'd been hanging in the bathroom a couple of days."

"Listen, Maria." I did my portentous bit again. "I'm retained by a lawyer handling Izzy's estate. Babs has an inheritance to come. There might be something in it for you too."

"From Izzy?" She looked at me as if I might need my bumps read.

Gently, I shrugged.

"Bullshit," Maria said.

"Bullshit?"

"Izzy didn't have a rahzoo to his name. Hackett."

"Why do you say that?"

Now she shrugged, moving her big pointy blebs the other side of the mesh, as if they were underwater. "Because I lived with the bastard for two years, mate. He blew every buck he ever scored on bookies."

"What about the unit he lived in? And he ran a Porsche, no?"

"He didn't own either of them."

"Who did?"

But her cup had been drained. "You've had twenty's worth."

I shelled out another twenty, and another frappe. "Who?"

"Ward Ruby."

At that point a suspicion was born, in my kidneys, that Merriweather Ltd might be on a sucker run.

I said: "When you came home and found Izzy — er — swinging, as it were, where was Babs?"

Again the shrug, and the bob of the knockers. "Her gear was gone. She'd moved out."

"One more. When was it she showed up at the unit?"

"It was the Saturday" — she could say this with conviction — "of the Manly-Easts game. We were going, but she lobbed."

Having swallowed her second frappe, she slid off the bar-stool. "You be careful, Hackett," she said softly.

"Why's that?"

"Folk that buggerise around with Ward Ruby tend to end up like Izzy did."

She patted me on the jaw, and departed.

That plastic leg was worth its weight in Lamborghinis — even whores worried about me.

Over another beer I did some arithmetic. Babs left school August 26 and lobbed at Izzy's place the day Manly played Easts, September 17th. She had left school — well, the impression I had got from the kids and the nun down there



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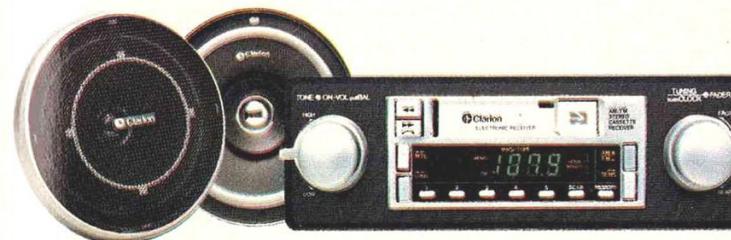
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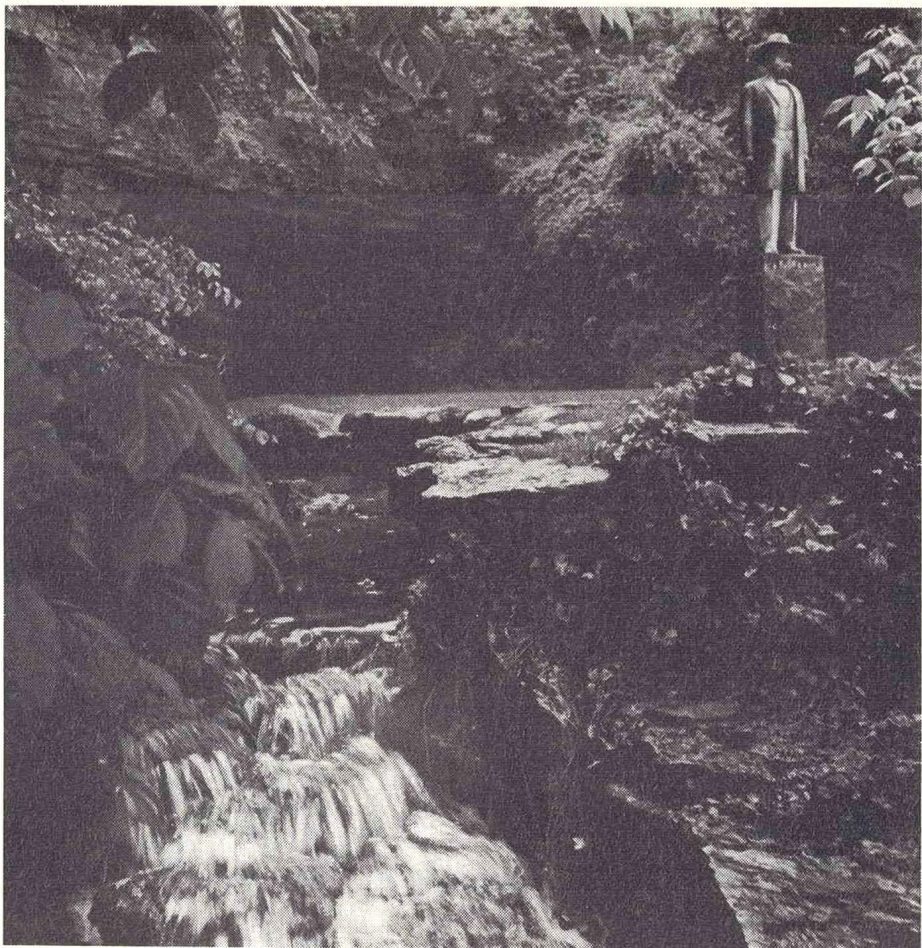
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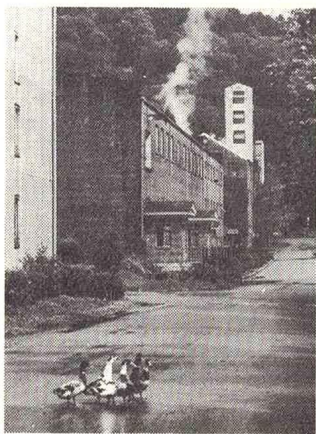


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THE FIXERS

was of an average screwball healthy teehager full of the delights of growing out of girlhood into — what? If Maria Procter was to be believed, Babs would never know. For three weeks she'd been tootling around somewhere with one Antonio Bracci, during which period she'd got a monkey on her back the size of Godzilla.

Further, according to Maria, Izzy "The Man" died broke as a dog, whereas Ruby was contending he'd left a bundle. And Ruby owned the flat Izzy had lived and died in, and the car he had driven. Curious. I took a cab down to Bondi and checked out Antonio Bracci's alleged address. A dead end: they'd never heard of him. Nevertheless it would not be a difficult connection to make, assuming Bondi was Antonio's theatre of operations. Expensive, perhaps, but not difficult.

I had a feeling in my viscera about Antonio. I cruised the beach hitting places like discos and pizza joints where the kids assemble by night. And the pushers. I talked with some of them, about Antonio, the guy who'd been down in Melbourne a while back, and spread some of Ruby's advance around. Given time the word would get back to Antonio, and he would be as anxious to meet me as I was to meet him.

In a cubicle in a gentlemen's convenience I unstrapped the lower portion of my left leg and withdrew the 7.65mm PPK I carried in there for ballast, wrapped in polythene and cushioned in foam. I checked it over and stuck it in the waistband under my shirt. I strapped the leg back in place, and flushed the dunny just to make it all sound kosher.

Later in the night I was leaning on a bar somewhere along the beach and some drunk rammed into the back of me. My beer went all over the counter. Then I understood it had been no drunk. There were two of them, one I could just make out peripherally, a blond surfie crowding in on my left, and the other one, who was behind me. I worked my right hand in under my shirt and around the butt of the PPK.

I said: "Why don't we all go over to a table, gentlemen, and discuss this matter like civilised people?"

The one behind me said, "I want you. Outside." And tried a grab at my shoulder. I went with it, pirouetting rather daintily, and smashed him in the mouth with the gun. And before the surfie could move, the business end of it was poking into his liver. You could tell he had seen a PPK before, that he knew it wasn't a stick of gum.

The barmaid was aware that a disturbance had occurred.

I told her another schooner and whatever these chaps were drinking, at the table over there in the corner. The place wasn't crowded. It was possible someone else had seen the gun. But none of them

struck me as the kind of citizen who would break his neck going for the cops.

They preceded me to the table I had indicated, one with his handkerchief clamped across his gob, I with the gun in my coat pocket. When we sat down I withdrew it, and kept it under the table so they couldn't be sure who it was aimed at. The barmaid ferried in the refreshments and I told the surfie, "Your shout, Moose."

He paid. Before he put his wallet away I said, "Let me see your driving licence, Moose."

He flashed it. I'd been close; his name was Bruce.

The other one, before he stopped a swinging gun with his mouth, had been quite beautiful, in the style of those sharks that hang around the Neapolitan docks offering you their sisters. To Bruce the Moose I said, "Show me his driving licence." And that was it, the galah still had it on him, the phony licence in the name of Antonio Bracci.

"Moose," I said, "if you're not in Broken Hill in five minutes from now I'm going to shoot you in the dick."

Moose got up and headed for Broken Hill, leaving his beer. Antonio and I went for a walk, up over the bluff towards Tamarama. Down at the foot of the cliff I found a location among the rocks where the surf would drown any loud noises, like Antonio screaming. Just before going to town on him I recalled what Maria Procter had told me only a few hours ago, about buggerising around with Ward Ruby. I had a disquieting sensation that this was precisely what I was about to do. It couldn't be helped. I had taken a dislike to Antonio. I got him belly down with my knees in the small of his back and dunked his head for a while in a rock pool. It was like castrating a horse he kicked and squirmed that much.

After three or four dunks, a hundred kilos of prime Hackett on his back and my left hand gripping him by his coal black curls, he decided to co-operate.

Yes, he had gone down to Melbourne on Ruby's orders. He had connected with Babs Boyle in some ritzy Toorak disco. She had been a pushover, innocent as dawn. He had expected it would take longer but within two weeks she'd been helpless, ready to elope, go anywhere, do anything. Everything. She had done it all in a series of motel rooms, anything and everything. After three days she'd agreed to let him inject her — "fix her up" as Antonio put it — because this was what he wanted of her, how he wanted her, beautiful and helpless. He'd poured on the syrup, how he loved her, and she let him inject her again, and again, and pretty soon she could manage it herself, finding a vein first shot every time. Within a week he had weaned her off Antonio and on to heroin.

"Why?"

I let him up now, and he sat shaking and sick in front of the gun with the surf ex-

ploding against the rocks behind him, like a spook in the moonlight.

"Izzy had been watering his stuff. He got a regular quota of street grade stuff. He would cream some off the top and then cut the residue down with cement powder or something to make it back up to full quota. Somehow he'd been doing it for years before anyone tumbled." Antonio broke off to cough a bit, blood and seawater and bile erupting out of him. Then, wheezing: "It meant somewhere Izzy had a pile of horse that must be worth around a million bucks. Ruby wanted it back. Izzy told Ruby to get stuffed. He felt pretty secure — if they dumped him they'd never find it. So Ruby found out where Izzy's daughter was. Izzy reckoned Ruby was bluffing. Izzy told Ruby to go eat shit — he must have been insane. Nobody talks to Ruby like that. So I had to go down and fix up Izzy's daughter."

And when Izzy saw what his craziness had done, he couldn't hack it, he couldn't live with it. It was okay for other people's kids to get fixed up, but Jesus when you saw it happen to your own — so Izzy, as Maria termed it, copped out. He must have watched himself in his mirror-tiles in the bathroom convulsing and kicking a while, before oblivion. But not before he'd taken Babs somewhere, put her away safe, hidden. With a lifetime supply.

Wherever Babs was, so was the stuff. Which was why Ruby had retained

Merriweather. A little genius at finding missing kids. Better even than the organisation because she didn't have to heavy people, and she had a million contacts. And she would never think to suspect they might be tailing her, every step she took.

It crossed my mind at that juncture that I ought to put a slug into Antonio. But I let him live, Christ knows why. Then I climbed laboriously back up the cliff path and got a cab into town, to the office.

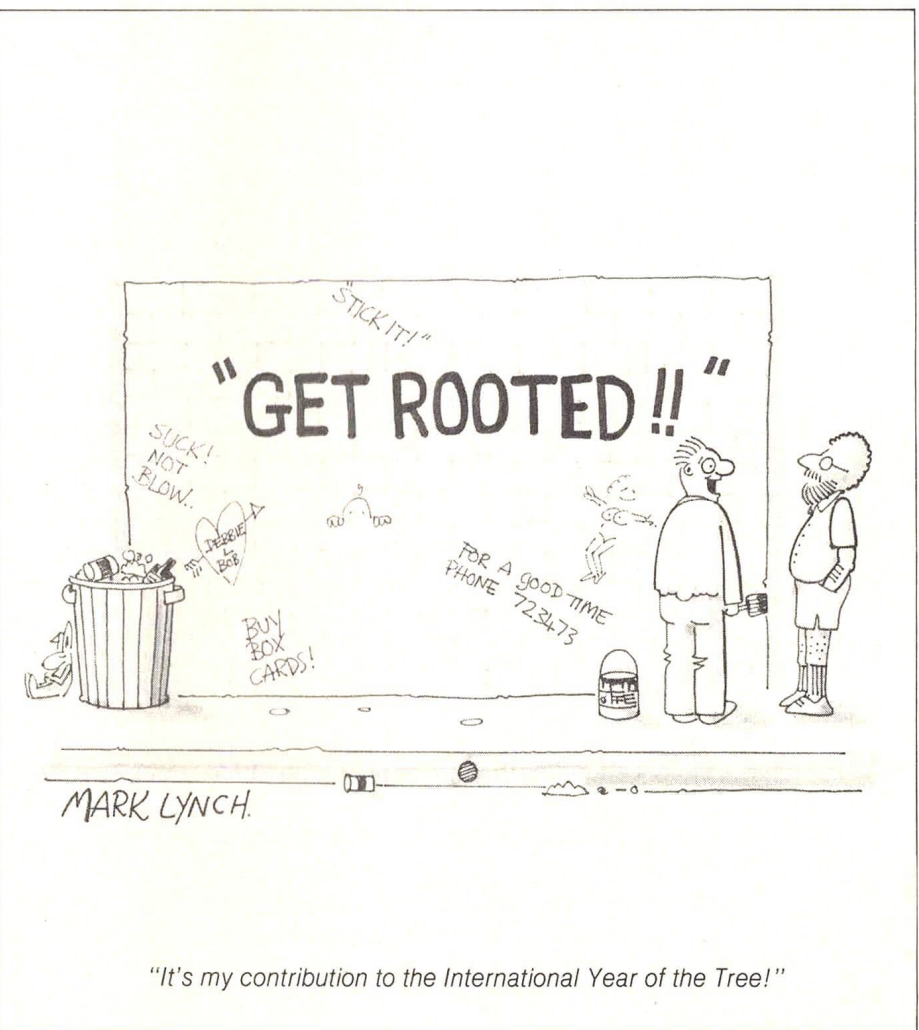
The takeaway, mercifully, was closed for the night. After a fumble, I got the key in. Upstairs I turned on all the lights, vaguely aware that I had gravely humiliated that creep Antonio who worked for an arsehole named Ruby and that neither of them would be likely to forgive or forget it. I should have wasted the bastard.

I got on the phone, but could not find Merriweather. On my return from Melbourne I'd left her a message on the tape. Now I discovered she'd wiped it with one of her own.

"How was the convent, Hackett? And all those little nubles?"

Then came the substance: "You can forget it, go to the races. I've found her. I thought the kid's mother might know something. Never knew she had a mother, did you? Once, believe it or not, Izzy was legally churchd to a stripper named Carmen. She disappeared 10 years ago."

Merriweather had got the lead from



"It's my contribution to the International Year of the Tree!"

THE FIXERS

Bomber Leahy, one-time head of the Drug Squad, now retired. Merriweather and Bomber went way back. Maybe he was a fascist too. Anyway, way back then Izzy, Carmen, baby Babs, and one Morrison, a solicitor, used to live in the old Piccadilly in the Cross and were always in troika, on the booze, at the geegees, the beach, and so on, with little Babs in tow.

Bomber put Merriweather on to Morrison. She found the solicitor had died of cirrhosis in an alcoholic ward up at Palm Beach some years ago. The clinic had sent his things on to his next of kin, a sister at Vaucluse. She was, according to Merriweather, an old biddy, one of those who never chuck anything out. She still had Morrison's stuff in a suitcase in her attic. She'd never even opened the suitcase until Merriweather went out there and smarmed her.

"There was a lot of crap in it," Merriweather said, on the tape, "plus some legal documents. Nine years ago Morrison did the conveyancing in the purchase of a property in the Blue Mountains, Lot 73, The Boulders, Medlow Bath, on behalf of Izzy Boyle. The place was registered in the name of Laurel Anne Stapleton — Carmen's real name. Carmen was a stage name. I'm going up there tonight to check it out. You want to bet that's where Babs

is? See you tomorrow, should you deign to front."

I tried directory inquiries, but no phone was connected to that address at Medlow Bath. So I got into the office heap, a souped-up Torana, and bucked the lights all the way up the Parramatta Road. I got on to the highway and gave the old bomb her high-compression head.

Above Glenbrook the mountain mist closed in. The road twisted and climbed, but the old jalopy held it. A bit before dawn I got into Katoomba and out the other side, still climbing through the drizzling mist. The Boulders was a gravel track tunnelling down through the rainforest to the left. Down there somewhere I happened upon a house with, parked in the front yard, Merriweather's TR-7.

All the lights were on downstairs and the front door yawned wide open. When I switched off the car lights I could see dawn watering the darkness through the dripping trees. For whatever reason they hadn't switched the lights off all night in that house. I got the semi-automatic out of my belt and hobbled on down there.

The kitchen floor was slick with coagulating blood. Insects crowded round the sizzling fluorescent strip. Babs Boyle I could recognise. She lay against a wall, her head hanging on one side, eyes and mouth frozen open. In the middle of her chest was that distinctive excavation that is made by a sawn-off shotgun close to.

Another woman, not Merriweather so I presumed it must have been Carmen, lay half under the kitchen table. The wall tiles over that way were peppered with shot, so some of the spread had missed her, but not enough. By her right hand lay a .38 Police Positive. So Carmen had tried to make a fight of it. I didn't want to go in there, leaving my tracks in the gore. I yelled for Merriweather.

In due course I found her. She was lying in an erosion gully along which rainwater babbled down in the timber. Gum leaves had snagged in her hair and were slicked like licks of paint on the white, wet skin of her neck, Ophelia floating away from the real horror into horrendous nightmare.

I got her on her feet. She was shivering like a wire rope under a destruction test.

She croaked: "I led them here."

"Did they get what they came for?"

She nodded. "It was in a plastic bag in a hole in the garage floor." I was trying to manoeuvre her almost dead weight through the hip-high scrub back up to the road. Suddenly she stopped, long skeins of saliva hanging from her mouth but her eyes alive and white hot, throwing sparks.

"I saw them, Hackett. I saw their heads and I am going to finger them, so help me God."

"No you're not."

"Like hell I'm not."

"Listen." I gripped her arms. "How long do you think you'd live? Do you think you'd make it into court? Why aren't your guts spread all over the kitchen in there, along with Babs' and Carmen's? Because those guys know you, Merriweather."

The rain corkscrewed round the ringlets it had carved out of her hairdo, dangling down the sides of her face. It dammed up behind the long lashes of her eyes and then spilled over, and crawled away like tears. In spite of the rain, or tears, certain facts could now be discerned with crystal clarity. There would be no unnecessary expenditure of effort. There could be no profit in pruning a barren tree. And those that were not, growing strong and tall out of beds of corruption, would be left to blossom according to their season, and bear fruit. This I understood from the fact that Merriweather and I were still alive. We would remain alive as long as we did not disturb the balance, as long as we acquiesced and kept it under the rug, that we were now major contributors to the fate of Babs Boyle. Ruby and Antonio, Izzy and the fixers who had come up to this mountain tonight with a couple of pump-guns, Merriweather and company limited. We just had to remember to do all our chucking up in private.

"They know that you are no threat," I told her.

"I'm not?"

Steering her once again towards the road, I said: "Who knows? Maybe Ward will put some more of his business our way."



"Fred Astaire did that years ago!"

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LOOKING AT THE MAN OF THE EIGHTIES

A PENTHOUSE SURVEY

Does the average *Penthouse* reader wear three-piece dark suits and matching socks and tie; or look hip in designer jeans and skivvies; or prop up a bar; or swish through the nightspots of Australia's capital cities with a pocketful of plastic money? Even the editors of *Penthouse* are not sure, as our readership expands, our coverage becomes more eclectic, and our mailbox swells with exciting correspondence stimulating a lively dialogue between our staff and readers. The 1980s present a powerful challenge to magazines like *Penthouse*. We face threats from new censorship legislation, skyrocketing costs in printing and distribution, and new values in a society influenced by politics, economics and the omnipresent threat to world peace. Personally, we at *Penthouse* are optimistic about the future. Our circulation is increasing steadily, much of our dialogue with readers is upbeat and cheerful... So, we've commissioned a special survey from the Market Research Workshop [Tel: (02) 267 8144] to find out what you — the 1980s *Penthouse* readers — feel and think about a broad range of subjects. The information we collect will help us develop *Australian Penthouse* even more along the lines that you, our readers, define. Our survey, prepared by Janet Bright of the Market Research Workshop, appears on pages 106, 107, 108 and 110. All you need do is tick your responses and then transfer them to the answer sheet on page 109. Then cut out the

page — you'll note we've arranged it so that you'll not destroy your copy of the magazine by doing so — and mail it in to *Penthouse*. When we finally collate the responses we will report back with a profile of the *Penthouse* reader of the Eighties. Of course, we realise that filling in the questionnaire takes time and effort, so we decided to sweeten the task. Adventure Travel Centre, one of Australia's leading specialists in unusual outdoor holidays, in association with TAA, has kindly donated a trip for two to the respondent whose entry is drawn from the barrel. The trips on offer include destinations as far afield as Alice Springs, Tasmania, Hinchinbrook Island, Kosciusko National Park and Canonwindra. The adventures offered include hot air ballooning, cross-country skiing, white water rafting, bushwalking, canoeing, beachcombing, bicycling and just plain loafing. See page 32 for details. The lucky winners will be able to take their pick from the Adventure Travel Centre's catalogue. TAA will fly them there, and ATC will look after them for the duration. It's a minimum \$2000 adventure for two... and all you have to do is fill in the questionnaire and the coupon attached, and mail it to us. A reminder: your answers will of course remain anonymous. No names are required on the survey form, but should you wish to be included in the lucky draw please complete the separate slip on page 109 with your name and address and mail both to reach us by June 1, 1982.

GENERAL

- 1 Do you:—
Regularly buy *Australian Penthouse* 1
Occasionally buy *Australian Penthouse* 2
Regularly read *Australian Penthouse* (do not buy) 3
Occasionally read *Australian Penthouse* (do not buy) 4
Rarely read or buy *Australian Penthouse* 5
- 2 Which (3) features in *Penthouse* do you like best?
Cartoons, Sweet Chastity 1
Fiction 2
Investigative features 3
General features 4
Profiles 5
Interviews 6
Fashion 7
Motoring 8
Forum 9
Xaviera Hollander 10
Humor, Satirical stories 11
Photo features 12
Motor bike features 13
The girls (pictorials) 14
- 3 Which (3) features in *Penthouse* do you like least?
Cartoons, Sweet Chastity 1
Fiction 2
Investigative features 3
General features 4
Profiles 5
Interviews 6
Fashion 7
Motoring 8
Forum 9
Xaviera Hollander 10
Humor, Satirical stories 11
Photo features 12
Motor bike features 13
The girls (pictorials) 14
- 4 How old are you?
Under 18 1
18-20 2
21-24 3
25-29 4
30-34 5
35-39 6
40-44 7
45-49 8
50 or over 9
- 5 What sex are you?
Male 1
Female 2



Photographs by Allan Mout

LEISURE

- 6 Approximately how many hours of leisure time do you have in an average week?
15 hours or less 1
16-25 hours 2
26-40 hours 3
40 plus hours 4
- 7 Would you like to have:—
More leisure 1
Less leisure 2
Amount about right now 3
- 8 In the past 12 months how many holidays (ie periods away from work for a week or more) have you taken?
One 1
Two 2
Three 3
Four or more 4
None 0
- 9 What did you do on those holidays?
Stayed home 1
Went camping in a tent 2
Went away caravanning 3
Took a holiday outside Australia 4
Took a holiday interstate 5
Took a holiday within own state 6
Other 7

- 10 In which of the activities on this list do you regularly participate?
Tennis 1
Bicycling 2
Football 3
Rugby 4
Jogging 5
Golf 6
Weightlifting/keep-fit exercises 7
Sailing 8
Skiing 9
Swimming 0
Fishing/hunting X
Long distance running Y

- 11 In which of these activities do you regularly participate?
Horseback riding 1
Squash 2
Gardening 3
Motor cycling 4
Motor boating 5
Car racing 6
Scuba or skin diving 7
Windsurfing 8
Hangliding/parachuting 9
Airplane or glider piloting 0

LIFESTYLE

- 12 How often do you eat lunch at a restaurant?
Never 1
More than once a week 2
About once a week 3
About once a fortnight 4
About once a month 5
Less than once a month 6
- 13 How often do you eat dinner at a restaurant?
Never 1
More than once a week 2
About once a week 3
About once a fortnight 4
About once a month 5
Less than once a month 6
- 14 How often do you go to films?
Never 1
More than once a week 2
About once a week 3
About once a fortnight 4
About once a month 5
Less than once a month 6
- 15 How often do you go to live theatre?
Never 1
More than once a week 2
About once a week 3
About once a fortnight 4
About once a month 5
Less than once a month 6

- 16 How often do you go to live music concerts?
Never 1
More than once a week 2
About once a week 3
About once a fortnight 4
About once a month 5
Less than once a month 6

- 17 On the average, how many LP records do you buy each month?
2 or less 1
3-5 a month 2
6-10 a month 3
Over 10 a month 4
Never buy LPs 5

HEALTH, FITNESS & DIET

- 18 How concerned are you with health and fitness?
Very concerned 1
Quite concerned 2
Not at all concerned 3

- 19 Do you think you are overweight?
Yes 1
No 2

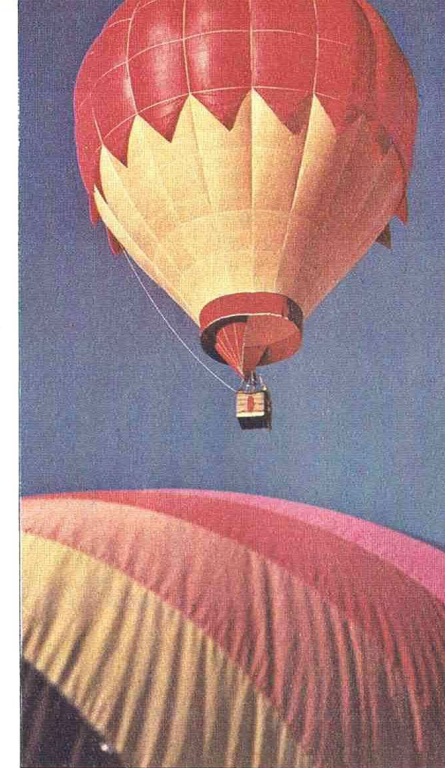
- 20 Have you noticed your eating patterns have changed by:—
Yes No
(a) Eating more fruit and vegetables 1 2
(b) Eating less meat 1 2
(c) Eating more low-calorie foods, drinks 1 2
(d) Eating less sugars, sweets, cakes 1 2
(e) Eating more fibre (eg bran & whole grains) 1 2

- 21 Have you ever followed a special diet program?
Yes 1
No 2

DRUGS AND ALCOHOL

- 22 How often would you drink Beer?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5

- 23 How often would you drink Cider?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5



- 24 How often would you drink Red wine?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5

- 25 How often would you drink White wine?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5

- 26 How often would you drink Sherry?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5

- 27 How often would you drink Spirits?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5

- 28 How often would you drink Liqueurs?
Daily 1
More than twice weekly 2
Once a week 3
Occasionally 4
Never 5

- 29 How many cigarettes would you smoke in a day?
None 1
1-5 per day 2
6-10 per day 3
11-20 per day 4
More than one packet a day 5
Two packets or more a day 6

- 30 Have you ever tried:—
Yes No
(a) Marijuana 1 2
(b) Tranquilisers/sleeping pills 1 2
(c) Barbiturates 1 2
(d) Amphetamines ("speed") 1 2
(e) Opiate/narcotics (heroin, methadone, pethidine) 1 2
(f) Hallucinogens (LSD, magic mushrooms) 1 2

SEX

- 31 Would you say your present sex life was:—
Satisfactory 1
Unsatisfactory 2

- 32 Have you ever been celibate (ie gone without intercourse) for a period of:—
Less than one month 1
One-six months 2
Six months to a year 3
Longer than a year 4

- 33 How could you improve your sex life?
Partner initiate sex more often 1
Partner aroused longer 2
Partner more active during sex 3
Partner more responsive to my sex needs 4
Act out fantasies more often 5
Talk more during sex 6
More foreplay 7
More spontaneous sex 8
Anal sex 9
Oral sex 0

- 34 Which sex has the most advantages in today's world?
Men 1
Women 2
Both about the same 3

- 35 Do you think there is more understanding between the sexes today than there was five years ago?
Yes 1
No 2
The same 3

- 36 Would you say communication between yourself and your partner was:—
Very good 1
Quite good 2
Not very good 3
Not at all good 4
I don't currently have a partner 5

- 37 If your partner had an affair could you forgive him/her?
Yes 1
No 2
Don't know 3

SURVEY

- 38 When you first have sex with someone, what do you do about contraception?
- Use something myself. 1
- Check my partner is using something. 2
- Insist my partner uses something. . . 3
- Say nothing and hope for the best. . 4
- Don't bother with contraception. . . 5
- Don't believe in contraception. . . . 6

- 39 Have you had a sexually transmitted disease during the past five years?
- Yes. 1
- No. 2

- 40 In an ideal lover which three factors are most important?
- Physically attractive. 1
- Intelligent. 2
- Rich. 3
- Sexually exciting. 4
- Comfortable. 5
- Sensitive. 6
- Sense of humor. 7
- Common interests. 8

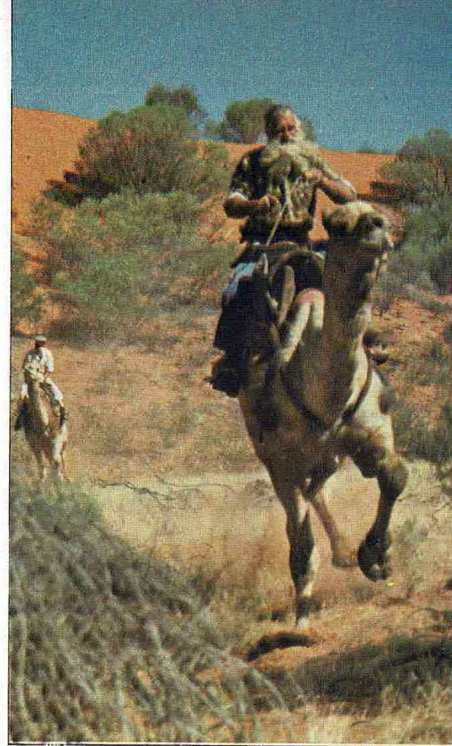
- 41 Which features of the opposite sex turn you on most?
- Eyes. 1
- Lips. 2
- Breasts. 3
- Bottom. 4
- Genitals. 5
- Legs. 6
- Other. 7

- 42 In women are large breasts more sexy?
- Yes. 1
- No. 2

- 43 What is your marital status?
- Single (never married). 1
- Married. 2
- Divorced/separated. 3
- Widowed. 4
- Defacto/live-in partner. 5

- 44 If single, are you:—
- Still dating around. 1
- Dating a person more than others. . 2
- In a steady relationship. 3

- 45 If ever married, how many times have you been married?
- Once. 1
- Twice. 2
- Three times. 3
- Four or more. 4



- 46 If you are currently in a relationship, how long has it lasted?
- Less than six months. 1
- Six months to one year. 2
- One-two years. 3
- Two-five years. 4
- More than five years. 5

- 47 Do you have children or step-children?
- Yes. 1
- No. 2

- 48 Do you:—
- Live with your parents. 1
- Live with partner. 2
- Live with other people. 3
- Live alone. 4

- 49 If you could choose, which of the following would you prefer:—
- Stay single and have no children. . . 1
- Live with a partner and have no children. 2
- Get married and have no children. . . 3
- Get married and have children. . . . 4
- Stay single and have children. 5
- Live with a partner and have children. 6

WORK

- 50 If you were guaranteed an adequate income whether you worked or not, would you:—
- Continue to work. 1
- Stop working. 2
- Not sure. 3

- 51 When it comes to your present job, how satisfied do you feel?
- Very satisfied. 1
- Quite satisfied. 2
- Neutral. 3
- Not very satisfied. 4
- Not at all satisfied. 5

- 52 In an ideal job, which of these is (a) most important? (b) Least important?
- | | (a) | (b) |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|
| Using your mind and ability. | 1 | 1 |
| Doing meaningful things. | 2 | 2 |
| Personal growth. | 3 | 3 |
| New challenges. | 4 | 4 |
| Job security. | 5 | 5 |
| Good salary. | 6 | 6 |
| Not working too hard. | 7 | 7 |
| Comfortable routine. | 8 | 8 |
| Shorter hours. | 9 | 9 |
| Good pension plan. | 0 | 0 |

- 53 How long have you been in your current job?
- Less than 12 months. 1
- 1-3 years. 2
- 3-5 years. 3
- 5-10 years. 4
- More than 10 years. 5
- Not employed. 6

- 54 During the last five years how many jobs have you had?
- One (ie current job). 1
- Two. 2
- Three or more. 3

- 55 What kind of work do you do?
- Professional. 1
- Self-employed. 2
- Executive or manage. 3
- Armed forces. 4
- Sales. 5
- Clerical. 6
- Technical. 7
- Foreman or skilled labor. 8
- Student. 9
- Housewife or househusband. 0
- Semi-skilled or unskilled labor. . . . X
- Not currently employed. Y

- 56 What was your final level of education?
- Up to HSC. 1
- HSC. 2
- Tertiary. 3
- Completed tertiary. 4
- Post-graduate. 5

- 57 What is your annual income (pre-tax)?
- Under \$5000. 1
- \$5000-\$9999. 2
- \$10,000-\$14,999. 3
- \$15,000-\$19,999. 4
- \$20,000-\$29,999. 5
- \$30,000-\$39,999. 6
- Over \$40,000. 7

- 58 Does your spouse/live-in partner work?
- Yes. 1
- No. 2

- 59 What is your spouse's/live-in partner's annual income?
- Under \$5000. 1
- \$5000-\$9999. 2
- \$10,000-\$14,999. 3
- \$15,000-\$19,999. 4
- \$20,000-\$29,999. 5
- \$30,000-\$39,999. 6
- Over \$40,000. 7

POLITICS

- 60 In a Federal election, which party would you be most likely to vote for?
- Labor party. 1
- Liberal (National Country) Party. . . 2
- Australian Democrat/Chipp. 3
- Others. 4
- Undecided. 5
- Not eligible to vote. 6

- 61 In a state election, which party would you be most likely to vote for?
- Labor Party. 1
- Liberal (National Country) Party. . . 2
- Australian Democrat/Chipp. 3
- Others. 4
- Undecided. 5
- Not eligible to vote. 6

- 62 What is your country of origin?
- Australia. 1
- UK or Ireland. 2
- Europe. 3
- Asia. 4
- Other (please specify). 5

- 63 To celebrate Australia's bi-centenary in 1988 do you think Australia should:—
- (a) Change the flag. 1 2
- (b) Change the national anthem. . . . 1 2
- (c) Become a republic. 1 2

POSSESSIONS

- 64 Which of the following items do you have in your home now?
- Color television. 1
- B&W TV. 2
- Videotape recorder. 3
- Stereo or hi-fi set. 4
- Home computer. 5
- Turbo tub or spa bath. 6
- Above-ground swimming pool. 7
- Below-ground swimming pool. 8

- 65 Which of the following items do you plan to purchase during the next 12 months?
- Color television. 1
- B&W TV. 2
- Videotape recorder. 3
- Stereo or hi-fi set. 4
- Home computer. 5
- Turbo tub or spa bath. 6
- Above-ground swimming pool. 7
- Below-ground swimming pool. 8

TICK YOUR ANSWERS HERE

To save destruction of your valuable copy of *Australian Penthouse*, we suggest you cut this page out along the dotted line. This will make sure the rest of the magazine will stay bound together. The alternative is to photostat both sides. Mail your answers to us at:

Penthouse Survey
165 Riley Street
East Sydney 2010

The draw coupon and the questionnaire answer sheet can be mailed separately or together. We will clip the coupon for the draw.

Remember, your marked reply sheet has to be in by May 1. Janet Bright of the Market Research Workshop will analyse the results and report back on the Australian Man of the 80s in the July issue of *Penthouse*.

To use this answer sheet, carefully circle your choice of number or numbers that apply to each question, for example:

(1) 1 2 3 4 5

(2) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

(3) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

(4) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

(5) 1 2

(6) 1 2 3 4

(7) 1 2 3

(8) 1 2 3 4 0

(9) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

(10) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 X Y

(11) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

(12) 1 2 3 4 5 6

(13) 1 2 3 4 5 6

(14) 1 2 3 4 5 6

(15) 1 2 3 4 5 6

(16) 1 2 3 4 5 6

(17) 1 2 3 4 5

(18) 1 2 3

(19) 1 2

(20a) 1 2

(20b) 1 2

(20c) 1 2

(20d) 1 2

(20e) 1 2

(21) 1 2

(22) 1 2 3 4 5

(23) 1 2 3 4 5

(24) 1 2 3 4 5

(25) 1 2 3 4 5

(26) 1 2 3 4 5

(27) 1 2 3 4 5

(28) 1 2 3 4 5

(29) 1 2 3 4 5 6

- (30a) 1 2
- (30b) 1 2
- (30c) 1 2
- (30d) 1 2
- (30e) 1 2
- (30f) 1 2
- (31) 1 2
- (32) 1 2 3 4
- (33) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
- (34) 1 2 3
- (35) 1 2 3
- (36) 1 2 3 4 5
- (37) 1 2 3
- (38) 1 2 3 4 5 6
- (39) 1 2
- (40) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
- (41) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- (42) 1 2
- (43) 1 2 3 4 5
- (44) 1 2 3
- (45) 1 2 3 4
- (46) 1 2 3 4 5
- (47) 1 2
- (48) 1 2 3 4
- (49) 1 2 3 4 5 6
- (50) 1 2 3
- (51) 1 2 3 4 5
- (52a) Most Imp 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
- (52b) Least Imp 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
- (53) 1 2 3 4 5 6
- (54) 1 2 3
- (55) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 X Y
- (56) 1 2 3 4 5
- (57) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- (58) 1 2

Complete questions 59-86 and mail in with this answer sheet.

SURVEY

- 66 Do you own a:—
- Car 1
 - Motorcycle 2
 - Second car 3
 - Bicycle 4
 - Caravan 5
 - Campervan 6
 - Sailboard/Windsurfer 7
 - Sail boat 8
 - Motor boat 9
 - Weekender/holiday house 0

- 67 Do you live in a:—
- Unit 1
 - House 2
 - Other 3

- 68 Do you own or rent your home?
- Own 1
 - Rent 2

FINANCE AND CREDIT

- 69 Which of the following do you have?
- Own bank savings account 1
 - Own cheque account 2
 - Joint account with spouse 3
 - Building society account 4
 - Bankcard 5
 - Diner's Club credit card 6
 - American Express credit card 7
 - Department store credit card 8

- 70 Which statement best describes your attitude to use of credit (Bankcard, hire purchase, personal loans, store charge account etc.)?
- Never have anything on credit 1
 - Use credit occasionally 2
 - Use credit for convenience 3
 - Use credit in order to maintain my lifestyle 4

TELEVISION AND RADIO

- 71 For about how long during an average weekday evening (say from 6pm to bedtime) would you watch TV?
- 6 hours or more 1
 - About 5 hours 2
 - About 4 hours 3
 - About 2 hours 4
 - 1 hour or less 5
 - TV not watched 6

- 75 Write in order of preference your three favorite TV channels.
- 1st _____
 - 2nd _____
 - 3rd _____

- 76 List the three TV programs you like most.
- 1st _____
 - 2nd _____
 - 3rd _____

- 77 Write in order of preference your three favorite radio stations.
- 1st _____
 - 2nd _____
 - 3rd _____

- 72 And for about how long during the weekend (ie total over both days) would you watch TV?
- 15 hours or more 1
 - 11-15 hours 2
 - 6-10 hours 3
 - 3-5 hours 4
 - Two hours or less 5
 - TV not watched 6

- 73 For how long during an average weekday evening do you listen to the radio?
- 6 hours or more 1
 - About 5 hours 2
 - About 4 hours 3
 - About 2 hours 4
 - 1 hour or less 5
 - Radio not used 6

- 74 For how long during the weekend?
- 15 hours or more 1
 - 11-15 hours 2
 - 6-10 hours 3
 - 3-5 hours 4
 - 2 hours or less 5
 - Radio not used 6

- 78 Write in order of preference your three favorite magazines.
- 1st _____
 - 2nd _____
 - 3rd _____

- 79 Write in order of preference your three favorite newspapers.
- 1st _____
 - 2nd _____
 - 3rd _____

- 80 Are there any things you would like to see more of in *Australian Penthouse*?
- _____
- _____

- 81 If you had to criticise *Australian Penthouse*, what would you say?
- _____
- _____

- 82 Is there any one thing you would want to applaud us for?
- _____
- _____

- 83 Overall, which three factors do you feel contribute (a) most to a happy, satisfied life? (b) Which three are least important?
- | | (a) | (b) |
|-------------------------------|-----|-----|
| Education | 1 | 1 |
| Money | 2 | 2 |
| Work | 3 | 3 |
| Peace of mind | 4 | 4 |
| Respect from others | 5 | 5 |
| Sex | 6 | 6 |
| Religion | 7 | 7 |
| Friends | 8 | 8 |
| Family life | 9 | 9 |
| Love | 0 | 0 |
| Health | X | X |
| Leisure activities | Y | Y |

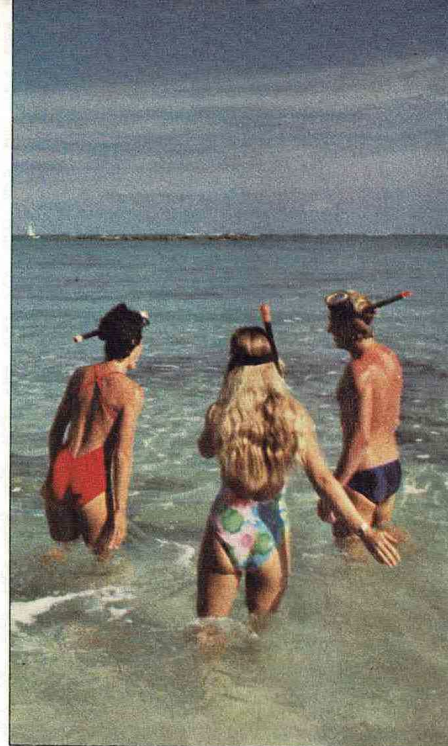
- 84 What were the reasons for your choices?
- _____
- _____

- 85 Where do you live now?
- Town/Suburb _____
- State _____
- Postcode _____

- 86 If you had a choice, where else in Australia would you live?
- Town/Suburb _____
- State _____

IMPORTANT

If you wish to be included in the lucky draw, please complete the separate coupon.

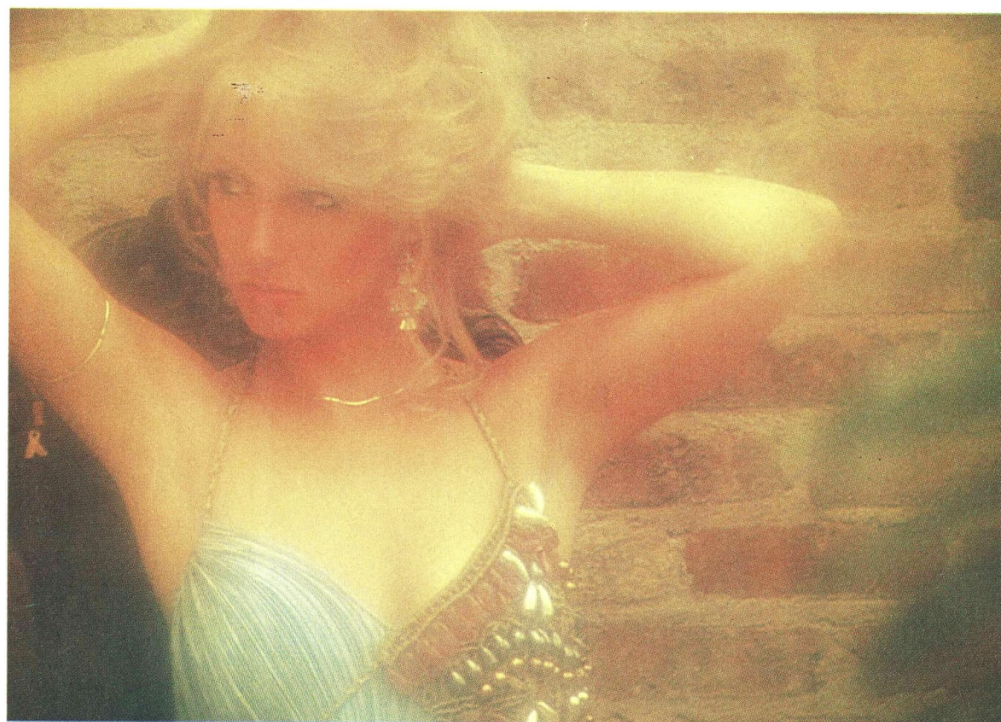


Famous Scotch

It takes a great scotch whisky to become a leading brand in Scotland. The Famous Grouse is that great. Great, because its smoothness impresses the most discerning whisky drinker, on its own or with whatever you like.

The Famous Grouse

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ANGEL OF FORTUNE

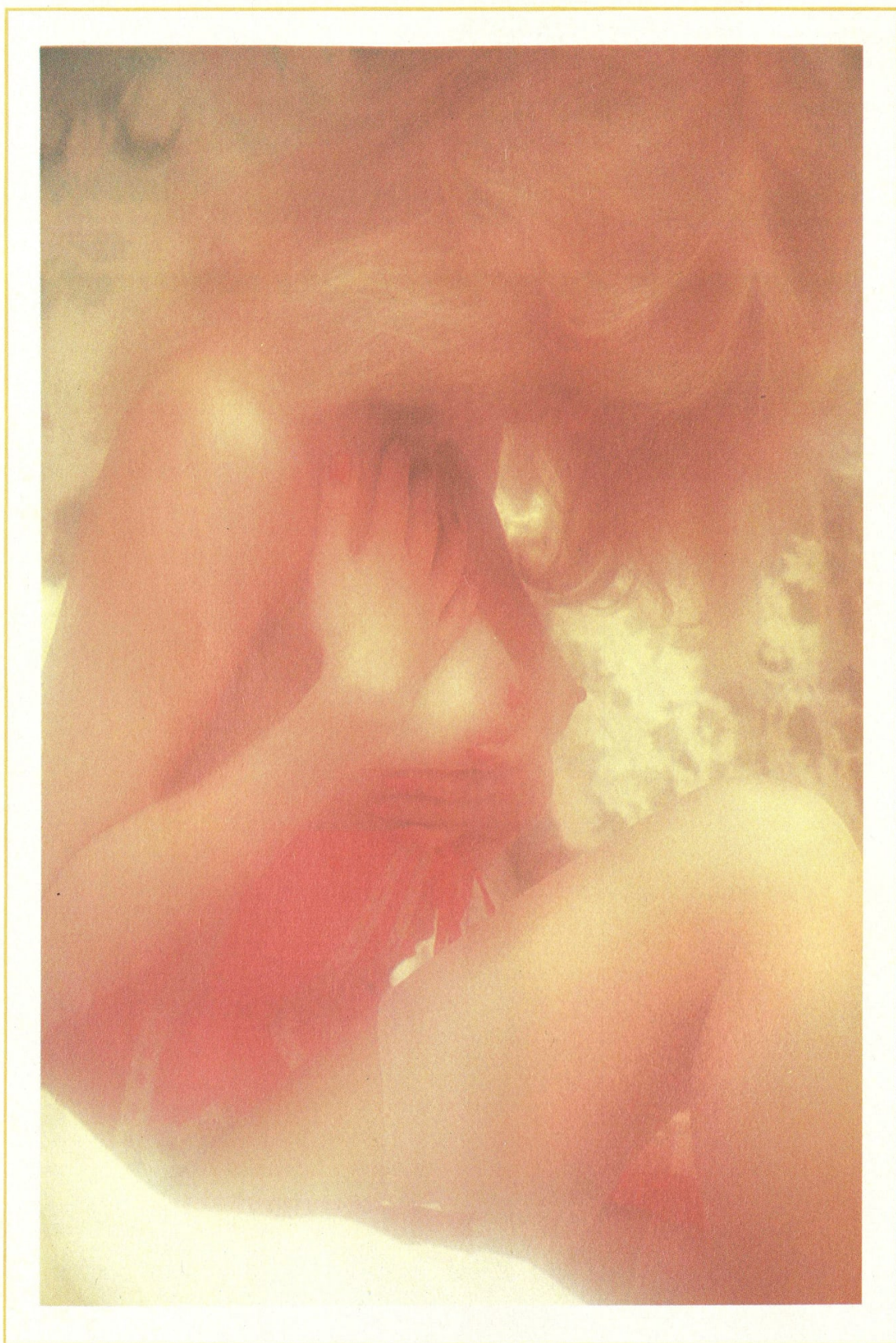
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

For bountiful blonde DiVina Celeste, "Stop that girl!" are three little words that changed her life. She was modelling at a Hilton luncheon when a representative of *Penthouse* spotted her. "I was doing a girlfriend a favor by taking her place that day and fate smiled on me," she beams. The rest, as they say, is recent history. This soft blonde is an adamant believer in the power of fate shaping her life and apart from her more obvious talents DiVina can see into the future." I tell fortunes with tarot cards and what I see for myself is pretty good." We worked that one out for ourselves when we first set eyes on her. "I believe this *Penthouse* discovery is a fabulous *fait accompli*!" she says.



You'd think she'd consider her china blue eyes and her incredibly sensuous figure to be her trump cards, but DiVina thinks brains and humor are her greatest assets.



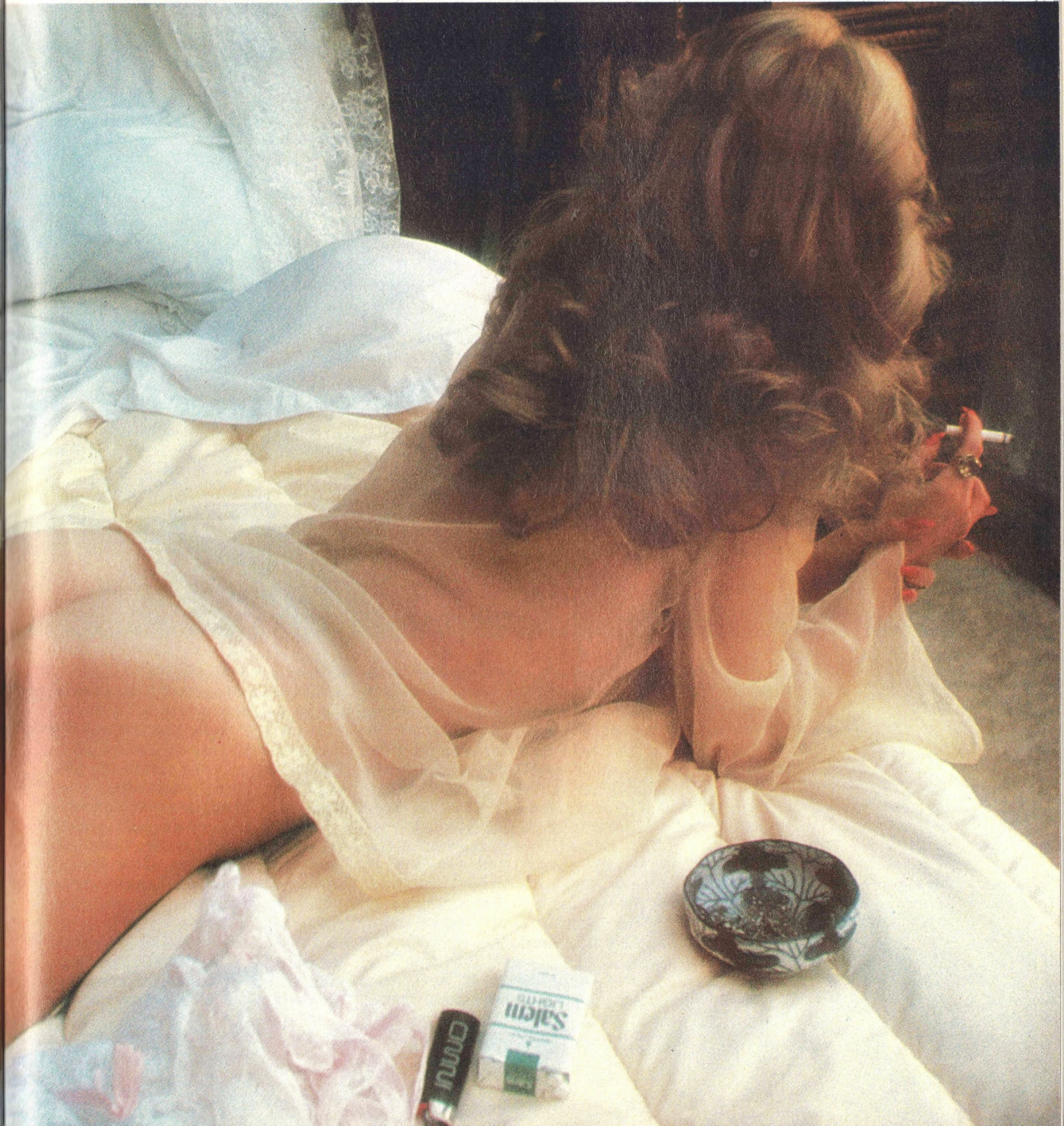


"I may not be a brain surgeon," she once remarked, "but I'm a pretty smooth operator." Also an efficient worker, she's been a business manager of a leading model agency.





DiVina was also a ballroom dancing instructor for several years, something she still does on a freelance basis. Needless to say her dance card is always full. ○✶



Our raunchiest
export grinds into
its 50th year

Crud Brothers

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN



Photograph by Noel Christensen

Despite great inroads made by boomeranging last year, there remains only one Aussie sport to go truly international . . . speedway.

Just as Australia receives credit for the first feature-length movie story of the Kelly Gang, so too has this country been acknowledged as the birthplace of speedway — a box office success in every continent as the 50th anniversary of the first race approaches in 1984.

For all but a brief period in the Sixties, speedway has been one of Britain's top three spectator sports, headed off by soccer and horseracing, sometimes, for the number one spot. Thousands flock each week to more than 40 tracks around the country to support the teams of riders,

in what is regarded as a clean, well-run sport on both sides of the safety fence skirting the dirt track.

If anything, speedway is a growing sport, as the family man searches for refuge from the moronic dart throwers who inhabit football grounds over there. Apart from a welcome immunity from street violence in an outdoor environment, speedway offers the Briton and everyone else in the world who may see it a brand of supercharged dry-mouth excitement rivaling any sport in which speed is the determining factor.

The speedway world owes an immense debt of gratitude to the Maitland Agricultural and Horticultural Society, and in particular to its secretary, Johnny

Hoskins — and to the weather. All three played roles in the foundation of the sport. When rain forced the cancellation of a number of entertainment activities at the 1924 Maitland Show, Hoskins rounded up a few of the locals and staged "a novelty motorcycle race" around the arena. Novelty motorcycle racing went international four years later, when Hoskins and fellow promoter Keith McKay took a bunch of riders to England. Their first appearance was in Epping Forest.

The dashing daredevils of the dirt track raced into the hearts of the public both here and in England; soon speedways sprang up all over both countries and rapidly spread to Europe.

There was a rapid natural progression

to sidecar racing, and then the addition of midget speedcars rounded out a night's entertainment at the speedway. Sidecars are popular in Australia and New Zealand, while the rest of the world has chosen to ignore the three-wheelers. On machines that are slanted so far to the right they tip over if left unattended, two people (mostly men) grapple with g-forces on the wildly sliding bikes.

Almost from the word go the sport richly rewarded those who were good at it. A week's wages could be won in a single race immediately after the war, and some riders were paid 90 pounds a night to turn out, while the workforce got by on basic wage of five quid a week.

Rich through the rewards may be, the

risks were and still are great; sudden death is always a possibility.

Injuries are by no means uncommon in the jostle and bustle and bump of speedway, where a man earns a dollar by blending skill with guts.

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Brothers

currently occupied by Californian Bruce Penhall, a man in his early 20s.

Australian speedway thrives during our summer months, while in our winter there is big money in England and Europe to lure Aussies abroad.

There are roughly 500 motorcycle speedway competitors in Australia putting on shows at 30 locations, from State capitals to remote country areas. At the end of each summer about 50 of them head for England to join riders from all parts of the world in a six-month season — much like a football premiership — which decides the leading team. The very best of them, like Australian number one Billy Sanders and Mildura's Phil Crump, set their sights on the world championship.

A handful are earning wage packets which will preclude them from the financial struggle for the remainder of their lives.

Whether he's a down-and-outer or a high-rolling champ, each rider belongs to a universal brotherhood which knows no borders and no language barriers, because his craft is appreciated as much by a capacity crowd at Wembley Stadium as it is in Scandanavia, Eastern and Western Europe, North America, Africa or just about anywhere on the face of the earth. It doesn't matter whether the racing surface is ice, concrete, asphalt or dirt; the charisma of speedway transfixes audiences with its combination of skill, excitement, noise, smell, color and danger.

The best thing about speedway is that it all happens in front of your eyes — the thrills, the spills all come to you live, without the need for binoculars or television.

Your knuckles can turn white gripping the top rung of the fence and when the bikes roar past, your face absorbs the mud spurting from their back wheels. The aroma of burning fuel and oil is electrifying; the noise of the engines, in slumber or in earnest, is commanding.

The close encounter of the speedway kind is coming at you the moment you enter the stadium. As the turnstile clicks you hear a far-off growl of exhaust noises reverberating in the concrete echo chamber. It's dark apart from the house lights and the ribbon of illumination focussed on the ochre strip of race track, which glistens in the dampness.

At the appointed time a welcome announcement is broadcast, and the contestants file through the pit gates. Helmetless, but otherwise ready for the night's racing, they walk (or rather clomp, due to the steel galosh on their left boots) to a microphone, where they are introduced to the crowd amid a string of flamboyant adjectives and descriptions of past glories, much in the fashion of pugilism.

As they return to the pits on their race bikes, which have been positioned pre-

parade nearby, the fans speculate on the 18 up-coming races. From a swarm of bikes heading noisily back to the pits, four separate from the pack and halt outside the gate, where immediately they are joined by mechanics (who always talk to the bike first, and then maybe the rider later). The bikes are silenced while the rider dons the helmet to complete his alienation from humanity.

A speedway bike is a real oddball in the world of motorcycles. It is made to move rapidly — not so much forward as sideways. It has no brake apart from the rider's feet, and no gears. The postage stamp that passes as a saddle is the size of the palm of a hand.

The spindly bike has no suspension front or back, vibrates like a jack hammer and can only run for spells of between 90 seconds and a couple of minutes before overheating.

A total loss oil system sees synthetic lubricant dribble from a port in the bottom of the motor while it's running, and it gulps large mouthfuls of wood alcohol fuel during the course of a race.

While escaping the glare of those concerned with dwindling petrol supplies, the speedway bike is a prime target for dogooders with decibel meters.

Mufflers have been grafted on to straight-through exhaust pipes, dulling what the fans believe to be Rolls-Royce excellence in sound, but at the same time serving to silence some of their opponents.

Wheels are of differing diameters, width and purpose. The rear wheel tyre is not quite a hand-span wide and is contoured specially to give maximum thrust forward, with no regard to slowing down or stopping — it's all one way traffic.

The front tyre is thinner but of larger diameter, and apart from keeping the front of the bike off the ground it is designed to turn quickly so it can counteract the overtaking rear wheel by being steered in the direction of the skid.

Climbing on this machine, the rider stands on the only footrest in the crook of his right boot and is pushed by a friend in order to gain the momentum necessary to turn over the 500cc single-cylinder engine and spark it to life.

The start is all-important in the three or

four-lap race, and is signalled by a sharp rise in the noise level as riders gun their engines as hard as they can without blowing them to pieces.

All the time bodies are leaning forward, ready to counter the forces experienced once the clutch is let loose and the power of the engine is transferred to the rear wheel.

It's now that the reflexes of the hand on the clutch lever must be fast and unerring, for starting the race before the man says go is a no-no, immediately rewarded with banishment from the race.

For the short duration of a race the rider is desperately searching for enough dirt to give his rear wheel the bite needed to edge away from the opposition. Machines cross paths, bumping each other all the time and often looking to be on the brink of disaster. It is this aggressiveness in the face of constant potential calamity that builds a potent aura around the riders.

Tumbles are part and parcel of the sport and provide a good portion of the adrenalin charge received by spectators. Tangling bikes perform weird contortions, bodies fly left and right, but most times the injuries are no worse than wrenches and grazes.

In the event of an emergency a rider must make an appreciation of the situation facing him and decide on one of two courses of action.

The first is the most difficult, for it means staying on the bike and finding a safe path through the debris — the easiest way of breaking bones if things go wrong. The other option is simply to ditch and join the flotsam on the dirt, hopefully sliding to a halt without striking anything at an acute angle and thus avoiding serious injury.

Those not on a stretcher or heading to hospital in an ambulance are trying to unbend the bike so they can make the time limit for a restart.

It's that kind of will to win that epitomises a speedway rider and has made the sport a universal winner over the last half century.

The Colosseum may have folded through lack of patronage, but Johnny Hoskins' "novelty motorcycle race" appears to have a bright future so long as the human race appreciates the gladiatorial spirit.

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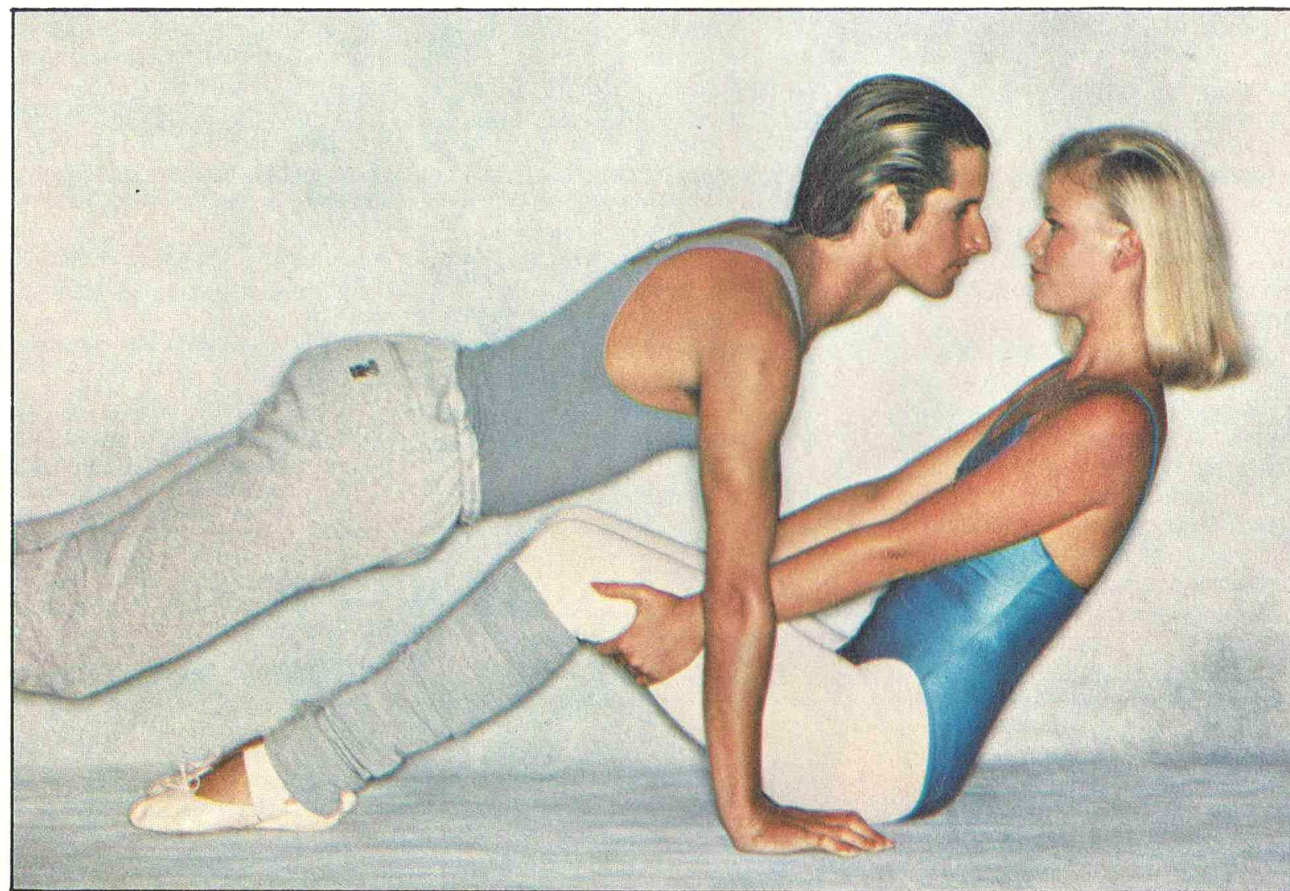
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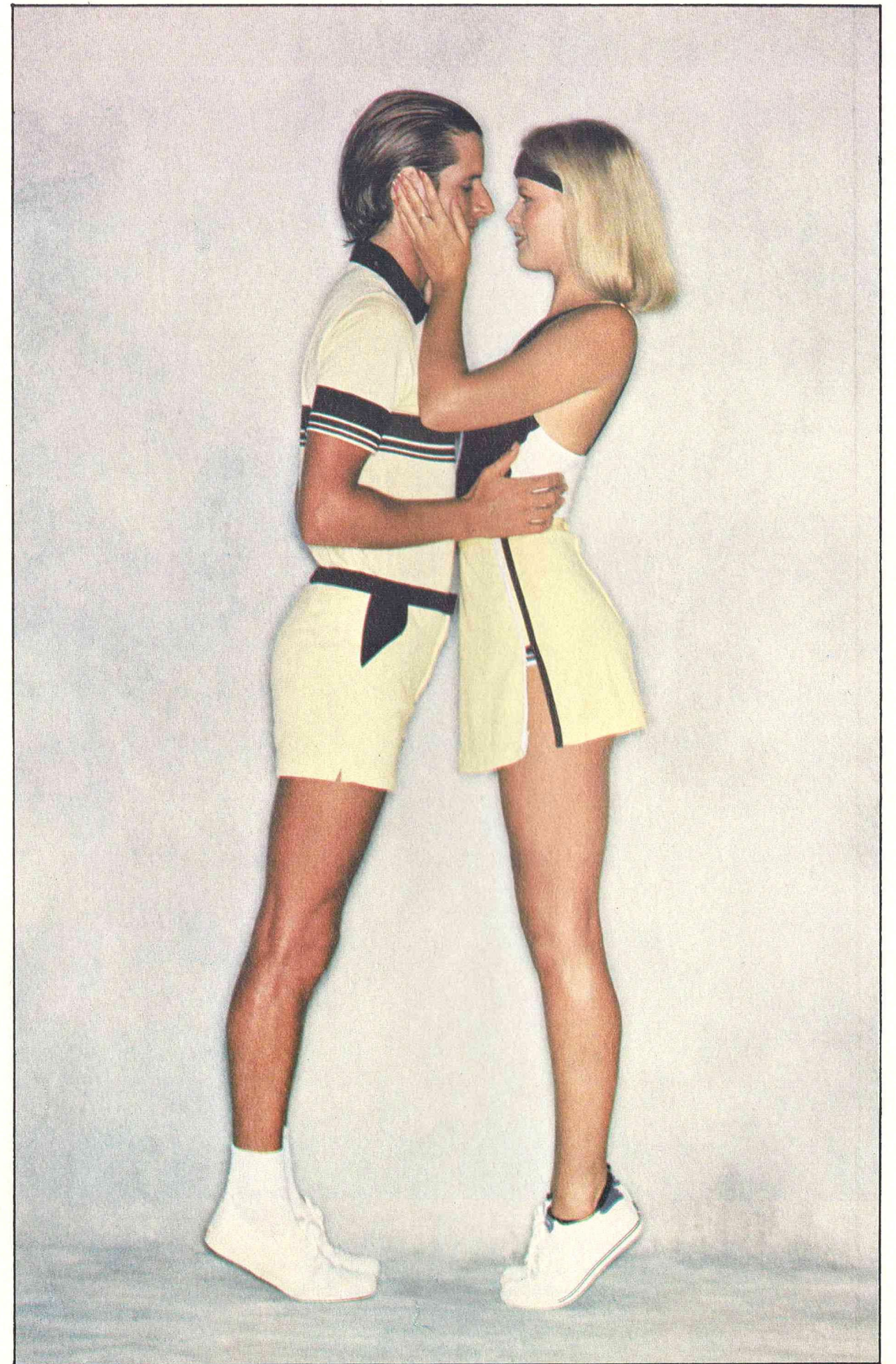
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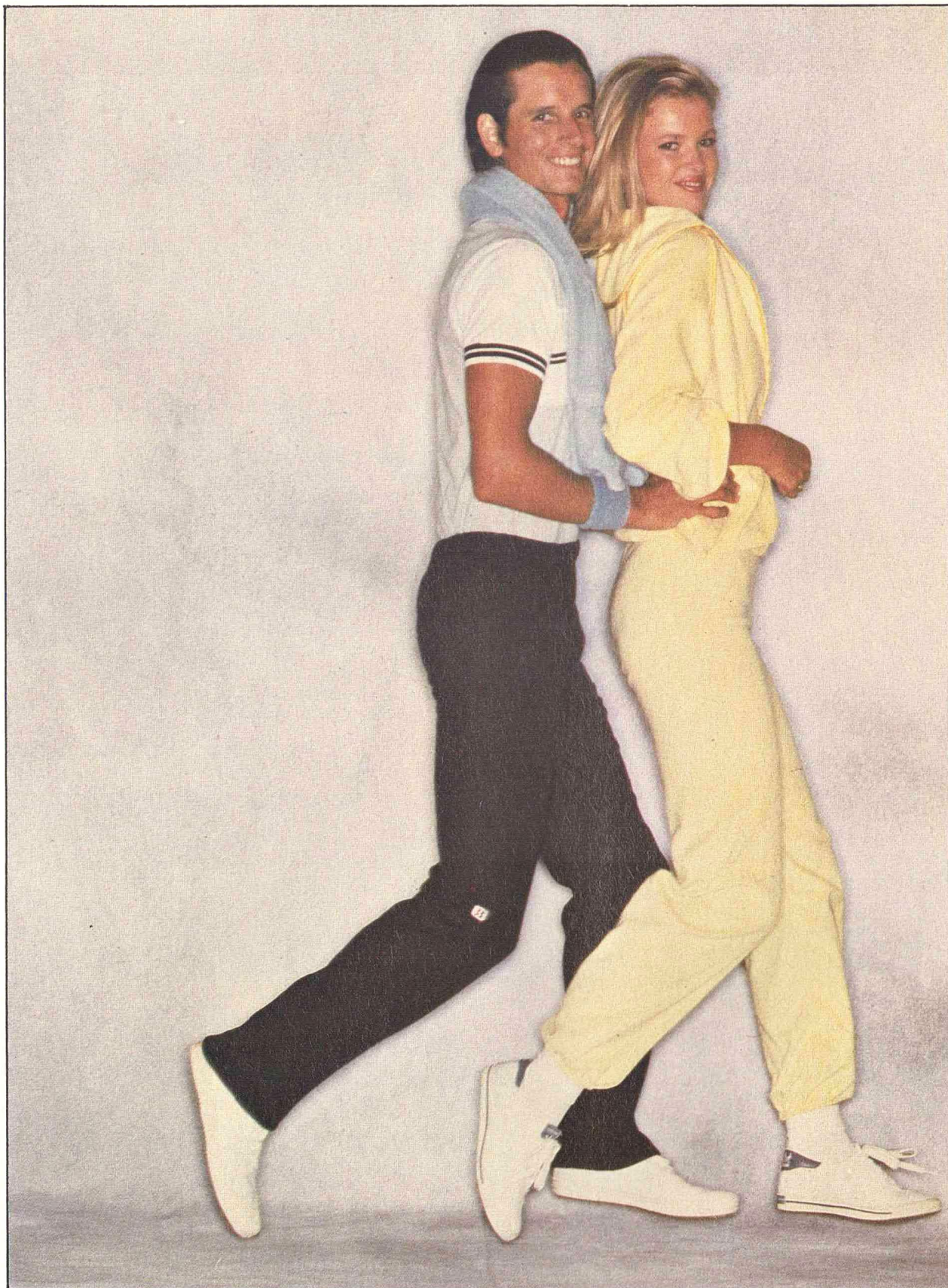
It's time to take a long look at your body and hers. All summer through you've been active and your body's looking great. Keep it that way; don't forfeit that shape you fought so hard to get just because the days are starting to get a little shorter. Change the emphasis of your fitness routine, convince her to jog with you, go to fitness classes together — keep up the good work.

Below: His grey tracksuit pants (\$27.95) from Exacto, at all major department stores. Grey singlet leotard (\$14.95) from Blochs, Sydney and Parramatta. Her blue leotard (\$23.00), pink ballet slippers (\$5.75), grey warm-ups (\$7.50), all available from Blochs, Sydney and Parramatta. Right: She's wearing a terry body-suit in lemon and navy (\$48.95) by Benning. He's wearing a Charade lemon and navy set (\$77.45). All from Love and Deuce in Mosman, NSW.

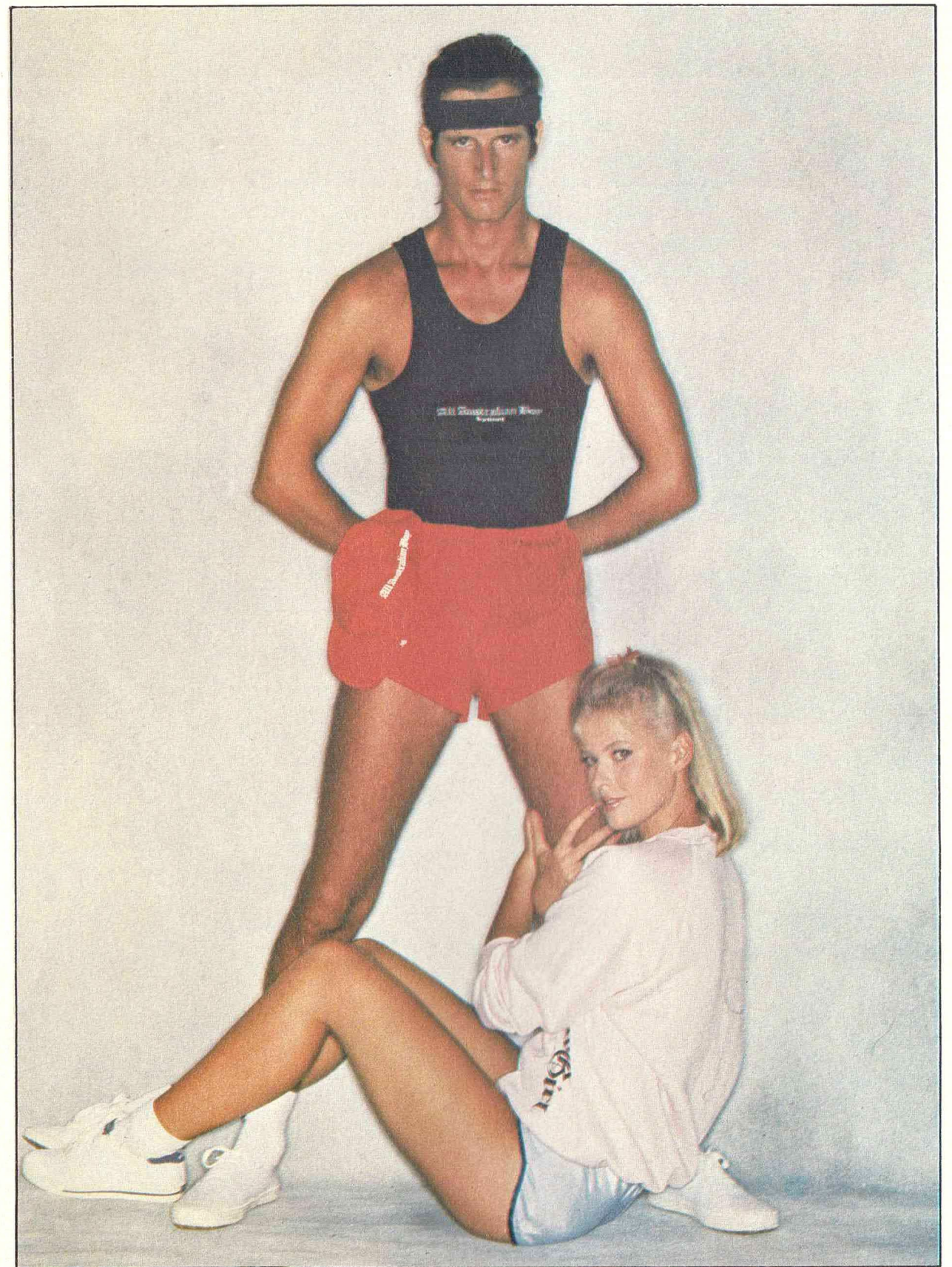


Photographs by Sepp





His navy Benning
tracksuit pants are part of a set (\$231.50),
La Coste pale blue shirt is also part of a tennis set
(\$123.95), from Love and Deuce, Mosman, Sydney.
Towel (\$12.75), from All Australian Boy in
Sydney, Melbourne and Noosa Heads. Her lemon
tracksuit exclusive to Love and Deuce.



Navy workman's
singlet (\$6.50), red running shorts
(\$8.95) and red cap (\$4.95) from All Australian
Boy, Paddington, NSW; South Yarra, Victoria
and Noosa Heads, Queensland. Her pink
windcheater (\$24.95) also available
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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BETTINA ARNDT

“
I love sex from a
research viewpoint. Well, not just
from that point but it's a field
in which we have much to learn
”

Bettina Arndt's lounge-room is plastered with lithographs, paintings and sketches — of Morgan racing cars. Silver cups are scattered on all available shelf space, many with the inscription “Fastest Lady of the Day”. The same title was also given to her when, as a 22-year-old university graduate with a Master of Psychology degree gained for a thesis on treatment of women with orgasmic problems using masturbation, she joined the fledgling publication — *Forum*. In those days the cloud of censorship threatened it from day one, but the little magazine, with Bettina at the helm as public spokeswoman, thrived and survived.

She was often heard on radio talkback shows — one session on in Newcastle, originally scheduled for half an hour, went on for two hours, with a repeat broadcast a week later. Her enthusiasm for the subject of sex bubbled across the nation's airwaves until, in 1975, the Australian Broadcasting Control Board silenced her with a ban on live appearances on television or radio. The ban was finally lifted in 1977.

Bettina and Dennis Minogue (whom she later married) joined Clyde Packer in a three-way partnership in 1977 to publish *Forum*. Last year Dennis and Bettina decided to go it alone with a new publication — *Issues*. Just three weeks before publication Dennis died of a massive heart attack leaving her with a six-month-old son, two step-children and an infant publication struggling for survival.

With typical determination and the same gutsy attitude that saw her weather the censorship battles in style a decade before, Bettina Arndt decided to go ahead with the new venture alone.

Staff writer, Allan Moul, spent some time with Bettina in her cluttered home-office with its huge dining table covered in manuscripts, photographs and type galleys. Her arm was bandaged up. “I ran into a man,” she says without further explanation. At her feet sat her two guardians, a mongrel Rhodesian Ridgeback and a bushy German Shepherd. Her two female assistants busied themselves with the 1001 tasks necessary to get the magazine out. They talked for hours, with ebullient Bettina,

untiring, telling it how it is to run Australia's only sex therapy magazine . . .

Penthouse: How did a nice girl like you get involved in publishing a magazine sexy enough to get banned?

Arndt: It all began when I left school. I came from an academic family where there was a real expectation that we would all go to university and end up with degrees of some sort. There wasn't any distinction made because I was female, I was expected to do the same as my brothers. I fell into psychology while doing a basic science degree. Psychology was the one thing I happened to do better than anything else. And much to everyone's surprise — I never was good at school — towards the end of my first degree I started doing very well indeed. A surprise to my parents, but I had found something I enjoyed and was good at.

Penthouse: Was there any peer pressure on performance?

Arndt: There was this terrible problem with the halo effect — once you start to do well, it's very easy to keep doing well — and peer expectation grows. So it was set up that I would do my honors, PhD at Canberra.

Penthouse: That never happened. Why?

Arndt: I think now that I decided this course was not for me after a visit to a psychiatric hospital near Canberra. Looking at what was happening in this hospital showed me that what we were doing at ANU had nothing to do with the lives of real people and was unlikely to be of help to anyone. We were studying rats, setting up neat little experiments, while people with real problems desperately needed help.

Penthouse: What happened after you dropped the rats?

Arndt: I decided to move into an area of psychology that was more relevant to helping people in some way. Clinical psychology seemed the answer. This was a difficult decision as there weren't any clinical studies at ANU. Sydney, however, had just started one.

Penthouse: How did ANU react?

Arndt: Well my professor was typical. When I told him I wanted to work with *people*, he said “What do you want to get into all that sort of do-gooding for?” This, I felt, was the classic academic psychologist's reaction . . . he was

INTERVIEW

disappointed because I was not set on a nice academic route leading to a nice academic career.

Penthouse: How did you cope with the big city?

Arndt: With difficulty at first. The University of NSW is huge, and it was a terrifying experience moving from the nice safe world living at home with my parents, into a very tough course with more, and better, competition. It was good for me to be an unknown quantity. At the same time I was also suffering cultural shock with the move from antiseptic Canberra to the grot and glorious variety of life in Sydney. For months I sat mesmerised on buses staring at all the extraordinary people, revelling in finding out what the real world is like. I lived in cockroach-ridden flats with a very strange collection of flat-mates and loved it!

Penthouse: What about the course?

Arndt: At the time the clinical course was being run by a psychologist called Ron Farmer, who probably is *the* person in Australia who did most to develop sex therapy. Ron was a psychologist who was always fairly comfortable about sex and had realised early in his career that this was an area where people really needed help. Very little had been published in the literature — in psychology or medical journals — on the subject and hardly anyone else in Australia was interested in the area. So Ron started trying to work out what would help men gain erections or how to teach women to reach orgasm. Most of his ideas were based on commonsense and intuition. He was a marvellous seat-of-the-pants therapist and developed a whole range of techniques which worked very well. Then as soon as Ron gained a reputation for helping people successfully with these problems, doctors, psychologists, etc started sending him more and more patients with sexual difficulties. They were only too glad not to have to try to cope with them themselves... in those days no-one had had any training at all in sexual counselling and the doctors were just as hung up and embarrassed as their patients. All this meant that as students working in Ron's clinic — which was *actually* a behavior therapy clinic — we tended to see more and more people with sexual problems rather than the sort of problem which had traditionally occupied psychologists' time... such as fears, phobias,

Penthouse: How did the students react to this emphasis on sex?

Arndt: It's hard to remember what it was like — I suppose we were all fascinated by sex — most people are... and I'm

sure we were all going home and doing a lot of soul-searching trying to sort out our own hang-ups and problems. Ron made us realise very quickly that we couldn't expect to cure other peoples' problems if we hadn't tried to sort ourselves out; For instance we would be recommending that women try out vibrators and I am sure that all the women in my group would have gone home to try one out, I certainly did and it was marvellous!... but we never really talked to each other about it.

Penthouse: What was it like the first time you had to do sex therapy?

Arndt: There is such a difference between reading about sex or whispering sweet nothings to your lover — but it is really hard having to explain something in a clinical setting, saying words like "penis", "erection" out loud without blushing. I remember the first time I was in a co-therapy situation with a

One woman spent
an hour talking
about her "organisms"
and I had a vision
of tiny creatures
swarming over her

male as my co-therapist. We had to explain to the couple how the male body works. Jeff suddenly turned to me and said "Oh, Tina will explain that." Gulp, I took a deep breath and launched into this complicated explanation of how the penis becomes erect, testicles tighten etc... I had never before used words like "penis" in public, so to speak... I suppose most people in personal relationships have their own strange pet names for such things. I think at the time I was involved with a Percy, or was it a Fred... Anyway, the more I talked the more embarrassed and pinker I became. Everyone sat in stony silence until finally the male patient started laughing. "What are you laughing at," I asked. "You look so embarrassed," he replied. This was wonderful, because we all laughed and I calmed down and from then on it was all right.

Penthouse: Were most people embarrassed talking about sex?

Arndt: Yes, sometimes it was terribly funny trying to find a common language and help people find the

words to talk about things they had never discussed before. I remember one woman who spent an hour talking about her "organisms" and I had this vision of these tiny creatures swarming all over her... but it was very important not to correct her and make her feel foolish. It is always possible to help people find words that they are comfortable to use without making them feel like the diner in the French restaurant whose waiter pronounces everything correctly after he has struggled through his order making a fool of himself.

Penthouse: What sort of language do you use?

Arndt: In therapy I always tended to try to find out what the patients or clients were comfortable with. This wasn't always so easy because if I was seeing a couple, the man may think of sex as "fucking" and the woman as "making love" and somehow I had to teach them to talk to each other. The language was an immediate barrier. It really was a matter of playing it very carefully. I know some doctors who believe it puts their patients at ease if they start talking about "fucking" and refer to the penis as "prick" or "cock" but the trouble is although the people you see may use these words, they sometimes are very offended by a therapist or doctor using them. Particularly if the therapist is a female.

Penthouse: Was being a female an advantage to you?

Arndt: Oh yes, I think so. Women usually find it easier to talk to another woman. They are often embarrassed about talking about sex to a man, and as a woman I could understand their feelings. I never pretended to be any different from them and would always tell them if I had experienced a similar problem, or felt the same feelings. I was most unlike the traditional psychologist because I found it impossible to remain seated behind a desk and tended to end up having chats with the women I saw, exchanging notes rather than handing out advice!

Penthouse: And the men?

Arndt: Although I found it easier working with women, it was fascinating working with men. As a female I was able to give them some idea of what it was like on the other side of the fence. You know the sort of thing... if a man doesn't get an erection he tends to think the female is going to be furious or feel he is hopeless, whereas I can tell them as a woman that the problem for women is difficult. It is very hard to know what to do in this situation. If you turn over and go to sleep, he will think you are rejecting him. He may be madly trying to pretend nothing has happened so you may be reluctant to touch his penis for the fear of making him feel

worse. If you try to help him get it up, it may make him feel even more anxious because he may think you want him to get an erection. There are all these potential hassles hanging around, where whatever you do is likely to be misinterpreted. So as a therapist and as a woman I can tell men why women behave in certain ways and try to break down some of their anxiety. It is also great fun trying to understand what makes males tick. I will never know what it is really like to worry about getting it up, but my experiences as a therapist have helped me gain some idea of how ghastly it must be, and it is obvious, in theory at least, that it should also help my own personal sex life to have learnt so much about men and what they enjoy.

Penthouse: In theory?

Arndt: I think so. You can hardly write articles about 200 ways of finding a man's secret erogenous zones without putting some of it into practice. But probably you would have to ask the males in my life to really find out the answer to that one. That reminds me, when I first started working publicly in the area of sex, an old boyfriend, my first lover, rang me up and took credit for the fact that I was a sex therapist, that it had all been due to his superb sexual expertise. I hated to disillusion him. My husband Dennis always found women were most interested in him because they assumed that any male I lived with would have to be well trained, which he was... or perhaps it was just natural skill.

Penthouse: So your entry into the world of sexology can't be credited to a male?

Arndt: No, my major recollection of the incident that led me into sex therapy was a seminar in our course where there was me, another female and five males sitting 'round discussing why women don't masturbate. Statistics at the time showed a huge difference between male and female experience with masturbation. Kinsey in the early 1950s had shown that the majority of men under 20 masturbate regularly while only 30 percent of women did so. At this seminar we were discussing the reasons why there was this difference between the sexes. All the males were saying women don't masturbate as children because they were punished more than boys for touching themselves or else they had some deep-seated fear of touching their own genitals or were uncomfortable about their bodies. I sat there thinking "what's wrong with me" and finally, taking all my courage into my hands, I said "I can't remember ever masturbating when I was a teenager." All these male eyebrows raised and they then spent an hour cross-examining me to try to find my deep-seated fear of touching my

genitals. I said to them "I can't even remember even *thinking* about masturbation as a teenager. I never even knew women could do it." The other girl in the seminar had had a similar experience to me so we started arguing with the males on the basis of our personal experience. They kept saying you can't argue from your own experience because it could be that you two are just freaks and there's no way you can generalise about how other women feel from your own experience. That was so annoying particularly as there was *no* research to prove the point one way or another. So I went home and rang up my girlfriends and asked "Have you ever masturbated?" This was early Seventies and not the sort of thing people talked about then. When my friends recovered from the shock, I discovered the majority had a similar experience to me — that is, many other girls had no

Sometimes you
could help people
just by letting them
talk, giving information,
reassurance, showing
them they're normal

real hang-ups about their bodies but simply never thought of masturbating as they were growing up. The ones who had discovered masturbation had tended to have discovered it by accident. This differed from the male experience where a lot of boys hear about masturbation from another guy or are introduced to it by someone else. Also their genitals are so much more accessible and it is pretty hard for them to avoid touching themselves and discovering masturbation. Anyway that was one of the major events which led me to start working in this area.

Penthouse: It obviously was the right decision?

Arndt: Ten years ago it was a very exciting area to work in. No one was doing much sexual counselling and if you were the sort of person who could talk fairly naturally about sex, just by giving people the chance to talk, you could do a hell of a lot of good. People were so relieved to be able to come and tell you everything. I remember one woman who had been trying for seven years to pluck up the courage to talk to her doc-

tor. She would walk into his surgery, take one look at him and ask for another flu injection! Sometimes you could help people just by letting them talk, giving them information, reassurance, showing them they were normal. This made it a very good area to work in for an optimist like me... I couldn't bear working in a field where it takes two years to get anywhere. In sex, like obstetrics, most people end up happier than before they came to see you, very few people die on you or commit suicide and I think you rarely make anyone much worse by therapy. This certainly isn't true in many other areas of psychology.

There were other things that made sex a very good area to work in — I'd just discovered feminism and the women's movement and through working with women I really discovered what female friendship is all about. I did a thesis on treating women with sexual problems and for this I spent five months talking to 90 women at great length about how they felt about sex. I also ran therapy groups for women. This was a revelation to me. Like most women I'd regarded other women as competition for men rather than as people whose company I would enjoy — I never had a real concept of sisterhood with women because I was always worried about whether they were prettier than me or more successful. Life as a teenage girl is about catching hold of a boyfriend and hanging on to him. At the age of 19-20 it was wonderful to sit and talk to these women and try to understand their lives. There was a strong feeling of "we're in this together" — which was very much part of the early women's movement. I read Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch* and it was all so exciting to be in the middle of it. This discovery of how wonderful women are continues to thrill me. I now meet infinitely more women who interest me and whom I want to get to know better, than I do men. I think women in Australia are very exciting, interesting people and have developed so much in the past decade. That was just beginning to happen then and I was in the middle of it. Sex was a classic area in which women hadn't been having a very good time and all of a sudden we were presented with some of the solutions. The Masters and Johnson research had just been published which talked about the clitoris and what was needed to increase female sexual enjoyment. It was clear that all that was needed in many cases was to teach men and women more about female anatomy and female sexual responses and teach them how to talk to each other. Through this simple counselling process, it was possible to help lots of women to have a far better

INTERVIEW

time in bed. So here was an area in which there was a great need in terms of women's happiness, where they had been deprived of enjoyment, and yet it was an area where I might have been able to do something. So many things fitted together to make this an ideal career for me. I could help women, talk about sex, do all the things I enjoyed.

One other factor was that I always enjoyed men and tried to understand them — and I felt right from the beginning working in the sexual area that there was no way women would get a better sexual life unless we tried to understand men as well. A lot of early literature on female sexuality tended to be anti-male, blaming men for the fact that women hadn't been enjoying themselves and telling women that they had to start asserting themselves and demanding this and demanding that. It was obvious to me that we would ruin any chance of good relationships with males if we approached them in that way. It had to be possible to help women enjoy themselves without scaring men stiff. Stiff? Well the problem was far more likely to be quite the opposite...

This was all in the early Seventies — a tremendously exciting period in terms of our society. I felt it was possible that I could be instrumental in a tiny way in producing a change which would help women, help the women's movement, help women live with men better — this would be wonderful. And as it turned out, I think some of that came off. I was lucky enough to be the right person, at the right time, right place.

Penthouse: How long a gap between leaving university and getting involved in *Forum*?

Arndt: No gap at all — a classic example of my charmed life! In early 1973 I was just finishing my research on sexual problems and trying to work out what to do with my life. At that time there were very few clinics involved with sexual problems in Australia.

I had begun to think I would have to go to England to work in the area. One of the major sources of sex education for us when we were being trained was English *Forum* magazine. *Forum* was the first of the sex education magazines to be published in the world which attempted to provide factual information about sex and sex therapy, giving detailed answers to sexual problems in print. *Forum* was part of our compulsory reading — and I learnt more about sex from English *Forum* than anywhere else. They ran a clinic for sexual problems in London and I'd just written to them asking if I could

work there when that week there was an ad in *The National Times* announcing *Forum* was about to be published in Australia by Clyde Packer, in partnership with Mike Willesee and John Cornell... I approached them to see if I could run a similar clinic here. Soon afterwards I started working for *Australian Forum* as consultant editor. Initially my job was to find consultants, experts to answer letters, write articles and to also spend a few days each week doing therapy for the magazine. I also had a wonderful time doing publicity for the magazine, talking about sex and sex therapy on radio and television.

Penthouse: When *Forum* first started what were the reactions to it?

Arndt: We were all nervous wrecks, expecting any moment to be all locked up. It was really a very brave publishing venture at that time — there was no other magazine in Australia attempting

People were crying out for information and so many had been feeling guilty about their sex lives

to educate the adult public about sex and relationships. *Cleo* had only just started and most of the community were very ignorant and embarrassed about sex. In fact it all went very smoothly except for one nerve-racking day when two policemen turned up at the door and asked to see our files. They said they had had a complaint from a woman who said she had received unsolicited pornography through the mail. We checked our files and found there was a paid subscription in her name — paid for by her ex-husband! A rather strong hint we thought!

For some professional people, who were already helping people with sexual problems, *Forum* was a godsend. Doctors who were aware of the needs for sex education used the magazine to educate themselves and to recommend to their patients. There was another group of professionals who tended to say to us that these sexual problems didn't exist, we were making them all up. These were the sort of doctors who were so unapproachable that

no one ever asked *them* about sex problems. Patients are able to pick up vibes as to whether or not their doctor is approachable on sexual matters.

Penthouse: Why was the magazine so successful?

Arndt: It fulfilled a very real need. In Australia we had all been raised with little sex education and with negative conditioning about sex. It was all regarded as a bit dirty and you simply didn't talk about sex with your partner. It was okay to ask your husband to scratch your back but not to tickle your clitoris. Sex was treated as different from other aspects of life rather than as a natural part. For a lot of people in the early 1970s sex wasn't working very well. Then came the publication of Masters and Johnson's research, which showed just how many men and women weren't enjoying their sexual lives and also gave some answers as to what to do about it. At last we had research giving solid information about sex and the media was there to spread the message. *Forum* was part of that process.

Penthouse: What sort of reaction did you have to the press publicity surrounding the magazine?

Arndt: It really was a fascinating experience. *No-one* had talked openly about sex before on radio or television. Whenever I did a talkback program, we were swamped with calls from people who wanted help. I would try to give them some advice, recommend books to read, etc. It was obvious that people were crying out for information and so many people had been feeling so guilty and abnormal about their sex lives. This was one of the most rewarding aspects of the job — to be able to reassure people that they were normal and whatever they chose to do with their partners was their own business. It was particularly good to talk to people who had so-called sexual "deviations" because these people had usually been terrified of being found out and felt no-one could possibly understand how they felt. I remember one amazing radio program in Newcastle with Mike Jeffreys (now with 3XY in Melbourne). The program was supposed to last half an hour but ended up running for two hours and then they repeated the whole program two days later. They had so many calls and it made amazing radio. One woman rang in to say she had trouble telling her husband when she wanted to go to bed with him. Then dozens of other women rang in to tell us what they did to show *their* husbands they were in the mood. Some wore a special perfume, put on a certain record. Another used to watch TV wearing no knickers, another used to cook Wiener Schnitzel as her sign it was on! Then I tried to persuade males to ring in and finally heard this

voice... "Is that a man?" I asked. "I think so," was the reply. The caller turned out to be a transvestite, a well-known member of this community and he talked on air in front of thousands of people about how frightened he was that he would be found out, how terrified he was about how his family would react etc. It was so good for those thousands of people who were used to making jokes about drag queens and sniggering at such people to hear what it is really like to have a sexual "abnormality". We tried to get the man to go for counselling but he was too frightened... I still felt that call was really important in terms of educating people and trying to change prejudices.

Penthouse: What about the reaction of the radio stations?

Arndt: The media were very funny to deal with. Managers of radio stations always hovered around looking nervous with their fingers on the panic buttons. Once I was trying to tell a man what he could do to learn to control ejaculation and I kept being handed little notes from the manager of the station saying "Please don't use the word 'penis'", "Please don't mention 'erection'". I would like to see anyone cure premature ejaculation without mentioning penises or erections!

Penthouse: But didn't you once get banned for using explicit language on the air?

Arndt: It always annoys me intensely that people think I was banned for using four letter words... I was banned from live television and radio broadcasts in 1973 — just at the time Wendy Bacon and, I think, Dudley Moore had received similar bans for saying "fuck" or something similar. In fact my ban was not due to the use of any particular word — I bent over backwards to use words which wouldn't offend people — but the Broadcasting Control Board claimed I had offended certain sectors of the community and may have caused harm to young people. There was an enormous fuss because all our consultants sprang to my defence and tried to find out what I had said that could possibly harm anyone. The Board refused to name a particular program, let alone a specific word I had used and simply fell back on vague statements about the general tone of my public discussions on sex. The ban was lifted a few years later when I wrote to them suggesting times had changed... but the whole incident gave me a certain notoriety.

Penthouse: What about censorship? Was that a problem?

Arndt: We had been very careful from the start to establish it as an educational magazine with a very impressive editorial board full of professors and

experts in sexology. I think this is basically what kept us out of trouble for a long time. We were banned very briefly in the first year in Queensland but after a long meeting with their literature board, they finally agreed to lift the ban. Actually the Queensland Board has been terrific since that time, always warning us when they felt we were wandering off the straight and narrow. I sometimes think they are terrified of another confrontation with me. In meetings with such boards I tend to launch into long clinical explanations of subjects they can't cope with at all... this embarrasses them all so much they are dying to get me out of the room. Also the fact I am female has always helped here. A young female can never be a dirty old man in a raincoat... I'm the last person people expect to be editing a sex magazine and you should see me dressed for such oc-

I would say there is no question that censorship is becoming tighter throughout Australia.

casions in a bun and my orthopaedic shoes!

Penthouse: That's Queensland. Do you have trouble with other states?

Arndt: Well, about two or three years ago problems really began to emerge in Victoria — there was a change in legislation in Victoria which required magazine distributors to submit to the Board anything that they thought could possibly be restricted. The problems with this system are incredible. Sometimes we would be weeks late on sale because the Board would have taken weeks to make a decision, or would have taken a holiday or some ghastly mix-up had occurred somewhere. We had a number of issues restricted but found it almost impossible to find out exactly what we had done wrong. The Board would issue guidelines about what we could publish and what we couldn't but then all of a sudden we would discover we weren't on the same wavelength and something else would be wrong. It is very hard for such a Board to make consistent decisions but I used to end up in an absolute fury

when one month they would let me publish something on oral sex and the next month this was regarded as likely to corrupt the youth of today.

Basically I would say there is no question that censorship is becoming tighter throughout Australia. There is evidence that this country is becoming more and more conservative. To me this is a depressing state of affairs — books that people were able to display freely on bookstands are now being restricted and the same is happening all over the world. In Britain books that you could freely buy five years ago, you can't find any more. I feel that the majority of people are happy to have education material freely available but unfortunately the minority who are frightened are becoming more and more vocal and more and more organised and it is the apathetic majority — who would enjoy more access to sex education — who are in fact going to lose their freedom.

Penthouse: Well you have been associated with the magazine now for 10 years, but when did you actually become editor?

Arndt: For the first two years I worked as consultant editor and did therapy in the *Forum* clinic but was made editor at the end of the second year. It was very lucky timing because by then I'd become involved with Dennis Minogue, my future husband — who had been a journalist for almost 20 years and was able to teach me what a layout looked like, how to sub, spell, etc. He gave me crash courses at night and I learnt the basics of being an editor... although I never did learn the jargon and can't sub or spell at all.

Our readers didn't seem to mind. *Forum* was always a funny little amateurish magazine where we occasionally printed things upside down, or back to front. I think the fact that *Forum* and *Issues* always look a little odd and unprofessional helped people to realise we weren't a huge, slick publishing company and this made them more willing to trust us with their personal stories or the gory details of their sex lives. We always told them about what was happening to us... Dennis used to write a monthly column as *Forum's* only male (The Token Male) describing the latest catastrophe in the *Forum* office, my neuroticism, our illnesses, traumas. When I had my baby last year I had hundreds of messages, even booties from our readers... and of course our readers were incredibly upset at Dennis' death late last year and sent me the most extraordinary letters of support. This personal emphasis in the magazine means we have a very close relationship with our readers and the magazine changed as our readers have changed.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: What has changed about the magazine?

Arndt: Well *Forum* started off as an adult sex education magazine read, I think, mainly by males. It is now read by just as many women as men... we have lots of couples, families who read the magazine together. With the change in readers, the contents of the magazine have also changed. We publish mainly personal stories from readers and so as they started sending in stories about relationships in general, about single parents, about divorce, remarriage, the general thrust of the magazine changed away from the initial emphasis on sex. The broadening of the contents of the magazine was mainly as a result of changes in the interests of our readers rather than a change imposed on them by us.

Penthouse: Late last year you changed the name to *Issues*. Why?

Arndt: Well *Forum* had been published for almost 10 years — actually the 10 year anniversary was this March and we felt it was time for a facelift. Lots of people think of *Forum* simply as a nudge, nudge, wink, sex magazine. It was never that and had evolved into a far broader magazine but we would always be fighting against that reputation while we retained the *Forum* name. So we took the nerve-racking step of changing the name. I am sure this was the right move but as it turned out the timing was appalling because a month before *Issues* No. 1 was due to appear my husband and co-publisher, Dennis died of a heart attack. Naturally this was an awful period for me but luckily it was really too late not to go ahead with the name change and the fact that I was swamped with work — all Dennis' work ended up in my lap — helped me through the most difficult period of my life.

Penthouse: How is it going now?

Arndt: It was very confusing at first for our readers. We were a month late with No 1 and No 2 appeared two months later, but we are now back to a monthly cycle and are really happy with the reaction to the magazine. We have just thought of a wonderful new sub-title for *Issues*. *Forum's* sub-title was "The Australian Journal of Interpersonal Relations" which sounded terribly dull and boring. Well, our new sub-title is "When you are through playing games". This to me is really what the magazine is about — a magazine which talks about relationships between men and women without the bullshit. Which talks honestly about what it's like to be a man or a woman and helps us all learn to live with each other. The real issues of today, eh?

Penthouse: In *Issues*, you're getting back into writing and enjoying it...

Arndt: Well, I decided I might as well take advantage of 10 years of experience in dealing with sex, and start writing about it. *Issues* hasn't the same emphasis on sex, but sex is still an essential ingredient. We're approaching it from a different angle. I'm making the assumption that our readers are reasonably sophisticated about sex. So I'm not doing basic sex education — as I would when writing for say *Cosmopolitan*, explaining what a clitoris is, where do you find it, what it looks like, etc. I'm assuming readers know this sort of thing and have absorbed some sex education over the past 10 years. I'm assuming I'm talking to an informed audience who are interested in sex. What I'll be doing is keeping readers up to date with exciting things which are happening in

Men are much less used to observing and talking about their sexual responses and feelings

the field of sexology. To give you an example... recently there has been a lot of fuss about the question of whether women can ejaculate. There is now solid evidence that some women can ejaculate and if stimulated in a specific part of the vagina, a fluid is released which is very similar to the male ejaculate. This sort of discovery is very exciting to me. I just love sex from a research point of view. Well... obviously not just from a research point of view. It's still such a new field and one in which we still have so much to learn. I've just been writing a lovely article talking about all the mistakes sex therapists have made over the past 10 years. For instance, years ago I lectured about sex during pregnancy, saying anything was possible provided you found positions where everything fitted. Then when I was pregnant I discovered this advice didn't necessarily work at all. Practising what you preach isn't always so easy.

Penthouse: What other highlights are coming up?

Arndt: I plan to focus more on male sex-

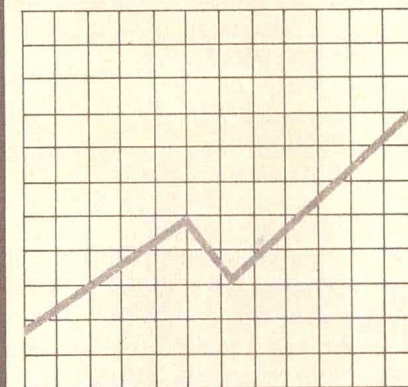
uality and male feelings about relationships. It is very hard to find men to write about sex. Men are much less used to being able to observe their responses and feelings, and talk about them than women are. But after all the endless talk about women in the past few years it's nice to look at men for a change. There are fascinating differences between males and females and we try to show men and women what life is like for the opposite sex. For instance this month we've been working on an article about male ejaculation. We have always had letters asking should it squirt or dribble, what happens if it turns grey or green, what it should taste like. It's a classic human interest area which presents interesting problems for an editor. I can find out medical facts such as semen consists of this or that, but then I have to try to work out from this knowledge of chemical composition what actually affects the taste or color. I act as a sort of go-between gathering the information from medical experts or researchers and then making deductions to explain what's happening.

Penthouse: An in-depth study?

Arndt: Yes, the nicest development has been the response to Soul Mates — our meet-a-friend type column. I was always really aware that it must be ghastly reading *Forum* or *Issues* if you are on your own and have no chance of trying out all the things we write about. Rather like being let loose in a cake shop without your dentures. Well we started Soul Mates to try to do something about the problem of loneliness particularly when we heard from so many of our female readers who are single mums or divorced about the difficulties they had getting out and meeting people. We used to get requests to forward letters. We always felt we couldn't do so — we had to respect our readers' confidentiality. So we thought we'd try out a system whereby if people wanted to receive letters they had to indicate this to us and we would then pass on the correspondence to them keeping their names and addresses confidential. This is how Soul Mates began, and now we have a whole section of magazine devoted to letters from people who want to meet lovers, make friends. It is a very important part and it's lovely for us being match-makers. We have already had half a dozen Soul Mate marriages and from the sound of things, lots of torrid affairs. It's great to be able to help people get together in this way and I must say now that we have three single women including myself in the office, all males who write to us are getting the once-over before we publish their letters in *Issues*. After all it's only fair we should have the cream of the crop! ☺

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

CAN YOU COP IT SWEET?



The world is full of nasty people: the boss who always berates you in front of your co-workers; the teacher who calls you a blockhead before the whole class; the condescending cop who pulls you over just to watch you squirm; the bitchy mother-in-law; the lover whose favorite pastime is discussing your faults with anyone who'll listen.

This psychograph is designed to see how well you deal with congenitally unpleasant people. Do you handle them in a productive fashion, or do they suck you into playing the game their way?

Research psychologists have done vast amounts of work on what makes people nasty, obstructive, sour, nay-saying, aggressive, argumentative, sneaky, big-mouthed, boastful, vacillating, condescending, officious, abrasive and generally obnoxious. A common thread that runs through many of these offensive behaviors is that they are primarily defensive in nature. The quirky ways of obnoxious people are often misguided attempts to protect themselves from the vicissitudes of life.

While the researchers have delved deeply into the causes of such behaviors, they haven't been a whole lot of help when it comes to suggesting ways that we nice guys can successfully deal with such people. The best advice on that score seems to come from the likes of management consultants, marriage and family counsellors and practicing shrinks. These are the people who, day in and day out, must provide their clients with successful strategies for dealing with the obstreperous boss; the impossible lover; the nagging parent.

It is this large body of practical, empirical knowledge that we've relied on for the material in this psychograph.

PART I

Remember: this is not a test of whether you *know* the correct strategies and tactics. Consequently you must be rigorously honest in answering these questions. Before you select an answer, review your own experience to see how you're reacted.

1. Your boss tries to intimidate everyone. He's a loud-mouth who criticises everything. You are in the middle of delivering a report at a

meeting when he breaks in with his standard repertoire of bullying objections and verbal karate chops.

Your reaction:

- I turn to jelly and sit down while he harangues me.
 - I start shouting at him just as he's shouting at me. The only way you can handle such people is to give them back as much grief as they dish out.
 - I stand my ground patiently but don't show outward emotion. I say something like, "I'll be happy to deal with your objections when I finish."
2. The woman you live with is like a time bomb. You never know when she's going to blow up. When she launches into one of these tirades, what do you do?
- I just clam up and ignore her. You can't deal with somebody who's behaving in such a juvenile way.
 - I'll do anything to break the increasing fury of her anger. I'll shout something like, "Hold it! Stop! We can talk, but not like this."
 - I snap right back at her, indignantly telling her to shut up.
3. You are shopping in an exclusive

store. You ask a question and the salesman replies in an extremely snotty, condescending manner. Your response:

- I slink away, angry at myself that I don't have the guts to speak up.
- I insult him as loudly and nastily as I can, saying something like, "Up yours, you mincing faggot."
- I respond in a conversational tone of voice, telling him there's no need for him to behave like that. If I feel really incensed, I report him quietly to the manager.
- I call loudly for the manager and make a big scene about how poorly I've been treated.

4. Harry, a guy who works with you, is always whining and complaining. He never misses a chance to take you aside and, in a conspiratorial tone of voice, criticise your superiors and co-workers. Your reaction:
- I listen patiently, then walk away. I don't agree or disagree with what he says. When I do talk with him, I always stick to facts, not opinions.
 - I agree with whatever he says, even if I don't really agree.
 - I brush him off impatiently, saying something like, "Oh, give it a rest, Harry. You're always griping."

5. Al is a bull artist. He always acts like he's a big expert, yet he usually doesn't know what he's talking about. You're in a meeting with him and several other people. As usual he's making an ass of himself. You've got the correct data which will show he's wrong. Do you:
- Go in for the kill, showing off your own knowledge and leaving him shot down in flames.
 - Give the correct data, but introduce them in a way (like, "Al, perhaps you overlooked this...") which gives him a graceful way out.
 - Say nothing, but later send a memo with the correct data to the other people who were at the meeting.

6. The lady in your life is charming but she doesn't say much. In fact, it's often hard to coax more than a one syllable answer from her before she clams up again.

To help her open up, do you:

- (a) Talk more yourself to fill the void.
(b) Keep quiet even if the silence seems to go on forever.

7. Jim is your business partner. Unfortunately, he is also an incorrigible pessimist. Every time you bring up a new idea, he shoots it down.

What do you do?

- (a) I stop proposing new ideas.
(b) I go ahead and put my ideas into practice without consulting him.
(c) I present my ideas to him and, if, he doesn't have any legitimate, concrete objections, I go ahead with the plan.
(d) I marshal all my facts and argue for my viewpoint.

8. The woman you live with has one fault that drives you crazy: she makes promises and doesn't keep them. She'll promise to leave the weekend free so the two of you can go to the country; then, when Friday arrives she announces she has to work Saturday. That sort of thing.

How do you handle her?

- (a) I get angry and say, "Look, I'm tired of this crap."
(b) I don't say anything. I just smoulder with resentment.
(c) I try to keep her from making promises that she probably won't be able to keep.

9. Your secretary is a chronic procrastinator. She never gets anything finished on time.

Do you:

- (a) Avoid giving her deadlines, because you know they'll just make her even more nervous and less productive.
(b) Give her reasonable deadlines and say something like, "I'll check with you a few days before this is due to make sure everything's on schedule."

- (c) Give her a deadline, and, when she doesn't meet it, blow up and threaten to fire her if she doesn't shape up.

10. Les is a needler. He smiles constantly, but cuts people up under his breath. He'll slap you on the back like an old friend and then say, "Well, champ, it looks like you fouled up again."

- (a) I ask him to explain his remarks.
(b) I ignore him.
(c) I insult him right back.

The following statements reflect various attitudes toward people and life in general. After each, check the letter which expresses how strongly you agree or disagree with the statement. Select: (a) if you agree strongly; (b) if you agree moderately; (c) if you're neutral and don't feel strongly one way or the other; (d) if you disagree moderately; (e) if you disagree strongly.

- Most people are basically incompetent.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- There are only two ways to do things: the right way and the wrong way.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- Anger is sometimes a useful emotion.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- You can't change people, so there's no use trying.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- People who behave badly don't have to act that way. They do it on purpose.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- The golden rule should really read: "Do unto others as they do unto you. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- I can't worry about other people's problems; I've got enough of my own.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- Talking about problems is a waste of time. Actions are all that count.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- Arguments should be avoided at all costs.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)
- Life is a win/lose proposition. If I

win, you lose; if you win, I lose.
(a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

SCORING PART I

The "correct" answers (that is, the tactics more likely to be effective with troublesome people) are listed below. Give yourself 5 points for each one you chose.

1. c 2. c 5. b 7. c 9. b
2. b 4. a 6. b 8. c 10. a

PART II

Add up the point values of the answers you chose.

1. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
2. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
4. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-4, e-3
5. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
7. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5, e-4
8. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5, e-3
9. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5, e-3
10. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5

Combine the points you scored on both parts of the psychograph:

71 to 100 points — You are an expert at handling troublesome people. You understand that these people are often insecure and can — with careful handling — sometimes be transformed from roadblocks into positive assets. You invariably choose the strategy that gets you what you want. But you also understand that most interpersonal relationships extend over time. Consequently, no matter how tedious a person is, you don't seek to destroy him. You choose tactics that leave the door open for future interaction.

40 to 70 points — Like most of us you win some and you lose some. Remember: when you have to deal with an obnoxious person, the most fruitful strategy will usually be the one that allows both of you to retain your self-esteem.

10-39 points — You usually blow it. When faced with a difficult person you are likely either to cave in and let him walk all over you or to respond with such hostility you lose all your effectiveness. Sometimes your own attitude provokes people into being more difficult than they might ordinarily be. It's almost as if you expect people to be bastards. You're rarely willing to give anyone the benefit of the doubt. ☹

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Far from throwing in
his hot towel, the traditional barber
is fighting back

The Return of Sweeney Todd

The Seventies brought us all sorts of liberating ideas. Unisex was one of them; it was everywhere, but nowhere was it more evident than in the field of hairdressing. Thousands of salons opened, all extolling the virtues of unisex. The look and most definitely the feel of the hairdresser's changed.

Decor became all-important; styling took over where cutting left off. Hairdressers became minor, then major celebrities overnight.

You, on the other hand, had another area in common with your lover. All of a sudden it didn't seem so ridiculous to consider a little tinting or a small body wave, especially at her insistence.

What were the disadvantages of this system?

Was the rejection of your trusted corner-shop barber too fast and too complete? It seems that time, as always, is having the final word. With the arrival of the Eighties we find that there is a place for the barber shop. Many, many disappeared, but slowly they are returning, along with their traditional values. It's interesting to note that so strong is the identification of service, and so positive the connotations of the barber's pole, that even the very new and trendy hair salons use the symbol; like the salon in St Kilda's Rd, Melbourne, which (whilst catering to both sexes) bows to the fact that the barber's pole is the universally recognised symbol of personal care you once came to expect from your local barber shop.

Sweeney Todd aside, the old barber shop fulfilled, for men, precisely the same role as did the tea-party for women. Men went for a shave, a haircut and a chat. There always seemed to be time for a chat. The whole atmosphere was relaxing. Whether it was politics or life at home, there was always advice to be given and laughter to be had in a reassuring atmosphere.

Penthouse confirmed that such barber shops still exist throughout Australia, especially around the inner city areas. Along with the very traditional barber shops that survived the Seventies unisex invasion, there are now an increasing number of specialist men's salons. David Jones' Market St store in Sydney has a men's salon which has functioned ever since the store opened in 1938. Along with its fabulous refurbished leather reclining Thirties barber chairs, there is every traditional

service, including the cut-throat razor shave. So relaxing to sit while hot towels are applied to soften your beard, then to feel the warm lather and a professional five minutes with the razor, and finally to be towelled dry before absorbing an application of bay rum or Florida water, to soothe the skin. A great way to start a hectic day. Manicures are available as a simultaneous luxury. And you can chat away with your favorite barber or not, as the mood strikes you.

The Victorian Master Hairdressers' Association told *Penthouse* that the traditional men's services like shaves and face massages are still a part of the examinations in men's hairdressing. Tony Steffano of Steffano's in Adelaide says he does have a reclining barber's chair in his salon, but it's more for show than anything. Tony feels that the advent of the unisex salon had ended the days of the barber shop, although he can still provide the old services if requested.

The manager at Albert's Hairport, in Midlands near Perth, reckons the difference between the barber's approach and that of the men's hairdresser is in the actual technique of styling the hair. However, he agrees that the old-fashioned services should be available.

Angelo de Marco, who has been operating a traditional establishment in William St, Sydney for 45 years, believes the difference lies in the attitude toward the service of men's haircare. The honest-to-God barber shops provide service that can be measured in cups of strong black coffee, relaxation and conversation, according to Angelo. These sorts of establishments, if you're lucky enough to have one in your area, are primarily a meeting-place. There may no longer be a need for a cut-throat shave, since with the advent of disposable blades shaving is simple. However, there seems to be a real need to just take time to make time for yourself.

The next time you're near a barber's pole, or strolling past that funny little barber shop that has always been on the corner, stop and indulge yourself; maybe past generations of men understood the importance of relaxation and the role the barber played in helping them cope with the stresses of life. The little man in the white coat may have some answers for you. ☺

BY SUE SMITH

Put it
together and what
have you got

MECCANO FOR MEN

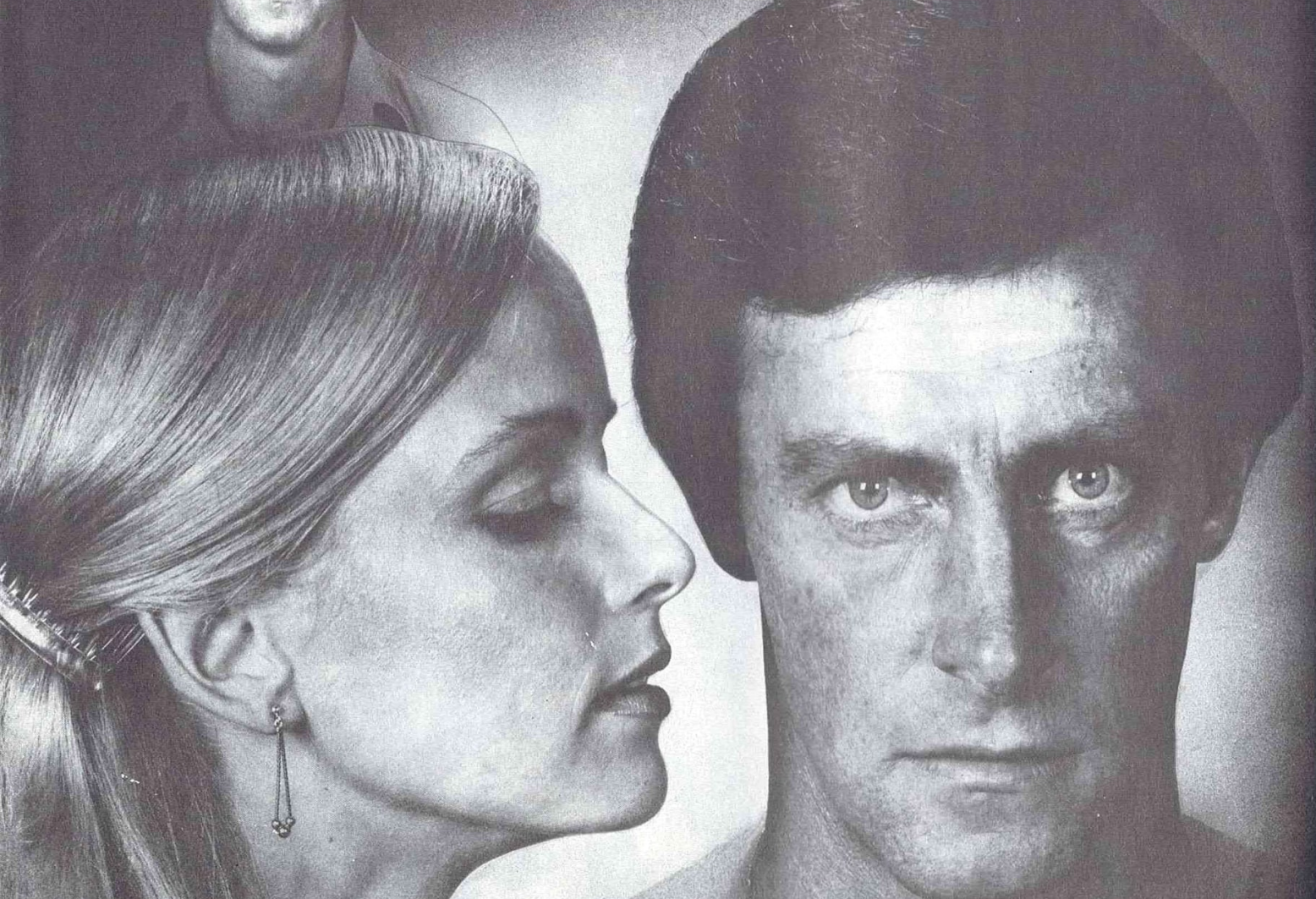
BY PETER McKAY

Doctors and dentists do it. University professors and lawyers do it. Even schoolboys do it. We're talking about piecing together a kit car, an automotive Meccano set that starts with hundreds of bits on the garage floor and ends — if the story has a happy ending — with a motor car. A monument to man's cleverness. One-upmanship. A conversation piece. And occasionally weeks, or months, of chronic frustration and bruised knuckles. Almost everyone is familiar with the kit-car concept. Dead easy. That's to say the concept is dead easy. Walk into a showroom, select your kit, whip it home on the trailer, lay it all over the garage floor, take up a screw-driver and ring spanner and . . . presto! A weekend's work and your dream car is ready for the traffic light grand prix. Except that it's tougher than it seems . . . For starters, many of the kits don't come complete. This normally applies to models based on the popular Volkswagen chassis and running gear. The kit-car manufacturer offers a sporty FRP (fibre reinforced plastic) body shell, plus all the necessities to ensure civilised union with the Vee Dub bits, which the customer usually searches out and buys himself. Then there are the choices offered by the manufacturer . . . the Do It Yourselfer can elect to take his kit in one of several stages of assembly, depending on how confident he is about piecing it together, or how energetic he feels, or the state of his bank account. He can even leave his unassembled kit with a nominated constructor who'll take the role of surrogate backyard builder. For a price. Doing the lot at home is a task to be tackled only by those with some mechanical know-how. Common sense is *de rigueur*. A basic tool kit is a necessity. Along with a hole saw — required to drill openings in dividing panels for ducting and wiring. It's not a simple, or quick, project. A figure acknowledged by realists in the industry is 250 hours per car, from basic kit to that exhilarating maiden voyage down the suburban street. According to one industry expert, all of 70 percent of kit-car purchasers elect to do the hard work themselves. And the majority of the customers are not enthusiasts or motor mechanics. They're professional men, usually self-employed. Average age is 34 — two years ago it was 32. No-one can recall a women DIYer. The obvious question is *why do they do it?* Therapy perhaps. A release. A challenge to be met. It's a challenge that few Australians choose to impose on themselves; fewer than 100 kit-cars of any description are sold annually . . . less than two a week. It could be lack of

Photograph by Ian Smith



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MECCANO

adventure, or perhaps a recognisable lack of faith in a product.

There's an abundance of evidence to suggest that the latter is the case. It seems nearly everyone knows a story of a friend of a friend who got badly bitten in a kit-car purchase... parts missing... or rego hassles... confusing and complex... big-bucks barge... show without go...

Certainly, sections of the industry have brought discredit upon kit-cars. Equally there are kit-car manufacturers who don't deserve to be tarred with the same brush.

Allan Purvis comes into this category. His company, Purvis Cars, accounts for more than half of kit-car sales in Australia. The success of his **Eureka** two-seater illustrates what is achievable locally with the right product and approach.

Maybe the key to Purvis' success lies in his background — he is a one-time advertising consultant who made good money creating campaigns for other people.

That was before his passion for cars finally overcame common sense.

In 1974 he secured the rights to build and market the Nova, an English glass-fibre sporty based around VW mechanicals.

Purvis called his version the Eureka (the PL prefix in the model designations refers to Peter Lalor, the Irish-born hero of the Eureka Stockade).

For Purvis, now regarded as the king of kit-cars in Australia, it was a Lalor-like struggle to stay afloat in the early years.

When he finally found his feet a factory fire all but destroyed his business and his spirit. That was in February, 1980.

He bounced back with a fresh, more efficient operation. Only the fit survive. There are plenty who come like a bolt out of nowhere, set to make their fortune from kit-cars. They don't, of course, and just as quickly they disappear, leaving a legacy of black marks against the industry's name.

Purvis claims that many of the current operators are harming the image. "Dreams are shattered every day," he says.

He doesn't need to remind anyone that the local kit-car industry can ill afford a lost customer, not when the total sales for any year pushes to reach three figures.

The tiny market penetration sticks in Purvis' craw: "If the other guys got into the business seriously, a broader market is inevitable."

Purvis learned the hard way. In the early days of the Eureka he took a call from a well-to-do Toorak lady who expressed interest in his car. He invited her to his headquarters to see his product.

When her chauffeur-driven Jaguar purged to a halt out front, Purvis was caught up on the 'phone, talking with another client. Powerless to intercept her, he watched in silent horror as she walked

through the nearest entrance into the none-too-clinical factory. Plainly unimpressed with what was before her, Mrs Toorak smartly executed a 180 degree about face and headed back toward the more sanitary surroundings of her limo. Home James!

Mortified over losing a soft sale, Purvis immediately took a decision to construct a showroom across the street... away from the racket and grit of the factory. Now his act is together. The Eureka is viable. As a kit-car, and as a marketing exercise.

The Eureka is comprehensively equipped with laminated windscreen, full sports instrumentation, hip-hugging bucket seats, carpeting, padded small diameter steering wheel, twin electrically-operated rear-view mirrors and other accoutrements we could never take for granted in sports cars.

The customer can dial-in his own performance preferences simply by nominating anything from a 1600cc VW cooking engine through to "the works"... a 1300cc crankcase mated to a 2.2-litre big bore kit. Or a four-cylinder Ford Escort engine.

Purvis' prices commence at \$5400 for a progressive kit and rise to \$6990 for the comprehensive. He says an average on-road cost for the DIY owner is around \$8500-9000, depending on options.

Pro jobs are available too — for about \$11,500, including a VW chassis and Repco reconditioned VW 1600cc engine. Purvis doesn't sell completed Eureka's, but he recommends two outside companies to handle the work at a standard acceptable to him and the various state registration authorities.

Registration requirements demand compliance with appropriate Australian Design Rules governing motor vehicles. But this doesn't mean the kit-car manufacturers have had to put their product through the crash testing procedures that apply to volume car makers.

The serious kit car operators have spent up big on obtaining type approval for their cars. This means the state transport authorities have approved an alternative testing procedure based on a thorough engineering inspection.

Every state has its own compliance quirks, but generally, the popular kits rarely strike flak from the authorities.

If Allan Purvis is the king of kit-cars, then Campbell Bolwell is the industry father.

Campbell has been building specialist cars out of Melbourne since 1962. Twenty years ago it was all idealism... a labor of love. This heady climate spawned the fondly-remembered Nagari, an indigenous, all Aussie road runner capable of tanning the hides of the MGs and Triumphs of the day. A hairy-chested Ford V8-engined brute that could hold up its end against the supercars of the era.

Then came the iniquitous Australian

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MECCANO

Design Rules. Faced with the crippling cost of developing and testing his products to meet the impending emissions requirements, Campbell reluctantly pulled down the shutters on the Nagari.

Now, eight years on, the Nagari has assumed collectors' status in the wake of a demand for a macho sports car for the 1980s.

Bolwell doesn't rely on selling kit-cars for a living. Had this been the case he would have succumbed to malnutrition years ago. No, Campbell makes a handsome income from an assortment of glass-fibre products for the boating and automotive industries. Cars remain his passion.

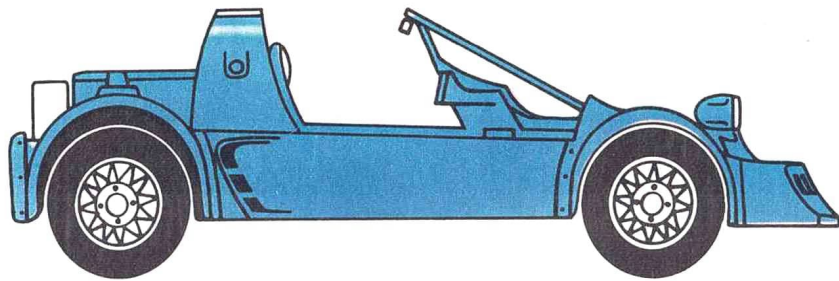
Bolwell's own inspiration is fuelled by Porsche, Jaguar and Morgan, marques with individuality and sporty instincts. The charismatic **Ikara** was born with Campbell Bolwell's grasp of economic realities firmly in place. Yet there is the same fervent commitment to the creation of a car with a real no-nonsense sporting character.

Blessed with extraordinary road holding, admirable performance and unique styling, the Ikara — Aboriginal for throwing stick — is a landmark in Australian motoring history. Most of the DIY cars offered locally are clones of successful overseas models — the Ikara stands apart.

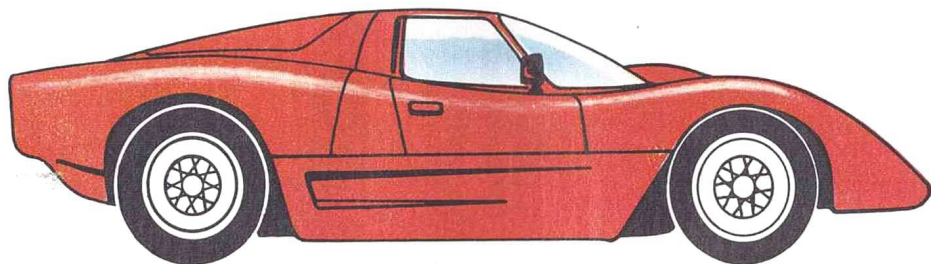
More than any other kit-car, it qualifies to carry the Made in Australia tag, despite a strong reliance on Volkswagen Golf and Holden Gemini componentry. With its exaggerated, chunky lines, wildly-raked windscreen and targa top, the outrageous Ikara is an assured traffic stopper. Nothing looks quite like it. And with a birdcage tubular steel space-frame chassis and suspension modified by specialist Neil Stevens, the Ikara's attractions go further than skin deep.

Thinking big, Bolwell visualised his Ikara with the world in mind. Export plans were in place and therefore it was important that its mechanicals were readily available in all markets. Export targets include the United States, Britain, Europe and Brazil.

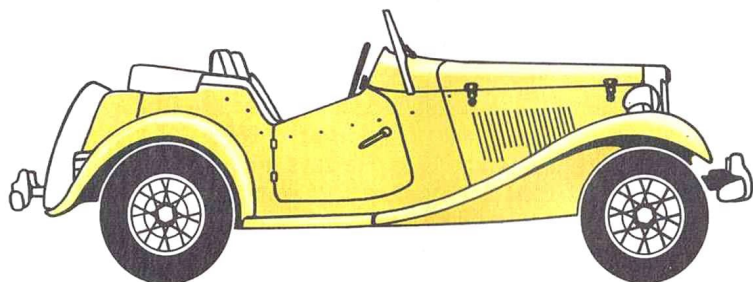
It is no accident that Gemini (also known as the Kadett and Chevette in some countries) is the source of the front end and steering, while the mid-mounted engine and independent rear suspension is Golf. The Golf makes a fine choice because of its easy adaptability to turbo power.



Ikara (VW Golf) Own chassis Bolwell Developments Mordialloc, Victoria



Manta Montage (2.8 GM V6) Own chassis Manta Cars, PO Box 149 Baulkham Hills, NSW



MiGi (VW 1600) VW chassis United Sports Cars Taren Point, NSW

Easing the pain of a customer's participatory role in turning a stack of bits into the ultimate Aussie sports car is a comprehensive construction manual (available to intending buyers for \$20 — refundable when a kit is purchased). It's a step-by-step account of the building process, illustrated with 400 photos . . . even a mug couldn't go wrong.

The Ikara is offered in four stages, beginning at \$4890 and topping at \$9490. That's with the engine, transmission and your blood, sweat and tears to come.

The **Canstel Mark III** is currently enjoying its second coming. Originally designed and built in 1968, 40 examples of the classic little clubman Lotus 7 look-alike were sold in the ensuing five years. Then it died.

The boss of Sydney's GS Motor Bodies, Terry O'Neill, a partner in the company that produced the Canstel the first time around, revived it in 1978 for a new generation of enthusiasts. It's based on a modified Triumph chassis and suspension and adopts Ford 1600cc cross-flow motivation.

O'Neill advises potential Canstel owners to first unearth an old Herald or Spitfire and raid it for chassis, steering rack, front and rear suspension, hand brake, wiper rack and fittings, tail shaft,

and complete pedal assembly. A basic Canstel kit (with the purchaser providing an exchange chassis) is priced at \$4290. Options, which include such desirables as windscreen, seats, Hella lighting, tyres, wheels, instruments, adapted steering kit and so on, are all priced separately and could lump an extra three grand on to the all-up cost. And don't forget this doesn't include the Ford engine and transmission. A fully-built job with the works will leave you poorer by \$16,000.

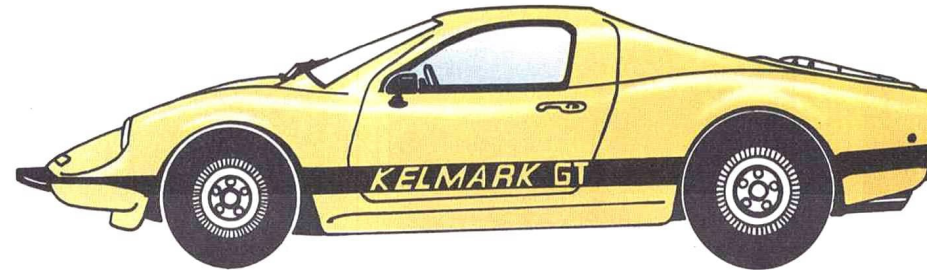
But what you get is quality. O'Neill is a glass-fibre craftsman and it shows.

The finished product is without blemish. The jigsaw fits. And the jigsaw proves to be a true driver's car . . . a competition model in street guise. A throwback to real open-top sporting motoring.

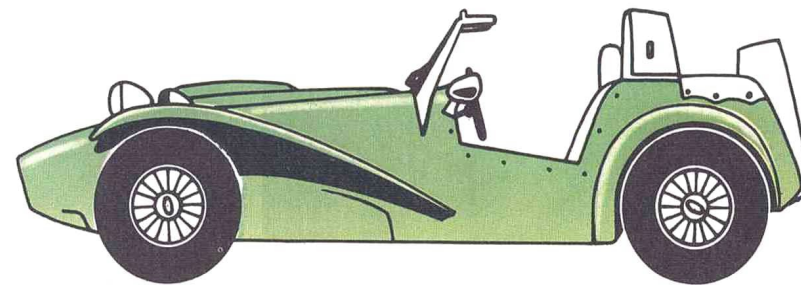
The American **Kelmark** attracted notice a couple of years ago when the staff of *Car and Driver* magazine built an example from the ground up during one boozy weekend. Australian concessionaire Carl Ginger says a more realistic assembly time is four weekends for the comprehensive kit . . . longer for the basic one.

The Kelmark GT promises exotic European styling and handling and, like others before and since, it relies on the ubiquitous VW chassis and running gear.

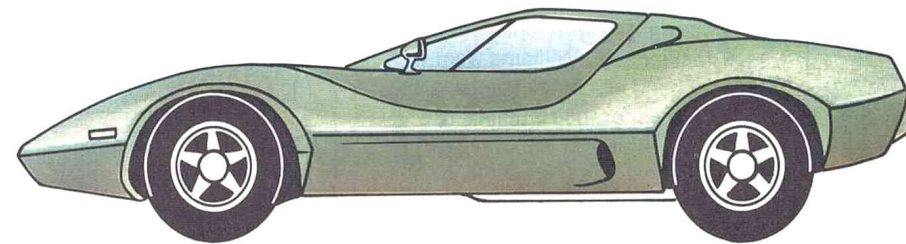
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Kelmark GT (VW 1600) VW chassis Kelmark Cars PO Box 2171, North Parramatta, NSW



Canstel MK III (1600 Ford) Modified Triumph chassis G.S. Motor Bodies Carlton, NSW



Eureka (VW 1600) VW chassis Purvis Cars Dandenong, Victoria

such as luggage space, the Kelmark pricing starts at around \$5500, moves to \$6700 for the next stage and in its most advanced kit form runs to \$7500. Options include air conditioning and electric windows, and none of these prices allows for chassis or running gear. Ginger occasionally offers a complete Kelmark, which goes on to the market with a \$14,500 bottom line.

He asserts that the Kelmark isn't committed to VW power, either. The Mazda rotary, for instance, can be utilised instead.

The **MiGi** roadster, as its name suggests, evokes memories of the MG baroque. In fact it is yet another Beetle-based special, leaning heavily on the MG TD model for inspiration. It's a car that will find no friends among traditionalists, who will prefer the real thing.

The MiGi replicar comes either in kit form or fully assembled from the Sydney-based United Sports Cars. Prices start at \$3200 for the basic kit — which doesn't include the VW chassis, engine/transmission, suspension or wheels. For purchasers who don't know an open-ender from a Philips-head, United offers a complete ready-to-drive MiGi for around \$11,000.

And herein lies one of the Australian kit-

car industry's great anomalies . . . the pretender costs more than the original. Eleven grand will get you a real MG TD in good condition . . . a solid investment. But, as United's Gerard Wallis points out, a 30-year-old TD can't offer the reliable, economical motoring that the MiGi provides. Or the performance.

Like other local manufacturers, Wallis' biggest headache is to become price competitive; in kit form his product is priced acceptably, but he admits that he isn't exactly getting bowled over in the rush for finished cars.

The cleft stick Wallis and his industry peers find themselves in is a familiar one . . . high materials and labor costs coupled with a small, torpid market. Add products with marginal appeal and you've got troubles. Wallis sees hope for his MiGi as a rental car at tourist resorts, and plans on proving his theory at Surfers later this year.

Another major weakness of the local industry is a suicidal tendency to give the consumer what he doesn't want. The local scene abounds with what are scathingly referred to as tupperware VWs at a time when there would seem to be a demand for a sporty muscle car. Where is Campbell Bolwell's much-mourned Nagari when we need it? Or one of the brisk Cobra

replicas that sell up a storm in the US?

The Manta is probably closest to the Australian idea of a horn car — in kit form.

It has never gained a foothold locally, despite its healthy acceptance in the United States, where it was designed and conceived. Allan Devine of Manta Cars (Australasia) believes the arrival of the racy **Manta Montage** will change all that.

At present Manta Cars (Australasia) is little more than a registered name, but Devine has sweet-talked Manta Cars (Inc) into putting up 50 percent of the bread required to establish a flashy showroom and factory in Sydney. Devine will need more than his suburban home base to create the right atmosphere to relieve customers of the \$26,000 required to drive away in a Montage.

Manta in the US is doing 30 a month. But then the whole Yankee kit-car market peaks at around 10,000 annually — way ahead of Australia on a population basis.

The Montage will ring bells with motor sporting aficionados — it's virtually a visual replica of Kiwi Bruce McLaren's M6 GT, a made-for-

the-track stormer that became stillborn overnight after an unexpected rule change. It's available in three distinct forms starting with a VW-based kit at around \$15,000. The up-market models come with their own square tube monocoque chassis and with either a 1600cc VW Golf engine or a 2800cc GM V6, mounted transversely amidships. Devine, whose operation extends to the Far East countries, is investigating alternative powerplants such as the Honda Accord and Mazda 323/Ford Laser turbo. A turbo-charged, fuel-injected version of the 2.8-litre GM V6 turns out a very respectable 165 kW.

Devine insists that big capacity engines are not necessary in a vehicle tipping the scales at 850 kilos. Thrifty fuel consumption of close to 7.0 litres every 100 kilometres — around 40 mpg — is achievable, not that a dollar here or there for petrol is likely to influence a potential customer contemplating a 26 grand price tag.

Still an infant . . . that's the Australian kit-car business in 1982. It has its innovators, like Campbell Bolwell, and its marketers, like Allan Purvis.

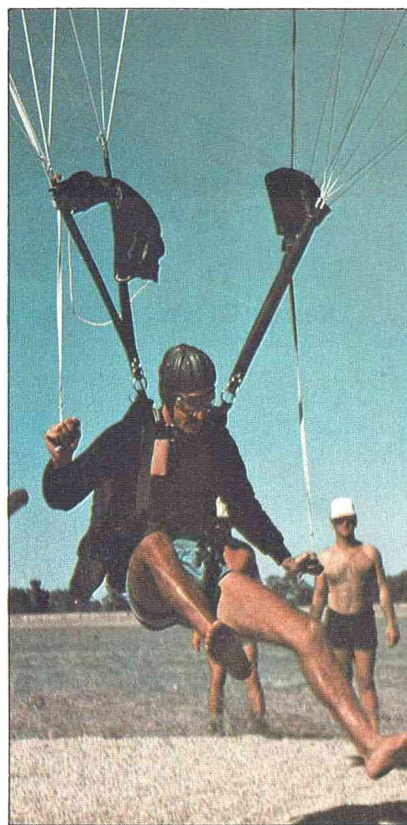
But these men are rare gems in an industry that has plenty of growing up ahead. A mere 100 kit-car sales a year says it all. —

ESTHER



LISA FORREST

Superfish Lisa Forest — the young lady with looks enough to make Esther Williams want to stick her head in a bucket — has golden hopes for the National Swimming Titles and the Commonwealth Games. The 17-year-old stunner is looking to cap off her remarkable performance in the NSW State Championships in January. Back then the record-breaking Forrest left her opponents battling a churning wake as she picked up four gold medals over a period of eight days. Her achievement was doubly laudable, as the lithe swimmer was recuperating from a viral infection which had kept her in bed for five days, and she had just dived back into hard training after finishing her HSC exams. Study kept her out of stiff training for much of '81 on the advice of coach Terry Gathercole, whose firm policy rates education before swimming. This didn't stop the young Moscow Olympian from picking up the coveted Berlei NSW Sportswoman of the Year Award for her achievement in breaking her Australian 100m backstroke record twice in '81, and for her gold medals in the 100m and 200m at the Pacific Conference Games in New Zealand. Lisa rated her fitness at about 70 percent at the time of scooping the quadruple gold in January and she's confident she has improved the necessary 30 percent to street them at the National Titles and the Games. Although she's recognised as our leading backstroker, Lisa lists the 100m freestyle event among her favorites and she's eager to get a crack at it during the Brisbane Games. It's a fair bet all eyes will be on the smiling swimmer at the titles this month. — *Corinne Mackay*



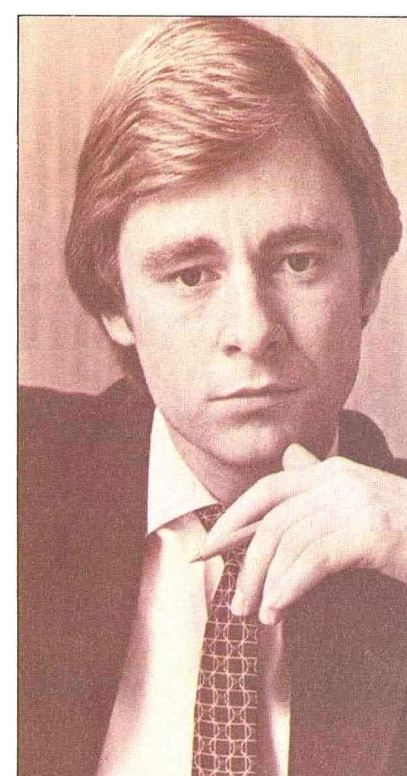
LAURIE SAMS

While the armchair men whine a plaintive refrain over the supposed lack of genuine Aussie sporting heroes, we present an unrecognised, unsupported, self-motivated champ — Laurie Sams, parachutist extraordinaire. At our recent national championships near Albury, NSW, Sams landed himself on the 10cm target disc 18 consecutive times, blowing the 19th jump by 3cm. (Imagine putting your butt on the line 19 times in the one day so the judges can quibble over 3cm of grass.) The previous national record of nine straight hits looks pale by comparison. After the mandatory 10 rounds in the accuracy competition, Sams was tied in first place with Queenslander Ian Swinbourne, both of whom had a clean record. After edging Swinbourne out in a jump-off, Sams amazed onlookers by striking disc after disc on his way to a new Commonwealth record. The effort earned him a spot in the Oz team for the world style and accuracy championships, to be held on Czech turf later this year. Our lads will be up against jumpers from the Eastern Bloc who've been training with full military and government facilities for years, but we always give 'em a hell of a fright in international competitions. In China last June Sams was part of an Australian gold medal-winning accuracy team; the 32-year-old army sergeant knows how to win, and his partnership with the intrepid Swinbourne could see us right up there in the world titles — *R.M.*



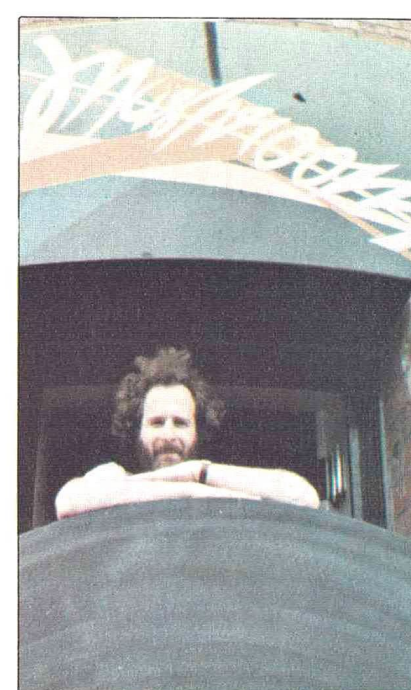
SHARON O'NEILL

Doing her bit to turn Oz into electric lady land is petite warbler Sharon O'Neill, the talented good-looker from across the Tasman. "One of the good things about Australia is that you can work so much live," says Miss O'Neill. And the next six months should see her taking full advantage of this, by changing her mode of songwriting to draw the punters down to the local to sweat their way through her show. In her native NZ Sharon's profile is strictly M-O-R. It seems the small population limited her possibilities for extensive touring and as a result she is known mainly from her appearances on the Kiwi version of *Countdown* known as *Ready-to-Roll*. Just over a year ago she landed on our sunny shores for good and she's in the process of jumping off the median strip and into the fast lane of the music scene. O'Neill is undeniably competent as a keyboard player, singer and song-writer — scoring music for a full-length film in New Zealand and cropping up as an anonymous session singer in such projects as the film *Puberty Blues* and Jonathon Coleman's *Aussies on 45*. Recently the clip for her new single "Street Boys" has shown the lady singing on stage with her band — a departure from past cute visual treatment of her songs. Sharon is preparing to use the on-stage energy she has built up with her excellent local touring ensemble. Her current album *Maybe* was written at home and scored with session musicians, but the next will be written with her ears still ringing from months of one-nighters, and recorded with a more familiar group of players and producer. She may never achieve the musical gonads of Chrissie Hynde (The Pretenders) but this little girl can rock on stage, my son, and that's sure to manifest itself in her coming releases. — *Jeremy Cook*



STEVE COSSER

We're about to see the fruits of some intensive high performance labor by former radio wonderboy Steve Cosser. He did his last show as compere of the ABC's top-rating AM program last Christmas Day and then accepted an (extremely) lucrative contract to enter the even more rumbustious field of TV current affairs at Sydney's Channel Ten. Cosser will anchor a weekly one-hour program (described as a *Four Corners-60 Minutes* clone) which will occupy your tube in April. After a mere 26 years on this planet he'd done everything there was to do outside television, and it was time to go for the bit time. At age 12, while attending a boarding school in Essex, the young whippersnapper ran a copper wire up the church tower and established a pirate radio station called "Julia" with a range of 14km and an estimated audience of four. He even convinced the pompous headmaster to write nothing on his report card apart from "he spends most of his time on Julia" (Cosser had a cute turn of phrase even then). In Cyprus he bumped his age from 14 to 18 for his first job in real radio, and at 17 was compering his own segments on Sydney's airwaves. By January '79 he'd become the presenter of AM — a 23-year-old ginger-haired smooth talker whom everyone in his audience of one million mistook to be a distinguished and perhaps hairless old stalwart. In April the mask comes down and the Cosser star moves further into the ascendant, while Julia languishes silently in the knowledge that she made it possible. — *Greg Hunter*



MICHAEL GUDINSKI

If the major record companies had their act together we wouldn't be in business. But we are, and independents are stronger than ever." So claims Michael Gudinski, co-founder of Mushroom Records (currently celebrating its 10th anniversary). His aim has always been to find original and unique artists in Australia and to take their music to the world. In 1972, at age 19, he and partner Ray Evans started Mushroom to give the few acts they were managing more control over their careers by incorporating recording, publishing, management and agency facilities under the one banner. Distribution was left to the effective network of Festival Records. From the outset Mushroom had a large local profile which belied its financial insecurity. Gudinski's sights were on the world market (especially America) and more was spent on production and marketing than local sales alone could justify. A breakthrough came in 1974 with the phenomenal and rapid success of Skyhooks' debut album. But this was soured by their "overseas deal" with Mercury Records in the States, to whom Skyhooks was "just another act" in their extensive catalogue. Subsequent overseas deals (for Split Enz, Renee Geyer, Swingers etc) have been struck by Gudinski with a variety of companies, ensuring enthusiastic commitments and guaranteeing tour support, promotion and money up front. This year will see him, finally, in the position he desires most — creative management — delegating responsibility for day-to-day decisions to trusted colleagues. He remains an ambitious but unique and positive force in Australian music. — *Jeremy Cook*

These wines are
available from your local
liquor outlet or any of the
San Remo Stores or Colonial Cellars listed below

San Remo Liquor Stores, Victoria

MELBOURNE
256 Flinders Street
MELBOURNE
134 Bourke Street
MELBOURNE
370 Little Collins Street
MOONEE PONDS
40 Puckel Street
COBURG
406 Sydney Road
CHELTENHAM
1239 Nepean Highway
DANDENONG
198 Lonsdale Street

TULLAMARINE AIRPORT
San Remo Liquor Locker
MALVERN
190 Glenferrie Road
ELSTONWICK
398 Glenhuntley Road
GLEN WAVERLY
193 Coleman Road
KNOXFIELD
Cnr Burwood H/Way & Stud Road
OAKLEIGH
23 Portman Street
CARLTON
508 Swanson Street
PRESTON
5 Murray Road

CAMBERWELL
781 Burke Road
RINGWOOD
175 Maroondah Highway
FORREST HILL
63-65 Mahoneys Road
PRAHRAN
184 Chapel Street
GREENSBOROUGH
Greensborough Shopping Centre
SOUTH MELBOURNE
221 Clarendon Street
BULLEEN
83-109 Manningham Road
FOOTSCRAY
15 Paisley Street

Colonial Cellars, New South Wales

ARNCLIFFE
7 Belmore Street
FRENCHS FOREST
Russell & Grace Avenues
AVALON
21 Old Barrenjoey Road
BAULKHAM HILLS
22 Old Northern Road
BELFIELD
31 Burwood Road
BELMORE
382 Burwood Road
BEXLEY
287 Forest Road
BLACKHEATH
Govetts Leap Road
CANLEY VALE
42 Canley Vale Road
CASTLE HILL
Shop 105, Castle Mall
Shopping Centre, Terminus Street
CASTLE HILL
278 Old Northern Road

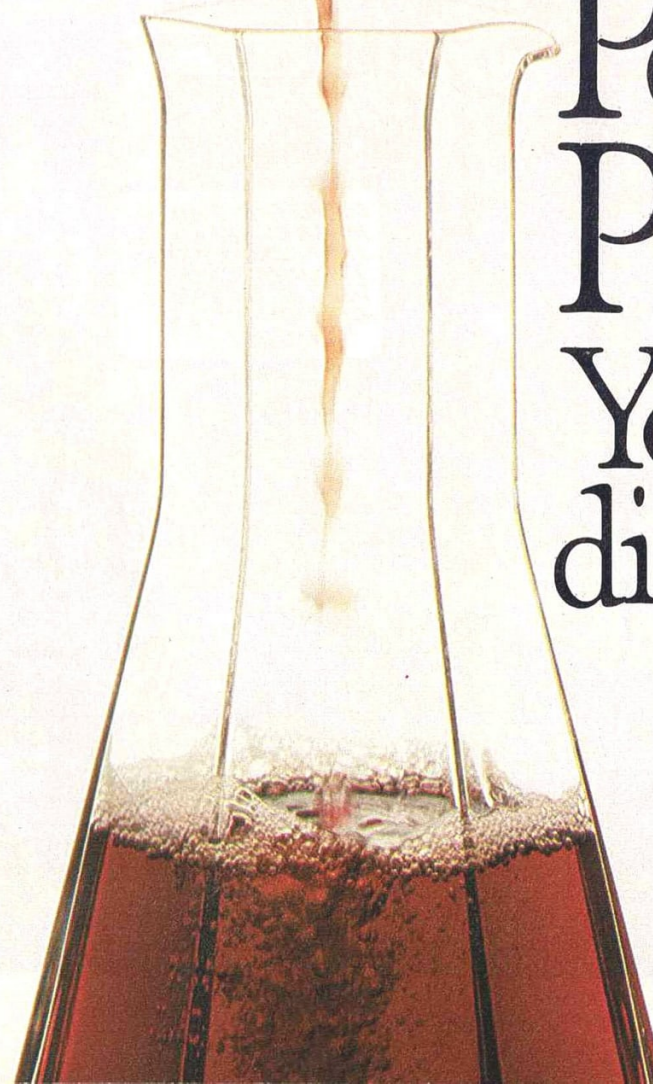
CARINGBAH
Newton Building, Kingsway
CARINGBAH
355 Kingsway
COLLAROY
1133 Pittwater Road
COLYTON
Shop 1, Hewitt Road
COMO WEST
64 Wolger Street
CONCORD WEST
393 Concord Road
DRUMMOYNE
182 Lyons Road
EASTWOOD
78 Agincourt Road
FORESTVILLE
6 Darley Street
GREYSTANES
41 Bathurst Street
GREYSTANES
Shop 1, Merrylands Rd
JANNALI
523 Box Road

CARINGBAH SOUTH
619 Port Hacking Road
MAROUBRA
775 Anzac Parade
MASCOT
1151 Botany Road
MERRYLANDS
250 Pitt Street
MIRANDA
84 Kiora Road
MOSMAN
896 Military Road
MT COLAH
603 Pacific Highway
NARWEЕ
76 Broadarrow Road
NEUTRAL BAY
19 Ben Boyd Road
NEWPORT
329 Barrenjoey Road
NORTH RYDE
2 Blenheim Road
NORTH ST MARYS
Parklawn Place

NORTHMEAD
18 Kleins Road
PADSTOW
41 Padstow Parade
PEAKHURST
Rear 808 Forest Road
PENDLE HILL
112 Pendle Way
PENRITH
Penrith Plaza Drive-In
PETERSHAM
542 Parramatta Road
REVESBY
21 Selems Parade
RUSHCUTTERS BAY
132 Bayswater Road
SYLVANIA
220 Princes Highway
LIVERPOOL WEST
120 Elizabeth Drive
WOOLLOOWARE
51 Wills Road
YAGOONA
449 Hume Highway



Penthouse
Party Pack:
You won't be
disappointed!

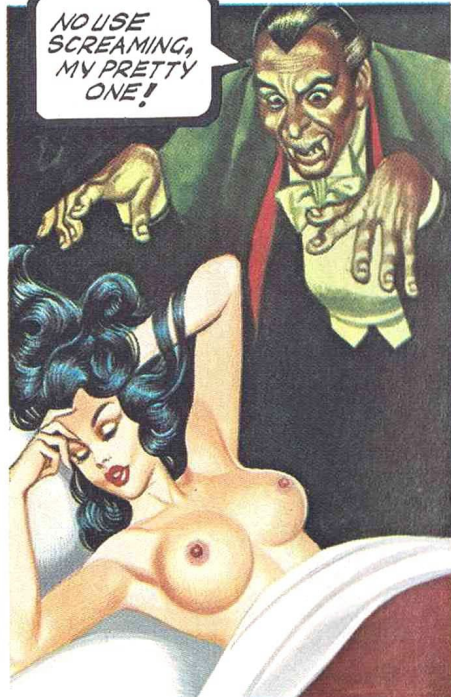




HAVE A NICE NIGHT!



THERE SHE LIES...SWEET AND JUICY VICTIM!



NO USE SCREAMING, MY PRETTY ONE!



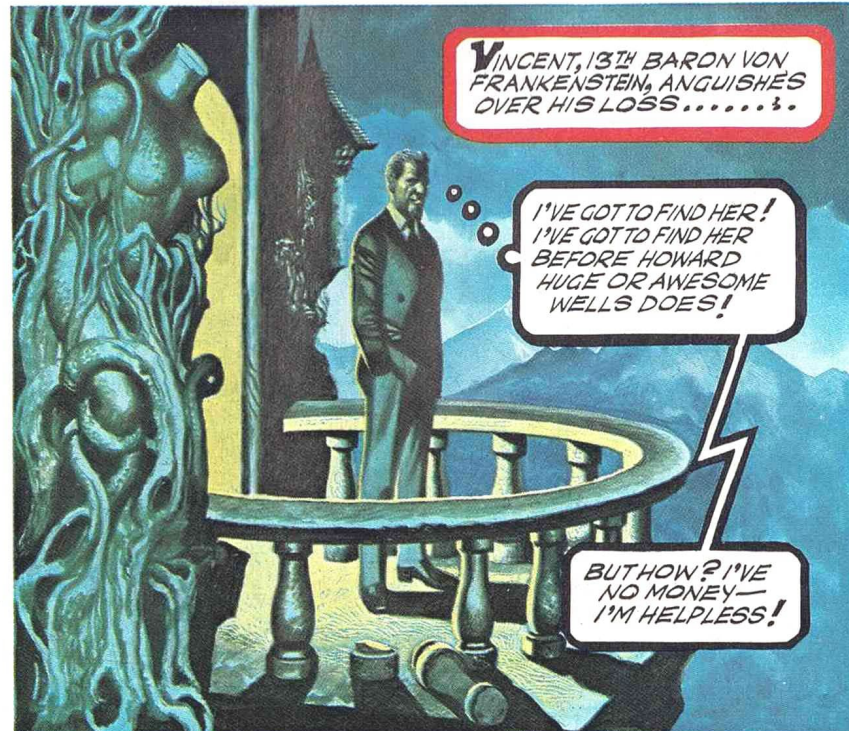
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, YOU SILLY OLD FOOL? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

AND TAKE THOSE RIDICULOUS TEETH OUT!



AND AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN BREAKS OVER THE PEAKS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS, A SINGLE LIGHT STILL BURNS IN THE TOPMOST TOWER OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE.....

SWEET CHASTITY! WHERE ARE YOU!



VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, ANGUISHES OVER HIS LOSS.....

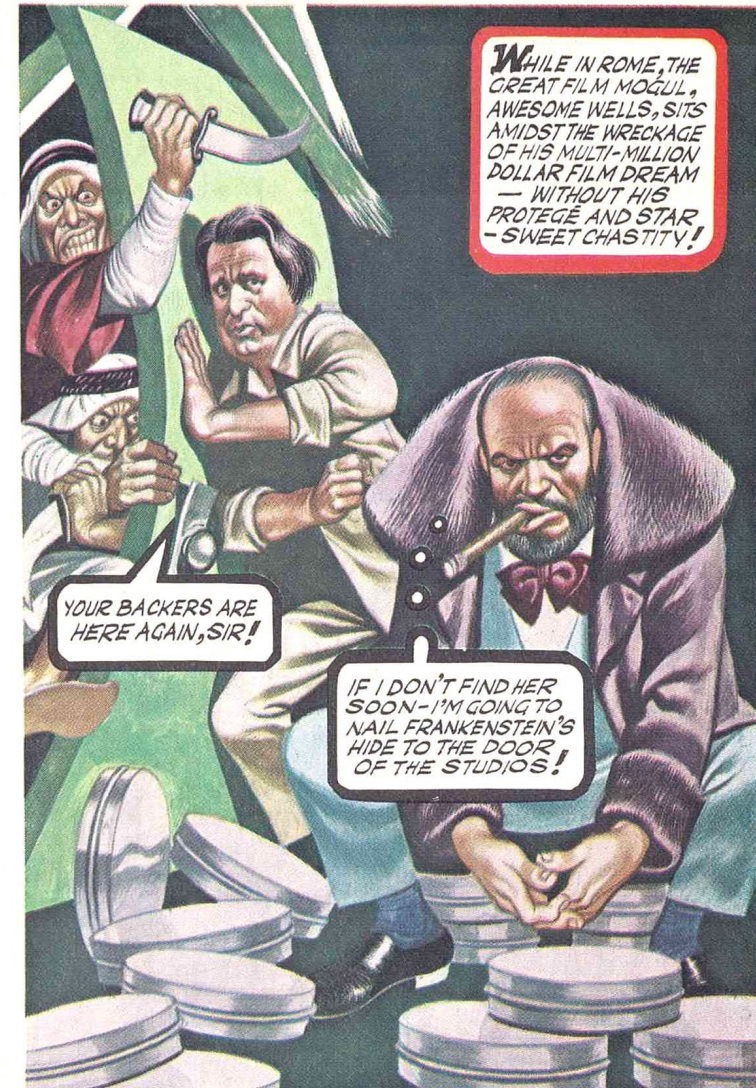
I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE HOWARD HUGE OR AWESOME WELLS DOES!

BUT HOW? I'VE NO MONEY—I'M HELPLESS!



VINCENT'S FORTUNES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES PUT IN JEOPARDY BY SWEET CHASTITY'S DISAPPEARANCE. IN NEW YORK, MULTI-BILLIONAIRE, HOWARD HUGE, WHO FINANCED THE CREATION OF SWEET CHASTITY, PINES FOR THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE

WHY HAVEN'T WE HEARD FROM FUMAN JU, ODDBALL? HE PROMISED TO BRING HER BACK TO ME! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER!



WHILE IN ROME, THE GREAT FILM MOGUL, AWESOME WELLS, SITS AMIDST THE WRECKAGE OF HIS MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR FILM DREAM — WITHOUT HIS PROTEGE AND STAR — SWEET CHASTITY!

YOUR BACKERS ARE HERE AGAIN, SIR!

IF I DON'T FIND HER SOON—I'M GOING TO NAIL FRANKENSTEIN'S HIDE TO THE DOOR OF THE STUDIOS!



AND WHAT OF FUMAN JU? IN A ROME HOSPITAL, AN UNKNOWN PATIENT LIES IN A STATE OF SHOCK....

NOW WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?

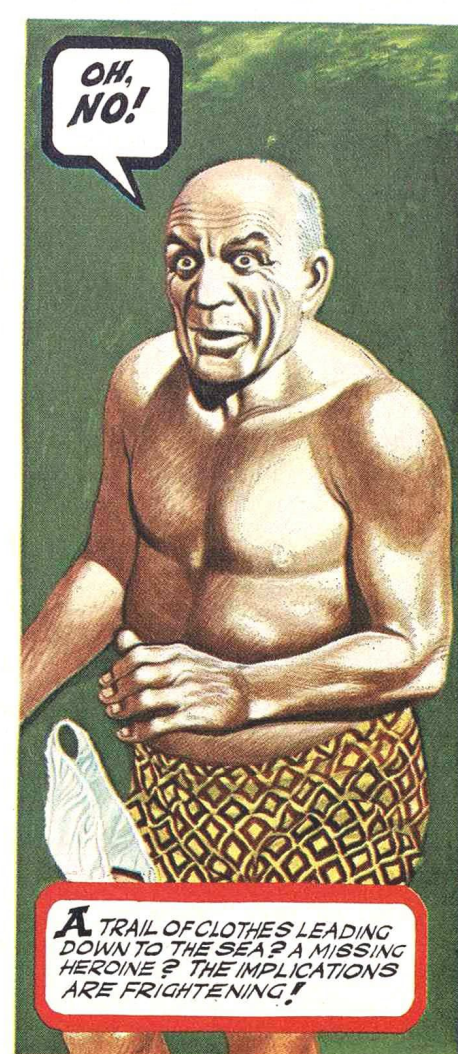
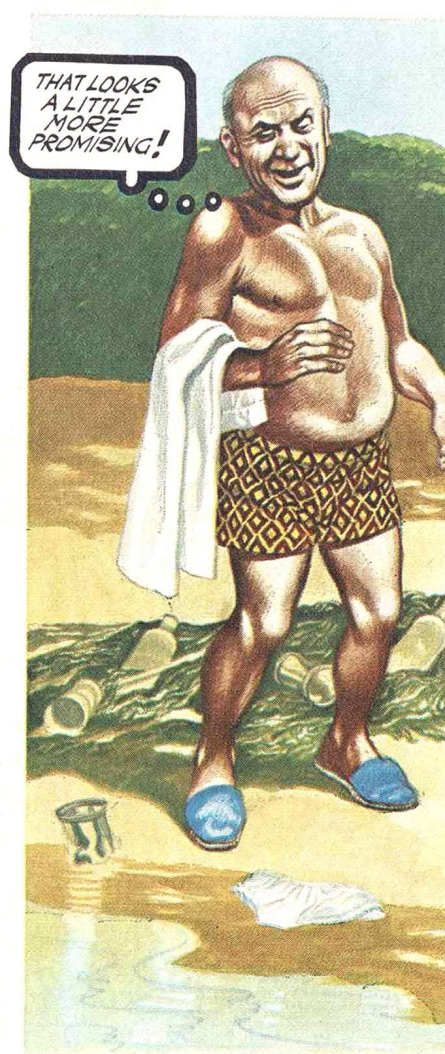
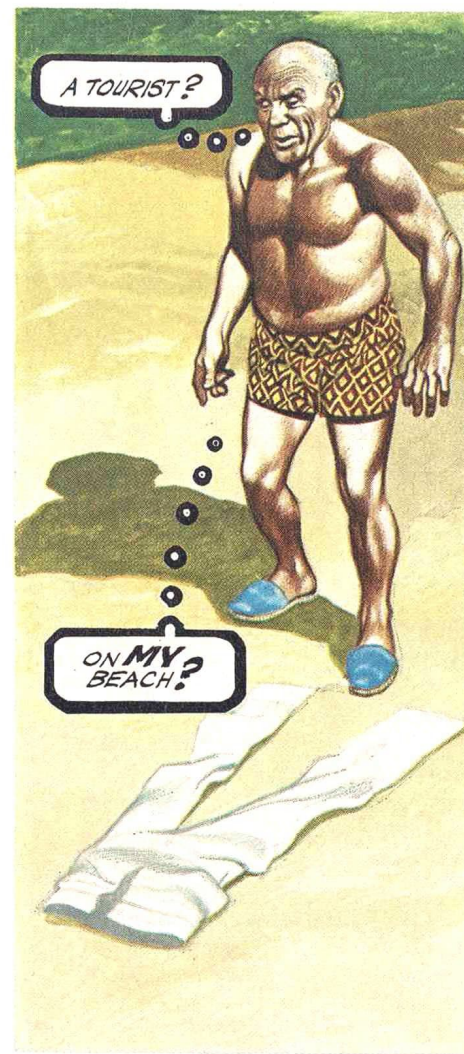
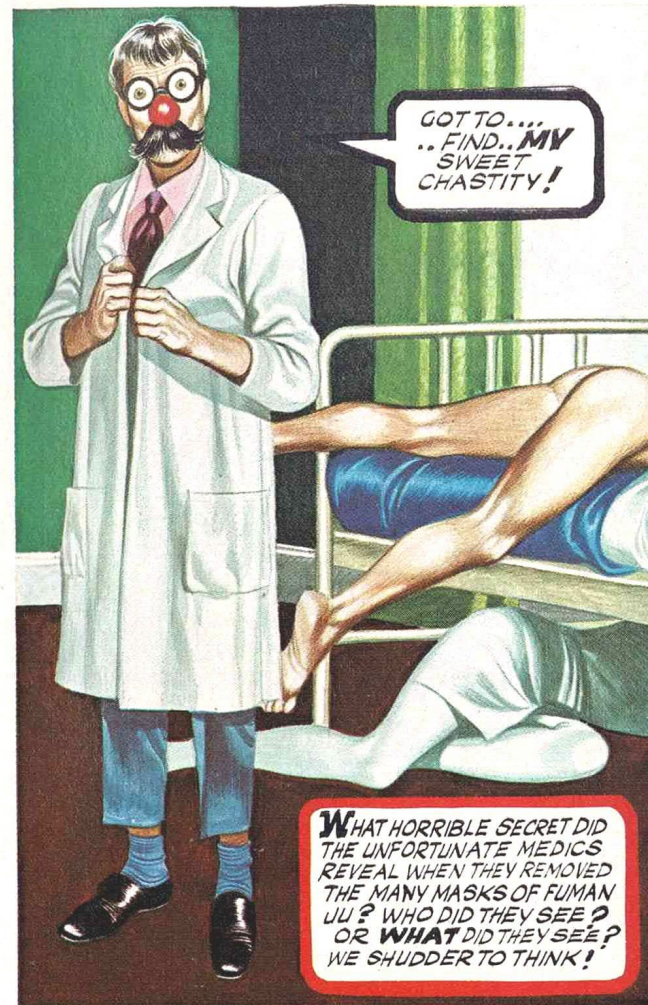
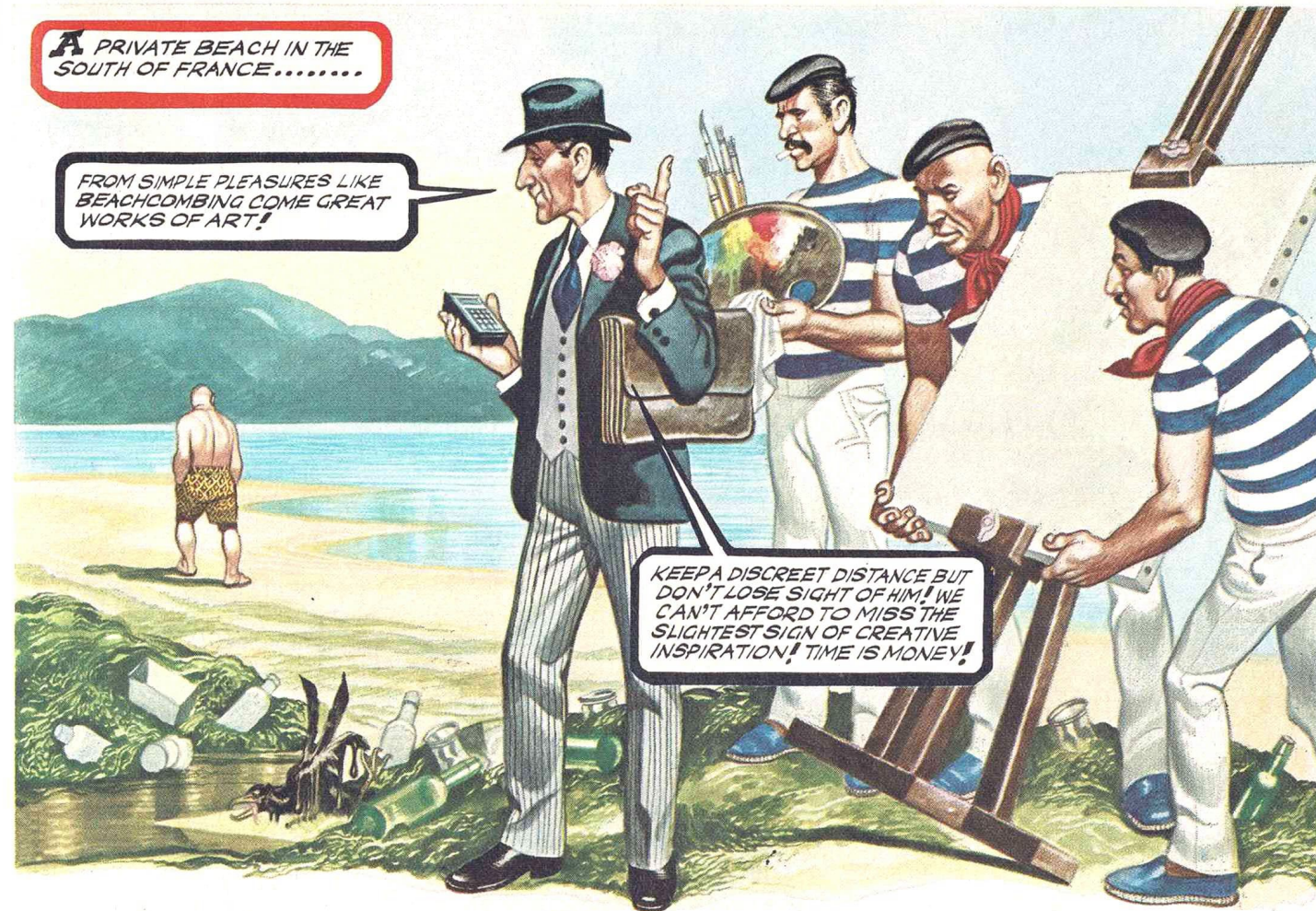
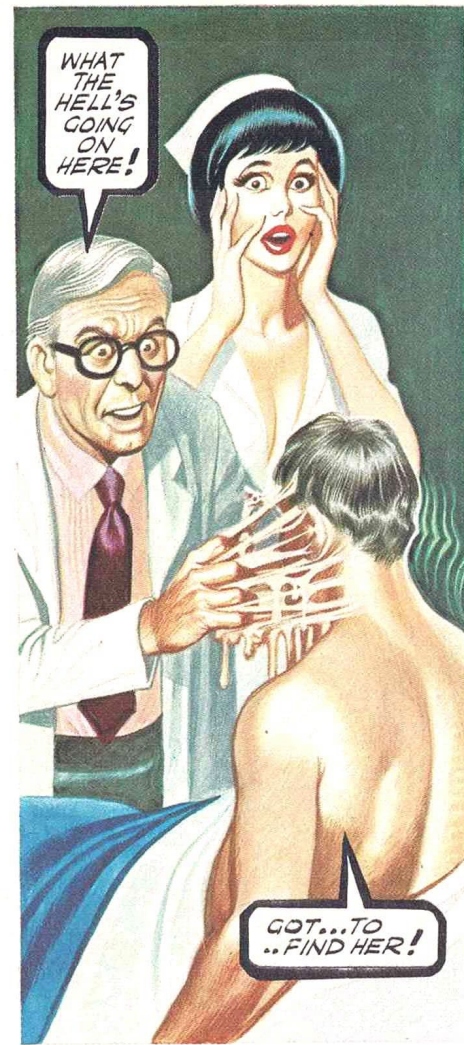
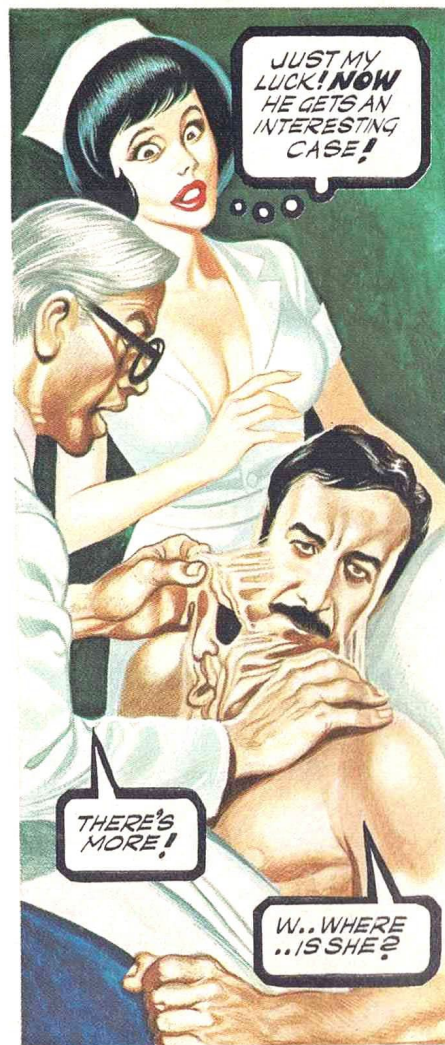
BROUGHT IN FROM THE CINECINECENTRO QUATRO STUDIOS — COMPLETELY UNKNOWN?

THEN WE DON'T KNOW IF HE CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR HIS TREATMENT, DO WE?

OH, WELL—A LITTLE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION WON'T DO ANY HARM, WILL IT, NURSE?

IF YOU SAY SO, DOCTOR!

GOT TO... FIND... HER.....



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY SALLIE-ANNE HUCKSTEPP

The author worked as a prostitute in Kalgoorlie and Sydney's Kings Cross. She appeared last year on a national television program making allegations of police corruption. She is currently writing an autobiography, which will be published later this year.

POLICE CORRUPTION IS A VICIOUS MERRY-GO-ROUND

Corruption is a dirty word, but never more so than when applied to the police. Currently there is a massive outbreak of corrupt practices in Australia, and in some States it has reached an all-time high, with police knowingly and happily involved in such crimes as drug trafficking and importation, bank robberies and armed holdups, and, in extreme cases, murder and conspiracy by police officers to protect the perpetrator.

Perjury by the police is nothing new: the "verbal" has been around for a long time, as has the campaign to bring in more effective methods of interviewing suspects through the use of video equipment and sound recordings.

I think most people would accept that there is some corruption by police everywhere, even if it's only the cop who takes 50 dollars for a speeding offence. It must seem inconceivable to others, though, that the people who are supposed to apprehend criminals and curb crime are actually involved themselves in promoting it. To be fair, the bent cops couldn't operate without the okay from the powers above them: police commissioners, police ministers and politicians.

Recently we have heard many queries raised about the legitimacy of police officers in a number of States, and there have been serious allegations about Sir Robert Askin's involvement in organised crime.

During the English trial of "Mr Asia", Terence Clark, it came out in evidence that several Federal police were on his payroll and an elaborate system of heroin importation was able to operate almost unhindered. If you consider the number of heroin addicts in Australia (some 9257 heroin-related convictions in 1978) and the amount of heroin needed to feed their addiction daily, then it is totally ludicrous to suggest that the police are not significantly involved in the importation process. Not only police, of course. Customs officers and politicians must also figure.

Many people have told me of having been approached by police to sell heroin for them, with a guarantee of protection from arrest. Having run with the criminal milieu for some years, I have heard countless stories of detectives operating their own drug rings. Although criminals are not known for their indulgence of the police, it is still rather difficult to believe that every story of police corruption and drug running is a fantasy.

Throughout the last 10 years I have made hundreds of payments to detectives in various squads and in different States. As a prostitute and heroin addict, I had direct contact with bent police and it was most unusual to find a detective who would refuse to take money, and prefer to go

through the tedious exercise of arrest, with all its paperwork and subsequent court appearances. Alternatively, charges were often reduced for a consideration. I have also made payments for other people, as a mediatory, to assorted detectives.

In some of these instances payments were made even though in the strict legal sense I was not guilty of any crime. The police would pull me up, search me and find nothing, but knowing me to be an addict they simply threatened to plant dope on me. Not a threat to be taken lightly, as I discovered some years ago when I tried to fight them and refused to pay. It was a matter of principle, as they had charged me with possession of heroin at a time when I had dried myself out and wasn't using. I lost and was convicted after a lengthy court case, which cost me five times the amount of the bribe I'd originally been asked for.

Since then there have been times when I was delighted to find I was being asked for a "contribution" in lieu of being hauled off to the cells. It is a vicious merry-go-round, in which both criminals and criminal police are caught up and unable to jump off. I became used to paying the police, and in fact it became such a common occurrence that I never thought about the morality of it, or the fact that I was being encouraged in a sense to remain a junkie and keep prostituting myself in order to line their pockets. I saw the police I made regular payments to as "mates"; I'd have a joke and a laugh with them, and never considered them a threat. It became a way of life for me, and I'm sure a lot of detectives on the take view their actions in a similar light.

Only recently in New South Wales has illegal gambling been curbed to some extent, with the appointment of Detective Merv Beck and Beck's Raiders, as they have been dubbed by the Press. Undoubtedly a political move to soothe the voters and the opposition, who were so vocal in Parliament about illegal gambling clubs operating apparently without hindrance.

Vice in any of our cities is heavily "taxed", with prostitutes and brothel owners paying out large sums of money to keep operating, or in some cases even to open up an establishment. What is needed to combat this type of corruption is proper legislation whereby prostitution and houses for the purpose of prostitution are legalised; the half-hearted measures recently adopted in Sydney, where prostitution has been decriminalised, will not suffice. I get so angry when I think about police using their badges to hide their criminal involvements, feeding off and encouraging the very activities they are entrusted to combat.

The dangers of allowing rampant police corruption to

Throughout the last 10 years I have made hundreds of payments to detectives in various States. As a prostitute and heroin addict, I had direct contact with bent police and it was most unusual to find a detective who would refuse to take money. ♡

continue unchecked are multiple and complex, and there are no easy solutions. At present any allegation of police corruption is investigated by police from an Internal Affairs Squad: hardly a satisfactory arrangement, for even though these men may not be corrupt themselves they are only human and it must be extremely difficult to fairly investigate a fellow policeman, with whom they may have previously worked closely.

The young cop who goes into the force with high ideals and starry eyes is soon shown the facts of life. He is immediately caught up in mounds of paperwork, disgusting working conditions and little enough time with his family. Inevitably a feeling of total frustration sets in, and young detectives with no intention of ever accepting a bribe soon bow to peer pressure or find themselves constantly moved from one squad to another. The temptation to fabricate evidence to effect a conviction must be very strong when the certainty of guilt exists; nonetheless this practice is morally wrong and in the long term as destructive as taking money for any illegal purpose.

Is there a solution to the problem of corruption? Yes, I believe there are several steps that can be taken which would effectively reduce the level of corruption. But any attempt to eradicate it completely would be unrealistic, for while there are criminals with large amounts of money there will always be weak men on the force who will accept that money.

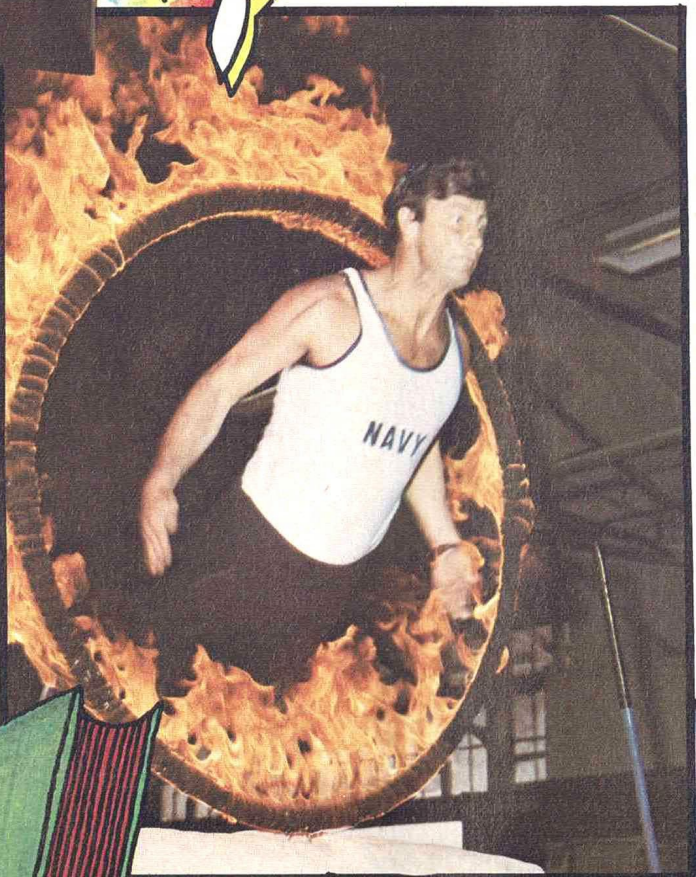
Our politicians must get busy and start allocating more funds to the police. Wages must be improved, with better overtime pay. Surely if excessive superannuation payments and pensions can be found for politicians then realistic money can be found for the police. The morale of our police must be improved by promotion through ability and not seniority. The burden of tedious, time-consuming paperwork should be removed from investigating officers, freeing them for the more important task of crime detection and prevention. Surely in 1982 our police force can expect centralised dictation systems, typing pools and more extensive computer equipment. The quality of the new recruits should be upgraded with higher entrance qualifications. Higher moral and ethical standards could be instituted, with IQ and psychological testing mandatory, in order to weed out the thugs who enjoy brutality. And public respect could be gained with more patrols on foot, giving people a chance to personally acquaint themselves with their local policeman.

It is up to better minds than mine to establish and maintain a working solution. Politicians, the ball is in your court now. ♡

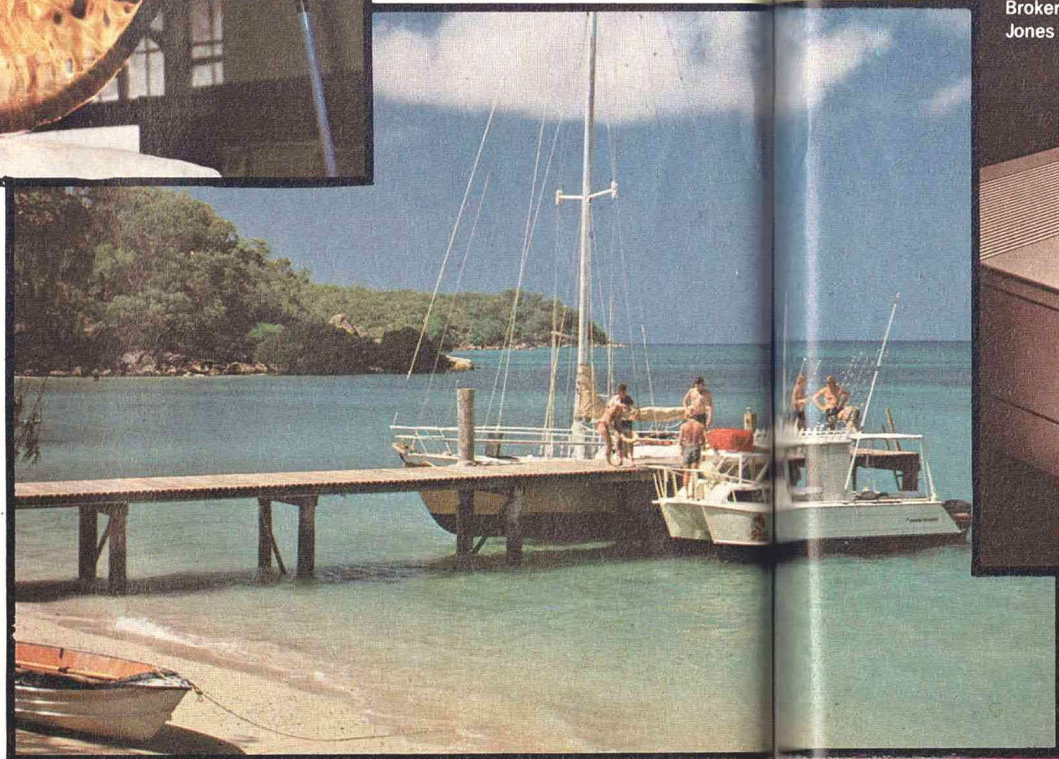
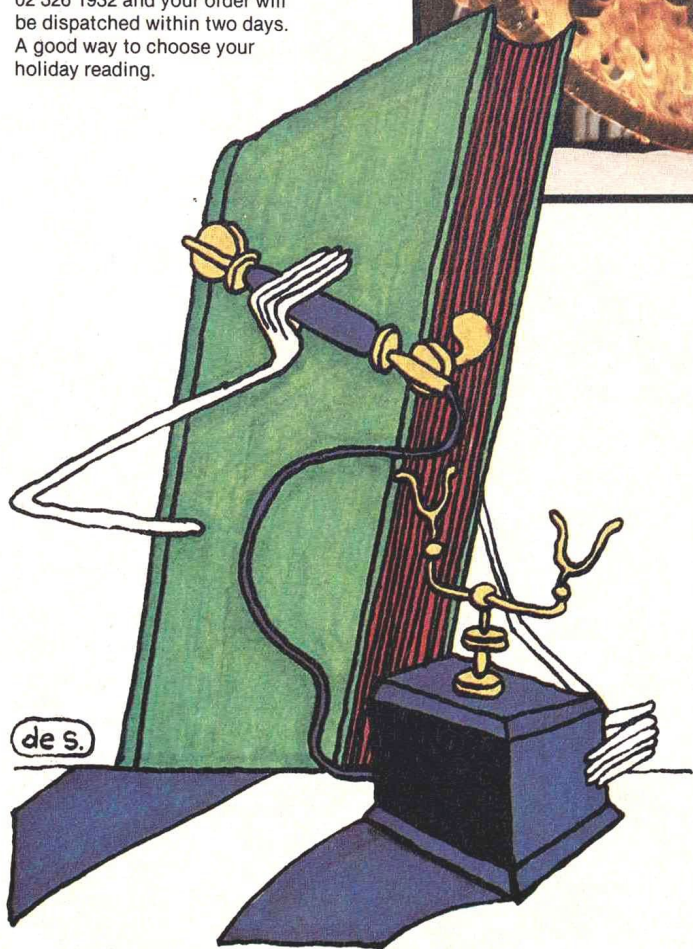
Loose Ends

Negative Ion Generators are all the rage. The manufacturers, Bionic Products Pty Ltd, claim their gadget electronically combats pollution, pollen dust, odors and airborne bacteria. There's another great thing about these gizmos: they're small and noiseless and yet advocates claim they help reduce stress and even aid in recuperation. If you'd like to know more ring 02 337 6888 or write to PO Box 200 Rose Bay, NSW 2029.

An interesting home service, in these days when home deliveries seem non-existent, is the Issues Marketplace. This is a unique mail and telephone ordering service offering Australia's largest range of sex education and relaxation books as well as how-to-do-it guides. Ring 02 326 1932 and your order will be dispatched within two days. A good way to choose your holiday reading.



For the man with everything but a glowing head of hair. Advanced Hair Studio has studios in NSW, Queensland and Victoria. They offer a unique hair replacement process — the most popular in Australia. Fibre hair which is matched in texture and color to the client's real hair is fused to the existing hair. Then the mixture is styled. As a headliner Advanced Hair Studios use Chief Petty Officer John Woolcock, a navy man for 21 years and a PT Instructor. He is the ultimate in machismo, jumping through hoops of fire and from 5-metre diving boards. He's always had the balls, now he has the hair.



If you want to be left alone to enjoy your island holiday, Orpheus Island is the place to go. You can relax on one of seven beaches, or around the pool and spa, unassailed by Polynesian souvenir hawkers. The resort is 24 kms offshore and 80 kms north-east of Townsville. You can stay in a studio room or in a private bungalow. For reservations, call Ansett Holiday Travel, your travel agent or Orpheus Island direct on 077 77 7377.



Walking shoes may seem a very pedestrian subject. However, the Dunlop KT Walker has brightened up the lagging image. These wondrous walkers are available from leading department stores and shoe retailers throughout NSW and Victoria.

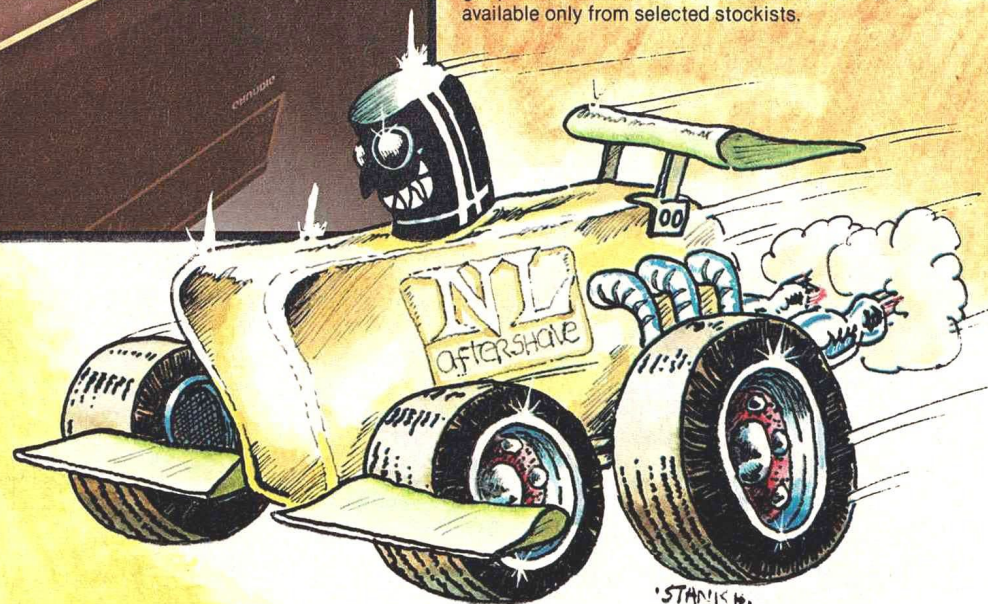


Open 7 days, the Cactus Cafe at 150 Victoria Street, Sydney offers delicious exotic food at very reasonable prices — breakfast, lunch and dinner. Everything is home made, and if the menu isn't quite what you're used to, the delightful atmosphere will give you the chance to let your taste buds become accustomed to the unusual fare.

Billed as the Video machine that will send the Japanese back to their drawing boards, Germany's Grundig has a number of great features like the capacity to record on a one cm cassette for eight hours. This feature has given the new Grundig its name — the 2x4 Video Super. Contact Meriden Electronics at Kingsgrove, Sydney, The Video Broker in Victoria, and David Jones in all States.

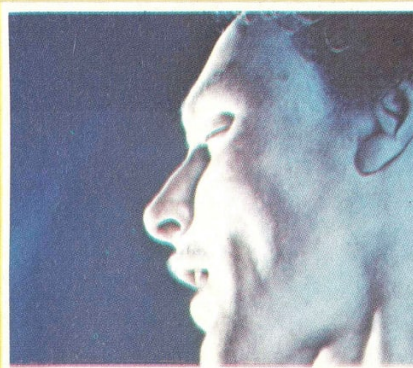


Racing again, after an early retirement, Niki Lauda has Florbath Pty Ltd as his personal sponsor. The product range includes after shave, spray and solid deodorant, soap, refreshing tissues, foam bath and gift packs. Prices are from \$6.50 to \$38.95 and are available only from selected stockists.





TILLY DEVINE



RECOLLECTIONS OF DEATH



PET OF THE MONTH

Recollections of Death — Those who journey to the edge of death and back again often return with tales of what they saw while clinically dead. Cardiologist Michael B. Sabom has gathered a chilling collection of end of life experiences for May *Penthouse*.

History of Organised Crime — Playing it dirty is as much a part of our cultural heritage as meat pies and beer. Part One of a major 12-part series on organised crime in Australia looks closely at the insidious beginnings of our national obsession with being a bit sly. Gambling, prostitution, illegal booze, corruption high and low — it's all there in this fascinating expose by Allan Moul and Denis Whitburn, beginning with the first sordid moments of our glorious criminal history.

Working in Kalgoorlie — Sallie-Anne Huckstepp, highly articulate young lady, ex-prostitute, ex-heroin addict, gives us a unique insight into the world of the working girl. Few women can rise above the kind of life she has led, and still fewer could tell the tale as sensitively and poignantly as she does.

Poor Fellow My Company — in a satirical view of the absurdities of encroaching American-style free enterprise (Yank Wank for short), Greg Hunter takes us from the subtly insidious to the outlandishly insane. You may be disturbed, you will be amused.

The Drugs of War — Renowned humorist Patrick Cook gets very serious with this thoughtful historical account of the ways in which men alter their heads so they can cope with the horrors of warfare. Vietnam was the best-documented war between stoned, smacked, pissed individuals; now Cook presents the complete story.

How Girls Enjoy Themselves — the intrepid Corinne Mackay cops an eyeful of prime Aussie meat on her Cruise of a Lifetime: Sydney's own male striptease — naked waiters — girl passengers only harbor jaunt. Her description of exactly what happens when a mob of boozed-up, sex-starved office hens finally get the chance to forget their inhibitions may well change your outlook on female sexuality.

Pet of the Month — Sexy sylph Lisa Kingston heads next month's menu in the continuing *Penthouse* smorgasbord of lovelies. It's a solid line-up to feast your eyes on.

sean?

Continued from page 89

Concerning the Aughalee heroes
That marched through the sweet Porta-
down.

It being the twelfth day of July,
Our music so sweetly did play,
And 'The Protestant Boys' and 'Boyne
Water'
Were the tunes we played marching
away . . .

We are the bold Aughalee heroes
That will soon make the rebels subdue.
And when we arrive safe in Aughalee,
The Brandy did flow like the Rhine,
So long life to those Aughalee heroes,
For they are the boys crossed the
Boyhe.

But the people of the north-east are Irish, not British; and as Brendan Behan pointed out: "There is a nationalist minority of one third which is wildly against the idea of being British, and there is another two-thirds which is not so much in favor of being British but is wildly against the idea of being Roman Catholic. Even that two-thirds would be highly insulted if you called them British — except for a small splinter group who have arrived from England in the last few years."

In Ireland, like everywhere else, men must fight and women must weep, but between times they get born, marry and die; and the Irish are different to other people. They were one of the few nations of Western Europe never to be invaded by the Romans. G.K. Chesterton described them as romantics whose wars are merry and whose songs are sad, but then went on to admit they excel as lawyers and soldiers because of their realism.

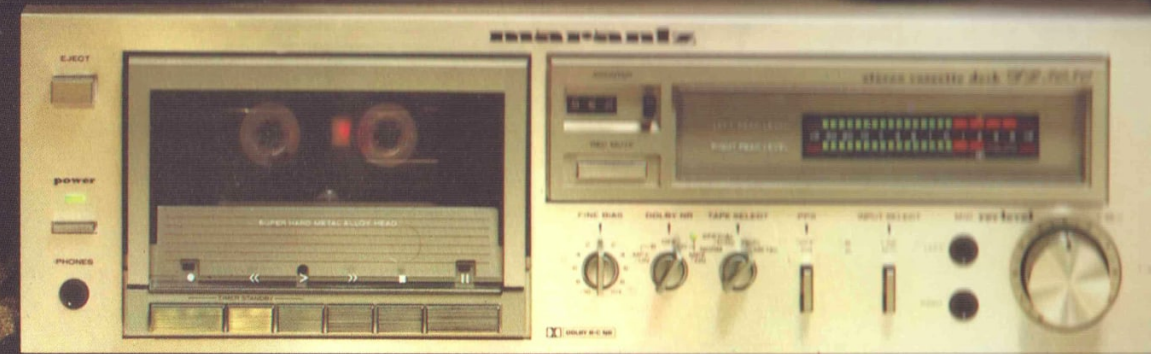
During the last 12 years the provisional IRA has failed militarily, but politically it has achieved a great deal. The Roman Catholic population of Ulster will never again accept second-class citizenship. The British people are utterly sick of the Irish problem, and the British Army has no liking for a war in which one hand is tied behind its back.

The Provos have not ended partition, nor restored a united Ireland, but even if the Army and the civil authorities completely destroy the rebels, the history of Ireland shows that when one military branch of the nationalist movement is defeated, there always seems to be another ready to take its place.

STOCKISTS

GROOMING: Photography: Keith Valentine. Location: The Barber's Shop, David Jones Market St.
FASHION: Photography: Sepp for the Photography Business. Hair and make-up: Smilka.
CENTRE-FOLD: Lingerie: Raymond Castles, Sydney & Melbourne. Dorith Unger, Sydney. Shirts, T-shirts and jewellery: Sportsgirl, Sydney and Melbourne.
COVER: Photography: Bob Watson. Make-up: Stevie Hughes. Shorts: Addidas. Football: Kevin Junea, Bondi Junction.

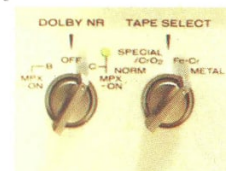
Marantz Gold. Your New Recording Standard.



For over twentyfive years the name Marantz has stood for the ultimate in audio engineering brilliance and fidelity.

In keeping with this standard of technical excellence, the new Marantz Gold range of Cassette Decks with stunning designer element of brushed-gold finish now includes a recorder incorporating the latest in noise reduction processing.

The Marantz SD3030 Cassette Deck features the new Dolby C system to provide recordings with far less tape hiss than those made using standard Dolby B.



Unlike some other noise reduction systems, Dolby C recordings can be played back on a deck equipped with standard Dolby only without audible distortion or pumping effects.

Recording enthusiasts will be delighted by the other models in the new range.

Marantz Gold decks offer a variety of advanced features such as LED peak level meters on the SD1030, fine bias adjustment on the SD2030, and a motorized linear skating loading system on the SD5010.

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Decks shown in stack (from top): SD1030, SD3510, SD2030, SD3030 and SD5010. All decks shown with TDK Metal tapes.

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